

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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AN OPEN LETTER To the Seybert Commission.

[Meadville, Pa., Tribune-Republican.]
"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission:
My excuse for addressing you this open letter will be found in the communication itself. I read with pleasure your report, and as it corresponded in every respect with my preconceived opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, I enjoyed very much the undercurrent of sarcasm that runs through its well-worded pages, and yet I am afraid that

"Though it may make the unskillful laugh it cannot but make the judicious grieve."
I fear me, gentlemen, that your wit has much impaired the candor of your report. I do not for one moment doubt either your honesty or your ability in the investigation, yet in the light of my own experience and the evidence of scores of good intelligent men and women who saw much more than I did, I cannot but believe that your mission is not yet ended, and that your duty to the dead as well as the living is not yet fully performed.

Henry Seybert left a generous legacy to a most worthy institution and to mankind; and most faithfully should the conditions of his bequest be executed. I sincerely believe, gentlemen, that you desire to perform your duty in the sacred trust imposed upon you, and that you will faithfully continue to investigate until either a great truth is proclaimed to the world, or a great fraud exposed and held up to the deserved contempt and execration of mankind.

As I am to appear as a witness before you, it renders it necessary for me to give you some information of myself. I do this unwillingly, yet as I am a stranger to all of you it seems proper that you should know something of my antecedents, that you may better determine the weight of my evidence. In brief, then,—I was educated a surgeon and physician; for a number of years I lectured on chemistry and physiology—read law and have practiced my profession nearly forty years. In 1853, while I was assistant director of the machinery department in the New York Crystal Palace I became intimately acquainted with Herr Anderson, the great magician. I assisted him with my knowledge of chemistry, electricity and magnetism in preparing some of his feats of magic, and in return I became an amateur pupil of his and learned all his secrets in the occult science of magic. Many times I have been appointed on committees to expose the so-called spiritual manifestations of itinerant mediums. In every instance in which I have been thus employed I have believed that all of the pretended spiritual manifestations I have witnessed were frauds. These facts made me a disbeliever in what is called "modern Spiritualism," and when I visited Casadaga Lake I presumed that all I would see would be a repetition of old frauds clothed in a new dress.

An intimate friend of mine who is one of the ablest members of our bar, visited Casadaga Lake in August last; on his return he showed me a slate communication purporting to be addressed to me from one now dead, who in life was very dear to me. My friend related the manner in which he received it. I knew him to be truthful and intelligent, and what he said induced me to visit the Lake. I knew him to be a good lawyer, but unskilled in the feats of legerdemain, and I thought he had been deceived. To detect this deception I made my pilgrimage to this noted Mecca of Spiritualism, and I came away more astonished than was my friend. In brief my experience was as follows:

men and women who seemed to be seeking for the truth only. They were earnest and sincere. The spirit of speculation had not yet entered their camp ground, except it may be in the forms of numerous mediums whose notices I observed on many of the cottages as I passed along. I saw and heard many things that to my untutored wisdom seemed the very acme of absurd credulity. The evening after my arrival, while seated on the porch of the hotel, I listened with astonishment to the conversation of numbers of ladies and gentlemen as

"Each told the unco's they had seen and heard."
I wondered that credulity could go so far; I had read your report, gentlemen, and I knew how all the frauds were perpetrated. It is true your testimony was only human, but it was re-enforced by my own experience, and I smiled at the other human testimony I there heard. It did not occur to me that it was just possible that even your wisdom and mine might be at fault, and that we had not seen all that was to be seen on the unknown boundaries of a future world, if such boundaries actually exist. The next day I visited a slate writing medium.

The room I entered from the street was well lighted, the windows and doors being open. The medium entered; I recognized a gentleman to whom I had been introduced the afternoon before at the hotel, and who of course had had an opportunity of learning of me and mine, if he had so desired in view of my probable visit to him. Without taking time to describe all the details of the séance, I will briefly say that at his direction I wrote six interrogatories on separate pieces of paper, folded and rolled them up into a small compass and laid them on the table before me—a rude pine center table with a single board top—no framework about, no mortises or slots in which to hold the slates, as you describe in your report. I had purchased two slates at a store on the grounds. I marked them and cleaned them myself, and keeping them in my hands, awaited coming events with an incredulity increased from reading your exhaustive report.

The medium entered the room, seated himself opposite me at the other side of the table; a number of slate pencils lay on the table, from one of which he broke a piece about the size of a No. 4 shot; I opened the slates, he laid the fragment of pencil on the bottom slate, I covered it with the other, and with my hands grasped the ends of the slates, holding them together. From the pellets of paper on which I had written the interrogatories I selected one, holding it in my right hand. I myself did not know which one of the questions I held, and as they had remained as I placed them on the table, closely watched by me all the time, I do not see how it is possible that the medium could have known the question written on the one in my hand. All looked so very silly and absurd that I felt ashamed of my own folly and was only comforted by the thought of how soon I would detect the fraud as you have done, when the denouement came. It came in a few moments, but not as I expected. I held the slates above the table, in open daylight, firmly grasping their ends. The medium reached forth his hand and placed the ends of his fingers under the slate frames, with his thumb above it. I closely watched the flexors and extensors of his hand. There was no movement. Soon I heard the pencil move between the slates, and distinctly I heard it write. I lowered my head and raised the slates close to my face; I traced the movement of the pencil from my left to right, but from the medium's right to left. The pencil wrote with about the velocity of an ordinary writer. Soon the pencil ceased to move; the medium removed his fingers; I opened the slates and saw a communication on the lower one that nearly covered its surface. I read it; opened the paper in my hand and the communication was an intelligent answer to that interrogatory; the writing not unlike the familiar hand of the one to whom I had addressed the question and whose name was signed to the communication. On my return home I compared it with the communication given me by my friend, the attorney spoken of—which had been written over a week before. The two were apparently in the same handwriting and purported to be from the same person.

Gentlemen, I was surprised. My boasted skill, in legerdemain availed me naught. I had been deceived. My own experience, aided by your report, had told me this could not be done. With yet more care I placed the clean slate below the other, dropped the fragment of pencil in the center, covered it with the other slate, took another paper pellet from the table, grasped the slates with determination, the medium being at least five feet from me, and when thus prepared, with my watchfulness increased to a point of almost painful intensity, I told him to proceed. Again he took the frames of the slates between his thumb and fingers, and instantly I again heard the pencil write. This time the communication was much shorter than the former one. I opened the slates and saw in a woman's hand writing a communication with a signature appended. I opened the pellet in my hand and the interrogatory therein contained was to the one whose name was written on the slate. Gentlemen of the commission, how was it done? I do not know; but this I do know, it was not the feat of a magician! There is no professor of the occult science of magic living, no one ever did live that could by virtue of his art alone cause an inanimate fragment of stone to write an intelligent sentence under the circumstances I have narrated. The unlearned

might believe that electricity or magnetism was the motive power, and that this was in some mysterious manner evolved from the medium, or from some device concealed either in the room or on his person. But you, gentlemen, know better, you know that a piece of slate pencil is not and cannot be affected by magnetism, and besides, if this was possible, as the writing appeared on the inside surface of the slate, and as the medium sat opposite me, he must have written from his right to his left and to him, not only backwards, but wrong end up.

Now, gentlemen, you do not believe that this is possible. You think I was deceived; that the slates were changed in my very sight, in open broad daylight. That my grasp was unloosened from them without my knowing it; that other slates with the "long communication previously prepared" were substituted, and that I, in the full possession of my senses did not know it. Gentlemen, you are mistaken! My credulity might permit me to believe in ghosts—which it never did—but not that. We must find some other explanation. Perhaps we had better fall back on that myth of Reichenbach, odic force.

The next day I visited two other mediums. With the first I obtained no results. He said he was not well, and after sitting at the table with my slates for a half hour the pencil refused to write. As the fee of the medium always depended on his obtaining a communication, it occurred to me that—as legerdemain always works—as it does not depend upon the nervous condition of the performer, but on surroundings always under his control, that the medium sustained an unnecessary loss. I do not understand why he did not perform and secure his fee. Gentlemen, is it possible that the result is not always under the control of the medium? If so, then it cannot be magic, but must depend upon some unknown natural law.

I had purchased two new slates and put a private mark on their frames. With them I visited a third medium. When I arrived at his cottage he was engaged in his room up stairs with two other sitters. While standing in front of and near his cottage I had a conversation with several gentlemen in relation to your report; possibly the medium might have heard what I said, but probably he did not. I said nothing unkind of you, gentlemen, but stated that "the slate writing," as you described it was not as I saw it. That I intended to write you my experience and ask you to investigate farther. I went into the cottage and on the stairs met a gentleman and his wife who had just been engaged with the medium in a séance. They had received a communication written in German, and signed with the name of the father of one of them, who died in Germany twenty years before. They told me that they had held the slates as I have described in my own case. One of the slates was written full, and in German, and I am informed by those who are well acquainted with the medium that he can neither read, write nor speak that language.

I entered the room. The medium was seated at a common, cheap, pine-top table. If he was in that room while I was talking with the gentlemen in front of the cottage he could not have heard what I had said about your commission. I took a seat near the table, holding my slates in my hands. It was determined that this time I would not be deceived, and as you have informed the public in your report how these communications are written, I knew what to expect. I did not have a mirror, as one of your number had when he saw the medium "write on the slates under the table," but I determined that my slates should not for a moment leave my hand, and they did not. I took four pieces of paper and wrote the names of four persons who were dead. I folded the papers and held them in my left hand. The medium did not see the names—he could not have done so. The medium bit off a small piece of slate, which I knew was clean at the time, and covered it with the other; next I tied my handkerchief around the slates. Up to this time the medium had not touched them; he was on the opposite side of the table. Then I grasped the slates firmly, holding them against my person. This was in broad daylight; the windows and door of the room were open. I then took one of the slips of paper from my left hand and held it in my right. I did not know the name on the paper I thus held and the medium could not have known it. He then moved close to the table, reached across it and placed the ends only of his fingers beneath the slate frame and his thumb on top. In an instant the slates began to pull away from me as if the medium was trying to get them into his possession. Warned by your experience, gentlemen, I held on to the slates with all my strength, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained possession of them. They were violently jerked from sight to left, then toward the medium. All the while I watched his thumb and fingers. They seemed to be holding the slate frames but loosely. I do not know but that the medium could pull more with his thumb and fingers than I could with both hands, but I don't believe it, yet the slates were very nearly wrenched from my hands. I asked the medium what this meant.

He replied, "Another influence is present and is trying to take the slates away from the influence of the one whose name you hold in your right hand. He says he is a stranger to you, but that he must and will communicate with you." I replied, "Let him come! I do not care whose ghost it is, only so that it makes the pencil between these slates

write an intelligent sentence. A column of the multiplication table will answer my purpose just as well as a communication from a spirit. Let the pencil write!" In a moment the slates quieted down and became motionless, and instantly I heard the pencil commence to write; it was but a moment and all was still. I moved back out of reach of the medium, opened the slates, and there, written in a distinct, business-like hand, was the following communication, which I have had photographed, and with this letter I send a copy to the Tribune-Republican for your inspection and use:

"Sir: Do all you can to combat the error into which my commissioners have fallen. They were—(this word is indistinct) and unfaithful."
H. SEYBERT."

Gentlemen, I do not by any means inforce the sentiment of this communication. I do not believe that you were either "untruthful" or "unfaithful" in your report, but I know you are mistaken in your explanation of the "slate writing communications."

I have never seen any of Mr. Seybert's handwriting. I do not know that the communication resembles it in the least, neither do I care. What I wish to know is what power moved the pencil? What intelligence directed it? Those familiar with "slate communications" say that often they come in the exact handwriting of the person whose name is signed to them, yet not always so. That the medium is but, as it were, a "type writer" moved by spirit fingers, yet affected by other surrounding influences, such as peculiar physical and mental idiosyncrasies and temperaments. It is said that many such communications have been received from those who died in infancy and of course could have had no characteristic handwriting. I know nothing of all this, and can only form an opinion from human evidence—alas! so often fallacious.

I was astonished at what I saw when I parted the slates but a faint expression of my emotions. How had I been deceived? I could not believe it possible. It certainly was not in the manner you described, and you must look farther for the cause than you have in your investigation.

I then placed the clean slate below the other, laid the pencil thereon, covered it with the other slate and again grasped them in my hands. I did not tie my handkerchief around them this time, but held them firmly. I know the slate was clean when I placed the pencil on it. I took every possible precaution. I know the slates were mine, with my private mark on them. I know they were in my grasp all the time. Again I heard the pencil move and heard it write a few words and stop. I opened the slates; found written thereon these words: "Tis true, God bless you," and signed with the name written on the paper in my right hand, and I did not know myself the name I had taken from my left hand until after the communication was made.

Now, gentlemen, I have written you a plain, truthful statement of my experience at Casadaga Lake. I know I saw what I have stated and that I know how it was done. There is no magician living that can do what I saw done, with the aid of his art alone. My experience was but that of one among hundreds still more wonderful, which were related to me by honest, intelligent men and women whose testimony would be conclusive in a case being tried in any court in our country.

On page eight of your report you say "the long messages are prepared by the medium before the séance. The short ones, answers to questions asked during the séance, are written under the table, with what skill practice can confer. The slate with its message already written, must in some way be substituted for one which the sitters know to be clean. The short answer must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, under the table, with all the motions of the arm or hand concealed."

Gentlemen, you are mistaken. It is not done the way you describe. The slates are not changed, they are not placed under the table. They do not for a moment leave the sight or hand of the sitters, and to all appearance an inanimate fragment of stone performs an intelligent act without the aid of human hands. How is it done? An expectant public awaits your answer.

It is just possible after all that these crude and unsatisfactory manifestations may be faint "footprints on the boundaries of a future world." Is there anything in the philosophy of life or the mysteries of death that denies the possibility of spiritual visitations to this earth? I know that in a history deemed sacred by the Christian world we have the narration of a number of wonderful events which if true afford evidence—strong "as proof of holy writ" that such visitations do occur. The episode in the life of Saul, when he conversed with the spirit of his old friend Samuel. The angel that rolled back the stone from "the tomb." The young man clothed in long white garments that Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James saw sitting on the right side of the sepulcher. The angel that came to the prison of Peter, broke off his fetters, opened his prison doors, and swung back the iron gates. Of the one that visited Paul and Silas while in prison, and the one that talked with Zacharias and with Mary. The voice at the baptism of Christ. The heavenly host singing over the plains of Judea, and the scene at the mount of transfiguration, as well as the voice that cried "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Although these events occurred long centuries ago, yet in Him who

sate on high there is no change, what He has once permitted may again come to pass. If human testimony from the bedside of dying Christians is to be believed, even to day how often have the pains of death been assuaged by the welcome voices of those that have gone before, while the fluttering of angels' wings has been heard by ears growing dull in death. Why may it not be that in the progress of intellectual development man is approaching nearer and yet nearer to the presence of his Creator, until he may at last hear the whispering voices of the living dead? Surely our revered religion would have nothing to fear from this evidence. It would be auxiliary to the Christian belief, confirm many a wavering faith, and smooth many a pillow of death. I tell you, gentlemen, there is no comfort in doubts of the future. The life that has no Christian faith in it is cold and cheerless indeed. But all men do not have this faith. That which is evidence to one mind fails to convince another; how priceless then beyond all the wealth of earth would be that evidence which would demonstrate to doubting minds the fact, that the loved ones by whose graves they stand "were not dead, but sleeping."

Now understand me, gentlemen, I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the Spirit-world—if there is such a world (?), but do say that I do not believe that they were feats of legerdemain.

On page 68 of your report you speak of a "very remarkable slate-writing experiment which a Mr. Kellar has performed," etc. I do not know what Mr. Kellar can do, but I do know what he cannot do by virtue of his skill as a conjuror; i. e., he cannot make a fragment of stone placed between two slates which I hold in my hands write an intelligent sentence. So far I defy him or any other living magician. He cannot perform the experiments I witnessed. If he thinks he can I would be pleased to become the victim of his deception. Let him try! I have seen nothing in my short and imperfect investigation that demonstrates a spirit life—I sincerely wish I had—but I have seen that done which cannot be explained by any known law of nature, and in this I am not alone. Scientists, the lachet of whose shoes you and I are unworthy to loose, have seen the like and been unable to explain it, and you, gentlemen, will have to look farther than you can with a "pocket mirror" ere you solve the problem.

Is there such a power as "Odic force?" or is it like the Scandinavian god of northern mythology, *Odin*, from which it is supposed the term is derived, a myth, a baseless fabric of a dream, that exists only in the imagination of men?

I do not question the fact that you have discovered frauds, as you narrate, yet no science has ever been investigated, no theory of religion developed, but in their path truth and error have walked side by side, yet the footprints of error never yet obliterated the pathway of truth. Of course there are hundreds of false or spurious manifestations of spirit life, not alone in so-called Spiritualism, but even the religion of the Christian world has for hundreds of years been tainted with these frauds and deceptions. The minister of our revered religion would have a hopeless task to perform, who, in his advocacy of the truth of the miracles of the Savior, was compelled to combat and explain the hundreds of false miracles that were performed by the priesthood of past centuries. Dr. Isaac Taylor says that: "From the period of the Nicene Council and onward miracles of the most astounding kind were alleged to be wrought from day to day"—and to reason that the falsehood of these pretended miracles tainted with fraud those performed by the Savior is a non sequitur—so plain that he is little skilled in logic and has less common sense who does not see it.

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: Of course I may have been deceived. I certainly did not have a pocket mirror in my investigations, and perhaps therein lies my weakness; yet as I held the slates myself, as they were not out of my grasp for one moment, and certainly not under the table or out of my sight, or in the hands of the medium, I do not see that a looking-glass is an important factor in the solution of the mystery.

Your report, gentlemen, touches a belief dear to thousands. That belief is spreading rapidly. It is not based upon faith alone, but on what its votaries believe to be positive demonstration. Henry Seybert was a firm believer in its truth, and with a generosity that puts to shame much of the bigotry of the world, he made a generous bequest to enable you to thoroughly test its truth. Although he was an ardent believer in Spiritualism, yet he left a large sum of money to cause an investigation which might destroy the very foundations of his cherished belief. He did not leave the thousands of dollars (I do not know how many) to propagate his creed as many wealthy devotees of the various Christian churches have done; but with the desire only that "his fellow men might know the truth of 'all systems of moral religion or philosophy which assumed to represent the truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism.'" No more generous, unselfish act was ever done by philanthropic Christians. No pet creed was to be propagated, no favorite theory to be established, no falsehood to be shielded, but truth, that emanation from the throne of eternal justice, was what he desired you to seek. Gentlemen, have you completed your task? Have you found it? Remember your investigations will affect the happiness of many. Your wit and sarcasm, while it is covert, is all the more cruel. It is pointed at

Continued on eighth page.

"THE ART OF FORGETTING."

The following extracts are quoted from Prentice Mulford's pamphlet, entitled "The Art of Forgetting":

In the chemistry of the future, thought will be recognized as substance as much as the acids, oxides and all other chemicals of to-day. There is no chasm betwixt what we call the material and spiritual. Both are of substance or element. They blend imperceptibly into each other. In reality the material is only a visible form of the finer elements we call spiritual.

Our unseen and unspoken thought is ever flowing from us an element and force, as real as the stream of water we can see or the current of electricity we cannot see. It combines with the thought of others, and out of such combinations new qualities of thought are formed, as in the combination of chemicals new substances are formed.

If you send from you in thought the elements of worry, fret, hatred or grief, you are putting in action forces injurious to your mind and body. The power to forget implies the power of driving away the unpleasant and hurtful thought or element, and bringing in its place the profitable element to build up instead of tearing us down.

The character of thought we think or put out affects our business favorably or unfavorably. It influences others for or against us. It is an element felt pleasantly or unpleasantly by others, inspiring them with confidence or distrust.

The prevailing state of mind or character of thought shapes the body and features. It makes us ugly or pleasing, attractive or repulsive, to others. Our thought shapes our gestures, our mannerism, our walk. The least movement of muscle has a mood of mind, a thought behind it. A mind always determines has always a determined walk. A mind always weak, shifting, vacillating, and uncertain, makes a shuffling, shambling, uncertain gait. The spirit of determination braces every muscle. It is the thought element of determination filling every muscle.

Look at the discontented, gloomy, melancholy and ill-tempered men or women, and you see in their faces proofs of the action of this silent force of their unpleasant thought, cutting, carving and shaping them to their present expression. Such people are never in good health, for that force acts upon them as poison, and creates some form of disease. A persistent thought of determination on a purpose, especially if such purpose be of benefit to others as well as ourselves, will fill every nerve with strength. It is a wise selfishness that works to benefit others along with ourselves. Because in spirit and in actual element we are all united. We are forces which act and react on each other for good or ill through what ignorantly we call "empty space." There are unseen nerves extending from man to man, from being to being. Every form of life is in this sense connected together. We are all "members of one body." An evil thought or act is a pulsation of pain thrilling through myriads of organizations. The kindly thought and act have for pleasure the same effect. It is, then, a law of nature and of science that we cannot do a real good to another without doing one also to ourselves.

To grieve at any loss, be it of friend or property, weakens mind and body. It is no help to the friend grieved for. It is rather an injury; for our sad thought must reach the person, even if passed to another condition of existence, and is a source of pain to that person.

An hour of grumbling, fret or fear, whether spoken or silent, does up so much element or force in making us less endurable to others, and perhaps making for us enemies. Directly or indirectly, it injures our business. Sour looks and words drive away good customers. Grumbling or hating is a use of actual element to belabor our minds. The force we may so expend could be used to our pleasure or profit, even as the force we might use with a club to beat our own body can be employed to give us comfort and recreation.

To be able, then, to throw off (or forget) a thought or force which is injuring us, is a most important means for gaining strength of body and clearness of mind. Strengthening of body and clearness of mind bring success in all undertakings. It brings also strength of spirit, and the forces of our spirits act on others whose bodies are thousands of miles distant, for our advantage or disadvantage. Because there is a force belonging to all of us separate and apart from that of the body. It is always in action and acting on others. It must be in action at every moment, whether the body be asleep or awake.

Ignorantly, unconsciously, and hence unwisely used, it plunges us into mires of misery and error. Intelligently and wisely used it will bring us every conceivable good. That force is our thought. Every thought of ours is of vital importance to health and real success. All so-called success, as the world terms it, is not real. A fortune gained at the cost of health is not a real success. Every mind trains itself generally unconsciously to its peculiar character or quality of thought. Whatever that training is, it cannot be immediately changed. We may have trained our minds unconsciously to entertain evil or troubled thought. We may never have realized that brooding over disappointment, living in a grief, dreading a loss, fretting for fear this or that might not succeed as we wish, was building up a destructive force which has bled away our strength, created disease, unfitted us for business, and caused us loss of money and possibly loss of friends.

To learn to forget is as necessary and useful as to learn to remember. We think of many things every day which it would be more profitable not to think of at all. To be able to forget is to be able to drive away the unseen force (thought) which is injuring us, and change it for a force (of order of thought) to benefit us.

Demand imperiously and persistently any quality of character in which you may be lacking, and you attract increase of such quality. Demand more patience or decision or judgment or courage or hopefulness or exactness, and you will increase in such qualities. These qualities are real elements. They belong to the subtle and as yet unrecognized chemistry of nature.

The man discouraged, hopeless and whining, has unconsciously demanded discouragement and hopelessness. So he gets it. This is his unconscious mental training to evil.

Mind is "magnetic," because it attracts to itself whatever thought it fixes itself upon, or whatever it opens itself to. Allow yourself to fear, and you will fear more and more. Cease to resist the tendency to fear, make no effort to forget fear, and you open the door and invite fear in; you then demand fear. Set your mind on the thought of courage, see yourself in mind or imagination as courageous, and you will become more courageous. You demand courage. There is no limit in unseen nature to the supply of these spiritual qualities. In the words: "Ask and ye shall receive," the Christ implied that any mind could, through demanding, draw to itself all that it needed of any quality. Demand wisely, and we draw to us the best. Every second of wise demand brings an increase of power. Such increase is never lost to us. This is an effort for lasting gain that we can use at any time. What all of us want is more power to work results and build up our fortunes—power to make things about us more comfortable to ourselves and our friends. We cannot feed others if we have no power to keep starvation from ourselves. Power to do this is a different thing from the power to hold in memory other people's opinions or a collection of so-called facts gathered from books which time often proves to be fictions. Every success in any grade of life has been accomplished through unseen force flowing from our mind and working on other minds, far and near, as real as the force in your arm lifts a stone.

A man may be illiterate, yet send from his mind a force affecting and influencing many others, far and near, in a way to benefit his fortunes, while the nebularian man drudges with his brain on a pittance. The illiterate man's is the greater spiritual power. Intellect is not a bag to hold facts. Intellect is power to work results. Writing books is but a fragment of the work of the intellect. The greatest philosophers have penned first and acted afterward; as did Columbus, Napoleon, Fulton, Morse, Edison, and others, who have moved the world, besides telling the world how it should be moved.

Your plan, purpose, or design, whether relating to a business or an invention, is a real construction of unseen thought element. Such thought structure is only a magnet. It commences to draw aiding forces to it so soon as made. Persist in holding to your plan or purpose, and these forces come nearer and nearer, become stronger and stronger, and will bring more and more favorable results. Abandon your purpose, and you stop further approach of these forces, and destroy also such amount of unseen attracting power as you have built up. Success in any business depends upon the application of this law. Persistent resolve on any purpose is a real attractive force or element, drawing constantly more and more aids for carrying out that resolve.

When your body is in the state called sleep, these forces (your thoughts) are still active. They are then working on other minds. If your last thought before sleep is that of worry, or anxiety, or hatred for anyone, it will work for you only ill results. If it is hopeful, cheerful, confident, and at peace with all men, it is then the stronger force, and will work for you good results. If the sun goes down on your wrath, your wrathful thought will act on others, while you sleep, and bring only injury in return. Is it not a necessity, then, to cultivate the power of forgetting what we wish, so that our current of thought attracting ill, while our body rests, shall be changed to the thought, current attracting good?

To-day thousands on thousands never think of controlling the character of their thought. They allow their minds to drift. They never say of a thought that is troubling them, "I won't think of it." Unconsciously then they demand what works them ill, and their bodies are made sick by the kind of thought which they allow their minds to fasten on. When you realize the injury done you through any kind of troubled thought, you will then commence to acquire the power of throwing off such thought. When in mind you commence to resist any kind of such injurious thought, you are constantly gaining more and more power for resistance. "Resist the devil," said the Christ, "and he will flee from you." There are no devils save the lily-used forces of the mind. But these are most powerful to afflict and torture us. An ugly or melancholy mood of mind is a devil. It can make us sick, lose us friends, and lose us money. Money means the enjoyment of necessities and comforts. Without these we cannot do or be our best. The sin involved in "love of money," is to love money better than the things needful which money can bring.

To bring to us the greatest success in any business, to make the greatest advance in any art, to further any cause, it is absolutely necessary that at certain intervals daily we forget all about that business, art or cause. By so doing we rest our minds and gather fresh force for renewed effort. To be ever resolving the same plan, study, or speculation, or what we shall do or shall not do, is to waste each force on a brain treadmill. We are in thought saying to ourselves the same thing over and over again. We are building of this actual, unseen element, thought, the same constructions over and over again. One is a useless duplicate of the other.

If we are always inclined to think or converse on one particular subject, if we will never forget it, if we will start it at all times and places, if we will not in thought and speech fall into the prevailing tone of the conversation about us, if we do not try to get up an interest in what is being talked of by others, if we determine only to converse on what interests us or not converse at all, we are in danger of becoming a "crank," or "hobbyist," or monomaniac. The "crank" draws his reputation on himself. He is one who, having forced one idea, and one alone, on himself, has resolved, perhaps unconsciously, to force that idea on every one else. He will not forget at periods his pet theory or purpose, and adapt himself to the thoughts of others. For this reason he loses the power to forget, to throw from his mind the one absorbing thought. He drifts more and more into that one idea. He surrounds himself, with its peculiar thought, atmosphere, or element, as real an element as any we see or feel. Others near him feel this one-ideaed thought, and feel it disagreeably; because the thought of one person is felt by others near him, through a sense as yet unnamed. In the exercise of this sense lies the secret of your favorable or unfavorable "impressions" of people at first sight. You are in thought as it flows from you always, sending into the air an element which affects others for or against you, according to its quality and the sentences of their sense which feels thought. You are affected by

the thought of others in the same way, be they far or near. Hence we are talking to others when our tongues are still. We are making ourselves hated or loved while we sit alone in the privacy of our chambers....

Every discordant thought against others is a sword, and callous from others a sword in return. The thought you have put out, you receive back of the same kind. The coming empire of peace is to be built up by reconciling differences, making of enemies friends, telling people of the good there is in them rather than the bad, discouraging gossip and evil speaking by the introduction of subjects more pleasant and profitable, and proving through one's life that there are laws, not generally recognized, which will give health, happiness, and fortune, without injustice or injury to others.... The most repulsive man or woman, the creature full of deceit, treachery, and venom, needs your pity and help of all the most, for that man or woman, through generating evil thought, is generating pain and disease for himself or herself.

You find yourself thinking of a person unpleasantly from whom you have received a slight or insult, an injury or injustice. Such thought remains with you hour after hour, perhaps day after day. You become at last tired of it, yet cannot throw it off. It annoys, worries, frets, sickens you. You cannot prevent yourself from going round and round on this same tiresome, troublesome track of thought. It wears on your spirit, and what ever wears on the spirit wears on the body. This is because you have drawn on yourself the other person's opposing and hostile thought. He is thinking of you as you are of him. He is sending you a wave of hostile thought. You are both giving and receiving blows of unseen elements. You may keep up this silent war of unseen force for weeks, and if so, both are injured. This contest of opposing wills and forces is going on all about us. The air is full of it. To strive, then, to forget enemy, or to throw out to them only friendly thought, is as much an act of self-protection as it is to put up your hands to ward off a physical blow. The persistent thought of friendliness turns aside thought of ill-will and renders it harmless. The injunction of Christ to do good to your enemies is founded on a natural law. It is saying that the thought or element of good will carries the greater power, and will always turn aside and prevent injury from the thought of ill-will....

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Evolution the Basis of Political Economy.

The Coming Republic: It Will Protect the Meaneast Citizen in the Normal Evolution of Whatever Soul there is in Him.

BY LEON.

Number Nine.

Writers in the field of political economy have groped like blind men in the dark, and lawmakers who have followed them have fallen into the ditch. Their definitions show that each one differs from all the others. None of them has comprehended and followed up the underlying law, hence all have confused themselves and worse confounded their readers. It is full time that we had a scientific base for all legislation—the true political economy. In these brief essays we can not do more than give to the readers outlines of what we believe awaits us just beyond the threshold of the twentieth century. At some future time we may elaborate it into "The Model Republic."

In his definition, Sismondi would have been correct had he included the whole man, mental as well as physical, as the object of political economy. The mental or psychological needs of man are so blended with the physical, that it is impossible to separate them. I can conceive of nothing which bears upon one without impressing both. But the chief weakness in current theories and the great blunder in the world's practice consists in making society the aim of individual existence instead of the means of individual advancement. This theory and practice belong to those periods and localities before mentioned, wherein the benefits of government accrued to the few, and where the many were born to be their unquestioning slaves. Where the whole people rule it should be quite the contrary. Nevertheless, much of this fossil feudalism remains with us. It remains because the so-called learned professions, in conjunction with the influence of wealth, assume to be the conservators of society, and by assumption overawe the less skillful and thus maintain a sort of oligarchy.

This is not the theory of our government, but it is a part of our political and social system in practice. How long it shall continue to disgrace us depends upon the ignorance and want of courage in the individual. If God has ever in his works exhibited a purpose, it is to evolve a perfect Individualism. Such would be a law unto themselves, requiring no legislation at the hands of their fellows. This individual improvement should then engross our attention, leaving society to take care of itself in the main. Make the individual what he ought to be and society of itself becomes what it should be. Educate and protect the individual and society is thereby educated and protected. Such an improvement in our practice would require no change in the organic law of our country. It would encourage and benefit the toiling millions who most need encouragement and help. It would insure none save the vampires who value society because through class legislation and other channels of favoritism, it permits them to suck the blood of the individual. Let all such perish. The perfection of individual character can be effected by neither the propelling nor restraining powers of law. This is alone the work of evolution. It is the office of the law to protect the individual and promote as far as possible the harmony of his environments and thus secure to him a natural growth. It is the first duty of the legislator to provide for the protection and education of the citizen, after which he will find little more legitimate work to do. He may cumber the statute book with social prescriptions that will encumber the proper and natural development of the individual. When the citizen has paid his dues to the State, and to his fellow-citizens as well, there can be no further rightful claim upon him. His liberty is unbridled. His rights in all directions none can dispute until he crosses the line which divides his rights from another's, then the law which protects that other will restrain him. Let social tyranny cease and the independence of the individual be acknowledged everywhere, for to do less is to stand in the way of a natural law which will sooner or later destroy all who oppose it. It is the law of evolution which labors incessantly for the good of the individual, and it is but too often impeded by the over-zealous tinkers of society. This class of people is one of society's excrescences and the injury which it inflicts upon the world is immense.

Let the citizen do his whole duty to his fellow-belongs and to the State, and devote the rest of his time to self-culture in his own way. When he has done these things, neither God nor man can claim more. And when these duties have been faithfully performed, no repute can be too rude for those pious frauds who come under the false pretense of God-sends, insisting on moulding him into the casts taken from their own distorted and unnatural forms. Does the reader ask what this matter has to do with political economy? The answer is ready: Everything. We have shown that God, through the evolutionary processes of millions of years, has been trying to make a MAN: a man so fully developed, so true to himself, and so just in his conceptions of the rights of others, that he shall need no law save that of his Maker which lives within him. Seeing this Design it becomes the first, if not the last, duty of the State to foster it by protecting the individual, not from himself, but from the selfish aggressions of his fellows, while he works out his own salvation. For such it is for a time as we may, this is the law of the Eternal to which we must bow in the end.

Understand the present. Go back a few centuries in the past. Study well the course of human life between. And it will appear that some of the greatest triumphs of field and forum, some of the grandest victories of religion, for which its leaders have been canonized, have proved in the result worse crimes of the purposes of God than have the crimes of those whose gore the block has soaked.

(To be Continued.)

MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

From the reports coming in from various parts of the country, it seems that the phenomena resulting from spirit materialization are occurring in a more palpable and satisfactory shape. I have not had a doubt of the fact of spirit materialization for the last fifteen years,—that is, if my senses are capable of grasping that fact, as any other facts presented. The testimony from the spirit side of life for over thirty years has been, that the production of the manifestations is based upon law; that it has been, and is now, a series of experiments on the part of spirits to obtain and project the best results. In all that time I have witnessed every grade of materialization, from the highest degree of perfection down to an almost total failure. I take it that spirit chemists are elucidating the subjects of their experiments, just the same as mortal chemists do in their laboratories on earth. Proper conditions are demanded on both sides.

Those who are acquainted with the characteristics of Dr. N. B. Wolfe would not entertain the opinion for a moment that he is inclined to be overcredulous, for he certainly possesses a clear, level head for an investigator. He is not only mentally right, but physically so, and remarkably endowed with mediumistic gifts. He is an honest, fair-minded investigator, willing to do justice by reporting the facts as having occurred, as in his book, "Startling Facts."

It has been truthfully stated that the band of spirits surrounding the medium can read the thoughts of the sitters just as well as we mortals can read a book. If a number of people attend a séance with the belief that the whole thing is a fraud, experience has demonstrated what the result will be under such conditions. It is a difficult and disagreeable job to reap bearded wheat when bending over into the face; just so for the spirits to present good results with the positive will forces against them. Have not the spirits been incalculating this lesson all the way long?

One may inquire, Well, what about frauds? Should we not guard against imposition? In the very nature of presenting the phenomena we know fraud will occasionally occur, because there are pretenders as well as dishonest mediums, who for the sake of gain will do such things. The best thing to do is to sit in a quiet, passive frame of mind and condition, and then to exercise one's best judgment as to the genuineness of what occurs.

To that class of people who do not believe materialization possible, what would they say if they should witness a full form walking about, it having apparently come up through the floor, and dematerializing in the same place, and all this occurring while the medium is in full view. Some of the witnesses would be convinced that materialization is a truth, while others would still contend that some hocus-pocus was used by some body present for deception.

All we know about the process of constructing materialized bodies is what we have learned from the spirits themselves. They gather the molecules floating in the atmosphere, and combining them with the aura drawn from the medium and the sitters in the circle, they produce the spirit body. That is as far as mortals have gone. That the eyes can wink and tongues in these suddenly manufactured bodies talk, we do know; but how it is done we can not determine. There are many who sincerely demand that scientific rules be applied to determine the question, and yet there is not one of such exactors who can inform us just what position his own spirit occupies in his own body, and what functions it sustains to his brain and nerve forces.

I am satisfied with the fact of spirit materialization from a common sense standpoint. In the first place we cannot see the spirit with our physical eyes, therefore a body is manufactured for the occasion for it to take possession of in order to manifest. Now, whether the spirit takes on the brain and nerves for the purpose, which are to dematerialize and vanish as vapor in an instant, we do not know, nor do we care. We do know it has been demonstrated that spirit has all power over matter, therefore while we may contemplate the beauty, grandeur and glory of the material things of earth life, it will all pale before what we will realize when we witness a purely spiritual existence.

It is to me passing strange that learned D. D.'s who believe in the truth of the bible record, and that their Christian system is based upon spirit phenomena, should "pooh pooh" modern spirit materialization; nor do I understand why any one subscribing to the fact of modern materialization, should wish to reject that personage, Jesus of Nazareth, for his case was doubtless a parallel one with modern materialization, with only this difference: Jesus stands pre-eminently in the front rank as the most highly gifted mediumistic person, as well as the most spiritually endowed we have an account of. The law of spirit progression governs and controls in our mundane life as well as in spirit life. The world is far advanced in every department, compared with one hundred years ago. Every day the power of spirit over matter will become exemplified, while progress will be seen in a greater ratio in the future than in the past.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

\$50,000 REWARD!

This Reward to be Paid to Anyone Who Can Truly Expose Slate Writing.

A Reply to Prof. Hall's Recent Attack on Spiritualism at the Deerfield Summer School—Marvell Witnessed at Lake Pleasant—A Wealthy Man Who has put up this Princely Reward and Stands Ready to Back his Offer with Solid Cash.

(The Informer, Greenfield, Mass.)

I noticed in your issue of the 2nd inst. the following: "The Deerfield summer school will not be held next year." Upon reading the article I concluded it was because Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Johns Hopkins University, in his lecture upon psychic research, or thought transference, had dealt such a death blow again to Spiritualism. Although the reporter says, "but it is a pity the hall was not crowded, for the professor swept away many cobwebs that had been spun in the popular mind of Franklin county since the Lake Pleasant gatherings, to say nothing of the larger territory."

Now, it is not a little curious how many death blows Spiritualism has received in the last thirty-five years and how manfully it bears up under them all. Just think of it, two terrible death blows in less than one year. First, there was the Preliminary report of the Seybert Commission, who had been some five or six years getting ready to report, by doing next to nothing until the time came, when they felt they must make some sort of a report, or they would surely lose the \$50,000 left by Mr. Seybert, to make a thorough investigation of the whole subject.

Now comes Dr. Hall and explains in detail how some things can be done, particularly what is called independent slate writing.

"This," he says, "can be done by a coal tar preparation, which brings out writing which could not be seen when the slates were open." This receipt can be obtained for \$100 and adds, "man is a fallible creature who likes to be humbugged."

Verily, some men do like to be humbugged, and a certain class of learned men like nothing better than to humbug themselves. In proof of this I will cite a few historical facts.

Copernicus was a professor of mathematics at Rome, in 1501. After spending many years in observation and calculations to verify his theory, made known his discovery that the planets moved around the sun. But his theory was rejected not only by the clergy, but by astronomers, because it conflicted with general orthodoxy and preservation of established systems.

Galileo, who invented a telescope, became a bold, earnest and able expounder of the Copernican system. But for this was denounced and summoned to appear before the court of Rome and commanded to retract his teachings. The Inquisitors solemnly declared the Copernican theory of the revolution of the earth false and contrary to the Holy Scriptures. It has been asserted, that he did not retract until he had been subjected to torture, and that in uttering his retraction he added, in a low tone (still it does move). Even Martin Luther and Melancthon wrote against the Copernican system.

As late as 1844 Prof. Morse, when he made application to Congress for a small grant of money to erect a telegraphic line between the cities of Washington and Baltimore, was ridiculed, and it is reported that one very knowing congressman moved an appropriation for the purpose of building an extension to a certain lunatic asylum for the express accommodation of Prof. Morse. Where is the wise congressman to-day? His name has gone down to oblivion, but a bronze statue has been erected to Prof. Morse in the Central Park of New York, and the professor was present at the unveiling. His name will be remembered in ages to come. Now in regard to "Independent slate writing." I will mention just a few cases that came under my own observation. Although I am not a professor in any institution of learning, I do profess to have a modicum of common sense and as well capable of judging plain facts as any scientific men who have so strenuously opposed facts, that have since been not only established, but accepted the world over. The first séance I had with Chas. E. Watkins was in this town I think, in June, 1877. He was stopping at the American House. I procured two slates, took them to my office, washed them clean, put a small bit of slate pencil between them and then with two screws, one on each side, screwed them tight together. I carried them to the American House; about 10:30 in the forenoon we sat down to a table and I produced my slates; understand this was the first time the medium Watkins had ever seen these slates. He sat one side of the table and I the other; we both took hold of the slates holding them above the table; soon I heard the sound of writing; when that ceased I took the slates and Watkins went and threw himself down on a lounge. With my knife blade I turned back the screws and found these words written:

"JOSEPH BEALS,
H. H. BEALS,
MRS. A. W. SLADE,
We are all here."

The names of my father and brother; Mrs. Slade was an acquaintance. Again the same year, Watkins gave a public exhibition of independent slate writing from the speaker's stand at Lake Pleasant, in the presence of at least five or six thousand people. I was with Watkins when the slates were brought at the book stand. I saw the paper put around them, and tied with a string. Watkins did not handle them at all. I took them, and they remained in my possession until the close of the afternoon lecture, when Watkins came upon the platform. A committee of three skeptics were chosen from the audience, to come upon the platform and watch the proceedings. I then handed them the slates; they had not been taken out of the paper or handled by any one. The names of these parties were: Eben Ripley, Daniel B. Wiley, of the Boston Custom House, and F. L. Sergeant. They took the wrapper from the slates and carefully examined them and publicly declared they were new slates, and there was no writing on them. A small bit of slate pencil was dropped on one of the slates, the other put out of it, the committee held to one end and Watkins the other, all clasping the two slates. Soon to the astonishment of all the committee they heard writing between the slates; when it ceased the committee took the slates and upon removing the top one, found forty-seven words written, filling three-fourths of the slate. The committee read the communication to the audience, and stated that, although they could not understand how it was done they could not see how any fraud or trickery could have been practiced in the writing. At my request they signed their names on the fourth part of the slate. I have those slates in my possession to-day. Will the Professor explain, where the coal tar came in there? And will the writer of the above mentioned article and the Professor see if they can brush away this

"cob-w" that was spun at Lake Pleasant? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." And now for that fifty thousand dollars; a very pretty sum, surely, for most people to have. Some years ago, but since the above writings were done, Watkins was in Rochester, when Hiram Sibley, Esq., a man of great wealth, but a pronounced materialist, was induced to visit him. The result was astonishing, but at the same time, he felt quite sure the writing was the result of trickery on the part of Watkins. So he hired Watkins for a month, and had him at his own house, furnished his own slaves, and had his own conditions in every respect. He had previous to this given his wife fifty thousand dollars to erect and endow a beautiful church, and said if he could afford to do that, he could afford to pay the same amount for his own religion. He therefore went before a justice and gave bonds to pay \$50,000 to Watkins, or any one else, if they would show him how this writing between two slaves was done, and teach him how he could do it in the same way it was done through Watkins. This offer still holds good, the bonds have not been withdrawn, but Mr. Sibley still stands ready to pay the fifty thousand dollars for this knowledge. Now as I am sure this amount of money would not come amiss to Prof. Hall, I would suggest that he go to Rochester, and teach Mr. Hiram Sibley just how the wonderful trick is done, pocket the snug little fortune and live at his ease the balance of his days.

A Seance with Mrs. E. A. Wells.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The subject of materialization as a factor in Spiritualism seems to be uppermost today, and as a record of facts is necessary whereby correct conclusions are arrived at, let me say a few words regarding some manifestations through Mrs. E. A. Wells at my own house where she stopped a few days on her return East from Clinton, Iowa, camp meeting. Mrs. W. was overworked, not at all well, but kindly consented to give us three or four sittings. I shall make my letter short, as it is not necessary to detail what occurred each evening, for the manifestations were not as abundant and perfect as I witnessed at Lookout Mountain in her presence; but the reasons are plain to one experienced with phenomena: Strange house, mixed circle, nearly all skeptics; some present out of mere curiosity, absolutely ignorant of the laws governing spirit circles. We asked Mrs. W. where and how we should fix her cabinet or place of sitting. Note the reply: "Don't ask me; fix it to suit yourselves; set a frame work against the wall, or in the middle of the room, or curtain a corner of the solid wall."

Could anything be fairer? We took a door leading into a narrow hall off its hinges, added to its width, fastened it in place (making a square closet, 3 1/2 by 4 feet) hung curtains at the entrance, locked doors and windows in the rear, and all were satisfied that confederates were out of the question. My wife said to her before sitting down, "Let us examine your clothing."

"Certainly," said Mrs. W., "be free to do anything you wish. Let me disrobe and dress in your clothes, excluding everything white."

This was done under my wife's inspection—done completely—and examined by ladies present. We know, and I want this emphasized, that she had nothing about her person like the material exhibited by the forms, both male and female, a part of which I handled and inspected. And now as to the phenomena: A dark circle was held in which names were given, known only to the sitters; touches, fanning with the palm-leaf, and articles removed from one person to another across the circle. To one gentleman the whispered voice says, "I am your Brother John."

"If you are my Brother John, can you tell me anything about Bro. N.?"

"Very sick!"

"Will he get well?"

"No! Will pass over very soon."

The next morning a telegram calls this gentleman to the bedside of his Bro. N., and in three days the information given in the circle was confirmed. This same spirit informer, in the after light circle, materializes and gives his name as John S., but the room is too dark to recognize his features. Mrs. W. does not know the gentleman in the circle, much less that he has a brother in spirit-life, and one on the border land. Good guess you say?

In the light circle the faces and features are indistinct, and save two that afforded me close inspection, could not be identified by facial expression or features, only in size and general appearance, and by their name, as given by Emma, one of the cabinet controls from within. One of the spirit forms, a tall, slim lady, very unlike Mrs. W. (guessing at her weight, if material, as 100 pounds, while Mrs. W. weighs 180 pounds; not only gave me her name, and made reference to her family, but allowed me to place my face within two inches of hers and see plainly that she had given me the right name: Spirit lady No. 2 was much taller. She had long, slim arms, and small delicate hands and fingers. She allowed me to handle them, bring them close to my face, and let me encircle her wrist with my thumb and middle finger, the thumb overlapping to the first joint; then she directed me to hold my hands outstretched, palms upward, manipulating with her fingers until quite a lot of lace spread out, that all in the circle could see. Afterward when I adjusted my hand in measurement to Mrs. Wells' wrist, I could not span it by more than one inch. Materialization or transfiguration, which? Each is as wonderful as the other.

To another sister a female form appeared in front of the curtain and called for Bro. D. saying: "I am Melly;" then gave in loud whispers a message relating to the family, and well understood by D., and when she retired but a few moments elapsed when a male figure came out and called the same gentleman. "Bro. D., I am Quincy," and spoke feelingly of the parents—soon to be a reunion on the other side; that they were all present, meaning several brothers and sisters in spirit-life.

It was too dark, I repeat, to recognize them by sight, but giving their names as they did, and what they said, identified them satisfactorily to the brother. Mrs. W. could not have known the names and facts in this demonstration. The power was too weak for the forms to walk out far, and dematerialize outside, as I have seen with Mrs. W.; but had she remained a few days longer we would have had better success.

If Mrs. W. produced these manifestations herself she would be as clever in their production one evening as another; and she could have had a room full every evening at a dollar a piece for a fortnight. On the contrary, the last evening the manifestations in

the light were so imperfect that she refused any pay, a disappointment alike to her and the company. My wife had access to her room, to her trunk and satchel, and if we had found the slightest evidence of fraud, anything by word or deed having a shadow of dishonesty, I should say so to the readers of the JOURNAL, for this subject is too sacred to be silent when we know fraud exists. I have said enough that you may know we place a high estimate upon Mrs. Wells as a lady and a medium, upright and honest.

E. W. H. BECK.

Delphi, Ind., Sept. 15, 1887.

THE INDIANA PRODIGY.

The Wonderful Boy-Precacher of the Soul-Sleepers.

Letter in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: The Soul-Sleepers are not strong numerically, but they just now have among them one who is truly wonderful, viewed in whatever light he may be. As far as I can learn this sect is confined to the southern part of the State, and have their strongest settlement in Jefferson county. Boiled down to its simplicity their doctrine is simply this: That when the body dies the soul enters on a state of sleep in which it remains until the final resurrection of the body on the day of judgment, when it awakes and again enters into the body as it arises from the tomb. This reunited soul and body then appear before the throne of judgment.

In Jefferson county, not far from Madison, they have a church and quite a congregation. The pastor of the church, or rather the preacher, is a boy ten years of age, and he is really a wonder. When out of the pulpit he has a sort of far-away, simple and listless look and manner. His clothing is ill-cut, and poorly made, and of the cheapest material, and with his preoccupied look—gives him the appearance of a prematurely aged child. His hair is thick, coarse and uncombed. In the church he sits on one of the front benches, his feet about six inches from the floor and swinging in regular schoolboy style. No observer, no matter how attentive he might be, would ever take him for anything more than an ordinary boy. Uninteresting and really stupid as he appears, he has a marvelous and almost inspired conception of words and ideas, or a memory that is equally marvelous, for he preaches sermons that Beecher in his palmiest days might have been proud of. For purity of diction, logical arrangement and beautiful similes, they are unsurpassed by any pulpit orator of the present day, either in this country or in Europe. Neither by act, word nor look, does he convey the impression that he is possessed with the idea that he has done anything extraordinary even after one of his loftiest flights.

There is about him something so earnest, so simple, and so childlike that the listener, as he preaches or prays, feels a kind of electric thrill, a creeping of the flesh, and a tingling at the roots of the hair. Last Sunday he preached from the fourth verse of the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah: "For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come." His father, who is an illiterate man, being scarcely able to read, opened the services by reading the chapter from which the text was taken, the boy meanwhile sitting on the front seat, swinging his legs and apparently unmindful of what was going on around him. When the father concluded his reading he nodded to the boy, who arose and ascended the pulpit. His feet had scarcely touched the pulpit before a wonderful change came over him. His listlessness was gone, and in its place was an enthusiastic earnestness seldom found even among the most devoted ministers. He knelt down and led the congregation in prayer. There was a depth, earnestness, pathos, and entreaty in that prayer that made it wonderful even beyond the marvelous sermon which followed it. The prayer concluded with the following words, spoken in a tone of earnest pathos that reached the hearts of the hearers if it did not reach the throne of God to whom it was addressed: "O, Father, look in mercy and love on the sick and afflicted; O, Lord, regard with sympathy and kindness the poor and afflicted; O, Father and Lord, look with special favor and tender compassion upon the young men who are here to-day."

His prayer ended, he took his place at the desk, his eyes fairly in flames from his communion with his master, and without hesitation or embarrassment, and in a clear but deeply earnest voice, proceeded to elucidate his text. I cannot give even a synopsis of the sermon, but it was clear, logical, forcible and in some respects unique. In closing he claimed that the last of the prophecies were now being fulfilled and the day of judgment was approaching. He referred to the prophecy as to the time of the end of the world, that children should rise against their parents, and parents against their children, and said that at no period of the world's history was that more true than to-day, when every paper was loaded down with accounts of parents being murdered by their children and children by their parents. I cannot say that the sermon was his own composition. The language and ideas were too exalted for a child of his tender years; but even if it was the work of another, his seat of memory in reproducing it and his eloquent powers displayed were something uncanny. He is a prodigy which ever way it is taken, and his equal does not exist anywhere in the United States.

If the sermon is his own he is to be sermonizing what Hind Tom is to music. Indianapolis has some able divines, but not one of them can produce such a sermon as that delivered last Sunday by Pascal Porter, the boy preacher of Jefferson county. His parents and friends claim that he was inspired when but two years of age, and that since then he has been delivering his remarkable addresses. If he remembers them it is strange where he finds the originals and who teaches him. His sole companion is an aged grandmother, who, like Lois of old, gives all her time to her Bible and to prayer.

Dr. Jamieson, in a memoir sent to the Académie des Sciences, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium smokers, as they do in eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe, and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so, for several days it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity, which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "hit the pipe."

All that was bid for a lion and four lions at a sale in Lexington, England, was \$500. The show business is poor.

The postmaster of Belleville, Mich., brags about owning a rooster that has three wings.

BOOK-REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

SHAKER SERMONS. Scripto-Rational. Containing the Substance of Shaker Theology. Together with Replies and Criticisms logically and clearly set forth by H. L. Eads, Bishop of South Union, Ky. pp. 323. Fourth edition revised and enlarged. Kentucky: South Union, 1887.

The author of this work began life among the Shakers when less than one year old, and may therefore be supposed to be excellent authority upon Shaker theology. He was born in Logan county, Kentucky, on the south side of Gasper river, on the 25th day of April, 1807. For fifteen years his home was in a log cabin, in which, also, from four to thirteen years of age, during the winter months only, he received his entire instruction in letters. This is the first book ever written for publication, by an individual whose whole life has been consecratedly devoted to and guided by the principles of Shakerism. The sermons embrace nearly 700 quite every feature of Shaker polity, and will be highly appreciated by very many as a book of reference upon the subject of Shakerism.

The author asserts that Christ was a celibate, Spiritualist and Communist, possessing a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, charity and love for humanity, and who taught that whatever antagonized with these should be hated and forsaken. There is a rich vein of spirituality permeating this work by Mr. Eads, though it is somewhat belabored by many quotations from the Bible, which by Spiritualists is generally considered no more holy or sacred than any other work having for its object the advancement of humanity in the scale of existence. These sermons however will prove interesting to the student on account of their clear elucidation of the principles endorsed by Shakers generally.

New Books Received.

A MODERN INSTANCE. By W. D. Howell. Ticknor & Co. paper series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

ENGLISH MASTERPIECE COURSE. By Alfred H. Welsh. Chicago: John C. Bucklee & Co. Price 1.00.

PRISONERS OF POVERTY. Women Wage-Workers, Their Trades and their Lives. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 1, 1887.

Spirit Loafers.

The human character of man in the world of spirits is a point that cannot be kept too prominently before Spiritualists and inquirers. It is explanatory of many seeming difficulties, and a preventive of many of the dangers attached to an implicit credence in every communicant from the unseen world. It brings the nature of post mortem man into the region of common sense, and helps thereby to destroy the fictitious and superstitious character hitherto associated with the after state and its inhabitants.

It is true that the above point, when accepted, destroys the pretty conceits of angels, seraphs, demons, devils and such like creatures, but it puts in their place the fact that we are men and women still in the world beyond. This is only accomplishing over again in the spiritual department what has been done in the material realms of human knowledge. Exact investigation and persistent inquiry have banished the mermaid from the deep, the fawn and satyr from the woods, the nymph from the fountain, the fairy from the field and the gnome from the wind. As myth, fancy, and superstition are explored, their imagery, idols, falsity and follies give place to facts as they are.

Inaccurate interpretations of man's nature after death have been the main cause of false theories in regard to faith and futurity. Such have given us the transcendently good, or the irredeemably bad, as the two divisions of life beyond. As a result certain sorts of inquirers approach the subject of spirit intercourse with a natural but entirely false preconception concerning the character of spirits. That preconception is yet further entangled in a generally accepted thought that either class of spirits—good or bad—is endowed with almost miraculous powers. It cannot be too strenuously asserted that no spirit can transcend the laws of nature; therefore, whatever a spirit can do in the material world, with material agencies, can also be done by human beings under like harmony with natural law. The results of an intelligent study of spirit communion plainly leads to the conclusions: that spirits are neither absolutely good nor bad; that they are not semi-omnipotent, and that their human character continues with them. In a word, that the great majority of spirit communicants are upon about the same moral and spiritual planes as the great majority of mortals.

Accepting the foregoing statements as approximately correct—they are actually more than that—the result must be that in early efforts to open up communication with the world of spirits one is likely to run the possible risk of a class of visitors not acceptable, desirable or reliable. It is likely that those spirits nearest earthly conditions would be willing to rush into any open gate they found, for a spirit circle constitutes a gateway between the two worlds. Sundry simple rules will, however, prevent such incursion; or, overcomes it if experienced; these can be better considered farther on. Remembering the thousands of idle, shiftless, and thoughtless people this world contains, and also remembering that their characters change slowly after death and that their characters are those of physical and moral loafers of all degrees down to the very lowest and worst, it can at once be seen that these individuals, still true

to their natures, may rush into a new circle, for a "lark," and imposing upon the lack of experience of the sitters have a good time at their expense. Three-fourths of the "Kings," "Emperors," "Princes," "Poets," and "Big-noses-at-large" are, undoubtedly, furnished by these loafers; and as many entertain the superstitious opinion that all a spirit says must be true, these mischievous tramps keep up the fun (?) until some all too transparent deceit disgusts the sitters, and turns them from the subject forever.

One singular fact connected with these loafers is that they are just as ready to claim the doubtful honor of an anarchist massacre in Chicago or the killing of the half-brother of Constance Kent in England, as well as to being George Washington, Napoleon the Great, Henry Ward Beecher, or any other celebrity, lay, clerical, political, or historical. As a general rule all such distinguished (?) visitors may be accepted as the delicate attentions of spirit loafers ministering to the ignorance or gullibility of their listeners. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred there is no sort of reason why these alleged celebrities should come down, up, or into, the little parlors of an obscure circle for the purpose of talking the twaddle their impersonations dispense.

What are the simple rules which will prevent these loafers intruding their presence? First, let the inquirer form his circle for the sole purpose of obtaining communications from his own departed relatives, and procuring from them unmistakable evidences of their personal identity; utterly refuse to have any commerce with the invisibles outside of the above limits until entirely satisfied of the reality of spirit communion. Whenever the investigator has reason to suppose he is being victimized, let him resolutely refuse to entertain the swindler until he or she professes regret, and promises amendment. Try the spirits as one man tries another, and if they fall upon the tests of truth, honor and purity, bar them out. The spirit circle is not a haven for spirit loafers—let the Spirit-world nurse its own sick; we, of this world, have enough to do to attend to the sick and lazy, the ignorant and imbecile among us. The private home circle can thus be kept free from loafers from the Spirit-world. Add to the above the purest aspiration, the stern determination to have truth and right, and a recognition that one's own family circle, on the spirit side, is the safest and best association, at first, at least, and one can then bar out these pests with characters that warrant their being described as spirit loafers.

Beware of Medical Charlatans.

For twenty-two years the JOURNAL has ever been on the side of liberty, but it differentiates liberty from license by sharp lines. The JOURNAL has devoted large space to antagonizing the tendency to sweeping legislation in the interest of diplomatically doctors unable to compete with their more talented brethren and of numerous sickly doctor factories whose owners seek the aid of the State in filling their empty halls. In opposing such tyrannical and unjust legislation the JOURNAL has spent money freely and done effective service in many ways, and has had the moral support not only of the people but of very many reputable physicians opposed on principle to such legislation as now disgraces Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and some other States.

But the JOURNAL wishes it distinctly understood that it does not oppose but favors the regulation of medical practice. There is a vast difference between regulating a business or money-getting vocation in the best interests of the public, and destroying such business or vocation.

The JOURNAL grants that legislatures should be vested with vast police powers, but it does not accord them the right to enact laws for the destruction of beliefs and practices not inimical to the morals of the community; and it will seek by all honorable methods to render null and void such scandalous enactments. While this has ever been the attitude of the JOURNAL, it is as sternly and uncompromisingly opposed to favoring the interests of that lazy, shiftless, lying incompetent class of undiplomatized quacks and pretenders, from among whom every now and then one rises and with adamant assurance asks for public sympathy and the support of the JOURNAL in defending him against the law which his equally disreputable but diplomatically brethren seek to enforce. The JOURNAL is ready to encourage agitation for the modification of these laws in the several States and to contribute handsomely to the defense of any successful healer of good character who may be prosecuted for practicing healing. But it does not propose to be cajoled, coerced or hoodwinked into lending its support to a false issue, nor to defending a disreputable character who sees fit to set up as a healer and then pose as a martyr.

These remarks are called forth by a case which was lately before a minor court at Grand Rapids, Mich. One W. W. Phippen, who from the evidence at hand appears to be an illiterate Canadian, left Canada in 1879 and brought up at Bay City, Michigan, where he earned a living as janitor of a school. From there he went to Grand Rapids where he again followed his vocation as janitor of a school building. But janitorial, though honorable, is laborious and not a wealth-compelling vocation. Phippen had aspirations. At one time he aspired to be a medium for spirit phenomena, and favored the physical manifestations, especially materialization; but he was too clumsy in his "personations" and finally declined that vo-

cation and held himself out to the public as a "doctor." For this he was, on complaint, arrested and convicted. The evidence proves him a perjurer and an unconscionable ignoramus entitled to no sympathy, respect or assistance from the public.

In spite of the want of merit in his case certain persons moved either by their constitutional obtuseness or by selfish motives or through a misunderstanding of the case, are seeking to rally those opposed to the law as it stands, to the support of Phippen for the purpose of making this a test case on which to secure a decision as to the constitutionality of the law. A weaker or less representative case could not be secured were Michigan to be raked with a fine-tooth comb. It actually looks to the JOURNAL as though those who seek to strengthen the law by a decision from the bench, had connived with Phippen, and are using him as a donkey to draw their rickety wagon out of the mire where public opinion has placed it. Certainly, it looks as though he was not above such use. The JOURNAL's advice to the people of Michigan is: Let this fellow alone, wash your hands of the whole affair, declare that he does not in any way represent the Spiritualists, or the healers of your State. Say to the State Board of Health, that if they desire a Supreme Court decision on the constitutionality of the law you are ready to join them in an agreed case, but that you propose to select a reputable representative healer and try the cause of the people against the doctors' conspiracy on its merits.

Bert Woodworth—Swindler.

In the JOURNAL for Nov. 13th, 1886, Mr. W. J. Rand, a well-known, highly respected and truthful gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave an account of his experience with one Bert Woodworth. Mr. Rand was in charge of the Spiritualist meeting then convening on Sundays at Conservatory Hall. Upon recommendation he engaged Woodworth to give platform tests. After two Sundays Mr. Rand was requested to investigate Woodworth, who was rooming in his house. Mr. Rand thus describes his investigation and its results:

"I commenced in his room first, and soon had in my hands his 'stock in trade' consisting of extensive collections of death and obituary notices, appropriately arranged in books for the different places where this gifted seer had been or expected to be engaged. There also I found the names of prominent Spiritualists in those places, and the names of their spirit friends, and such particulars as would make the 'tests' startling and remarkable. I also found the correspondence of this medium with others, who have, it would seem, been posing him. For instance, Judge Bailey of Brooklyn has a spirit daughter, Grace; and also he had a kind of an angel spirit, others of a similar character for different persons in this city, all of which this medium Woodworth recited with airy assurance from the rostrum after the pure and beautiful discourses of Mrs. Brigham. Even after the touching memorial services, to the life and work of the late S. B. Nichols, this man profaned the occasion by pretending to give some of those tests before the audience. Any person who understands the character of S. B. Nichols will not be surprised to learn that to a lady in the audience, who is a private medium of unquestioned integrity and who was his friend, Mr. Nichols presented himself while this farce was going on, and said, calling this lady by name, 'I'll send those frauds to Hades,' and that he meant what he said, no friend of his will for a moment doubt."

In the above enumerated "stock in trade" of Mr. Woodworth, I found an extensive correspondence which he had had with persons in different cities, whereby, for the sum of five dollars, they furnished useful information to him to be used in manifesting the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals through the mediumship of Mr. Woodworth. After having permitted a sufficient number of persons of known ability to examine for themselves these evidences of this man's mediumistic attainments, I made him face the evidence, then turned him out without delay, bidding him not to show his face in these parts again. He left, however, in my possession sufficient evidence of documentary character to enable me to substantiate what I have said should be attempted a denial.

Too late for the JOURNAL to give warning last week, a notice was handed in by the chairman of a Spiritualist meeting in Chicago which read as follows: "Next Sunday" (Sept. 25th) we are to have one of the finest "public test mediums in the country with us, a young man, Mr. Bert Woodworth of Jamestown, N. Y. I would advise investigators to hear him; he will remain with us a short time only, but will probably give a sittings while here."

The importance of hearing the "finest" will be apparent to those who read the testimony of Mr. Rand. It is quite probable, however, that the "finest" will remain but "a short time only."

The JOURNAL regrets to be obliged to speak of this matter, and has a high regard for the gentleman who so disinterestedly conducts the aforesaid meeting; but the interests of honest mediums in Chicago, and of the cause, demand that this Woodworth's methods be aired again. The hall on Sunday last is said to have been filled to overflowing; and this, too, to listen to an exposed trickster, every one of whose "tests" on that day can be reasonably accounted for by Mr. Rand's exposition.

As the JOURNAL has often said, a crowd and a sensation do not indicate either strength or wholesome interest in Spiritualism. All factitious methods of stimulating interest and gathering audiences must, in the long run prove detrimental. A free show will always attract, whether it be a concert in a beer saloon or a séance in a public hall by a Woodworth, and one is about as conducive to healthy spiritual growth as the other.

W. M. Salter, resident lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, has returned from his vacation, and will open the season's lecture course on next Sunday morning. The place of meeting has not at the hour of putting the JOURNAL to press been decided, but the announcement will appear in the Sunday morning papers.

The Spiritualist meeting at 517 West Madison street last Sunday evening was well attended. Mr. Blair made some excellent remarks. He was followed by a gentleman from Philadelphia, who gave his experience. Several others spoke giving their views of the spiritual philosophy.

The Seybert Fund—Justice to the Commission.

There seems to be a wide-spread misapprehension concerning Mr. Seybert's donation to the University of Pennsylvania. It is daily asserted by Spiritualists and others that the \$60,000 was given to the University especially in the interests of a scientific investigation of spirit phenomena. This is a serious mistake, and does great injustice both to the University and the Commission. The members of the Commission are open to fair, even caustic, criticism, but they are not alone to blame.

We have had in our possession the original letter of Mr. Seybert containing the proposal to donate \$60,000 to the University and setting forth the conditions of the gift. We made a copy of it for future use, and now lay it before our readers. Here it is:

To the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania.
 GENTLEMEN: Being mindful of the uncertainty of life at my advanced age, and feeling deeply the importance of making permanent provision for certain interests that seem to me of the highest moment, I hereby offer to your honorable Board fifty or Mortgage Bonds, Raleigh and Gaston R. R. Co. (\$1,000 each) being equal to the sum of sixty thousand dollars to be devoted to the maintenance of a chair in the University of Pennsylvania that shall be known as the "Adam Seybert Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy," upon the condition that the incumbent of said chair, either individually, or in conjunction with a commission of the University faculty, shall make a thorough and impartial investigation of the system of morals, religion or philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism.

I further empower your Board to invest the said sum of money in such securities, strictly legal or otherwise, as may be deemed best, provided that at all times the interest alone shall be expended for the purpose of maintaining the said Adam Seybert Chair.
 I further empower your Board, in case there may be any income arising from said sum of money over and above the amount required for the salary of the incumbent of said chair, to dispose of such excess of income in such way as may be deemed best to promote the views I have expressed. I have the honor to remain,
 Your obedient servant,
 (Signed,) HENRY SEYBERT.

A careful reading of the above will disclose the fact that the money was really left to establish a monument to perpetuate the name of Adam Seybert. An "Adam Seybert Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy" is more enduring than granite and will perpetuate the memory of the Seyberts long after their tomb-stone has crumbled into dust. Further, it will be seen that only the income from the fund can be used for the purpose of maintaining the said Adam Seybert Chair; and in case there is an income over and above the amount required for the salary of the incumbent of said chair, then the donor empowers the University to use such excess to "make a thorough and impartial investigation of all systems of morals, religion, or philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism."

Gifted securities such as the University would only be justified in putting the fund in to would not net more than \$3,000 per annum. If that much. It will be readily seen that this amount is scanty allowance for the salary of a competent incumbent of the Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and leaves nothing wherewith to prosecute a work requiring the income of a million or more to accomplish anything worth speaking of. In other words, it will be seen that there was not one dollar of the Fund specifically devised to defray the expenses of "the incumbent of the Chair" or of the Commission, in prosecuting an investigation which requires a liberal expenditure at every step.

True, the donor makes it a condition of the gift that "the incumbent of said chair, either individually, or in conjunction with a commission of the University faculty, shall make a thorough investigation," etc.; but it goes without saying that the said incumbent would have neither the time, facilities nor money wherewith to fulfill the request for outside work made by the founder of the Chair, and consequently that such work must be done by a commission, the membership of which is by Mr. Seybert restricted to a body of already overworked men.

Now one of two things is certain: either the comparatively paltry income of the trust must be unlawfully diverted from its original purpose, or no extended investigation of the stupendous field outlined by the donor can be made. The building of the "Moral and Intellectual" monument is the main purpose of the trust; all other matters are secondary. With no knowledge of the financial conduct of the trust, we venture the opinion that in the puerile efforts of the incompetent Commissioners to investigate (?) Spiritualism, they have spent more of their own money than of that left by the monument promoter.

Mr. Seybert was a man of wealth and leisure, a Spiritualist for many years. He well knew the obstacles which met a "thorough and impartial investigation of Spiritualism." He knew the malicious hostility and sectarian prejudice it had to contend against. Yet knowing all this, he did nothing for the Cause. Spiritualism to him was valuable only as a means for gratifying his selfishness. And when about to leave this world he further abused the Cause, which he had prostituted to feeding his hyperphysical cravings for psychical aliment, by hiring the University of Pennsylvania to build a family monument in the form of a chair with a contingent but remote annex in which was to be inscribed the noble word, SPIRITUALISM. Spiritualists owe this man neither gratitude nor respect.

Thackeray seems to have had his mediumistic side. Miss Perry, relates the story of the naming of "Vanity Fair": "He told me some time afterward that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares in the middle of the night, as if a voice whispered, 'Vanity Fair.' He said, 'I jumped out of bed and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'"

From Africa to Chicago.

Mr. W. B. Fricke, a native of Holland, but for many years a resident of South Africa, who visits America solely to increase his knowledge of spirit phenomena, spent several days in Chicago last week. He attended Dr. Thomas's Sunday service in McVicker's theatre and pronounces the sermon the finest spiritual discourse he ever listened to. Mr. Fricke had his first experiences with spirit phenomena in Africa, where with a colored medium only partly developed he secured sufficient evidence to lead him out of pessimistic materialism whither he had drifted from the church. Having acquired a reasonable competence in the African gold fields, Mr. Fricke retired from business, and is now devoting his time to perfecting himself in all that relates to Spiritualism. While in Chicago he received some excellent tests of spirit presence through the mediumship of Mrs. Slosson, of West Lake street; and with the Bangs Sisters he obtained independent slate-writing tests against the genuineness of which no reasonable objection can be urged.

Mr. Fricke is in the prime of life, and if he only is able to digest the large amount of spiritual food which he is getting, and does not allow his zeal to run away with him he will become a powerful auxiliary in the spread of rational Spiritualism. His native good sense and excellent mental equipment give promise that his accumulating knowledge will result in wisdom and that he will be an able instrument in the hands of higher powers. After four days' study of Spiritualism and its personnel in this city he expressed himself as greatly pleased and left for Philadelphia. He sails for Europe about the first prox., from whence he promises to furnish the JOURNAL's readers with letters from time to time.

Swindling Advertisements.

Light, London, of September 10th, devotes two columns to a mildly sarcastic and vigorous criticism of certain American Spiritualist papers which publish objectionable advertisements. Light gives numerous examples taken from the columns of our contemporaries, but it goes without saying that none are from the JOURNAL. Here is one specimen used by Light which we have noticed with shame in the advertising columns of the Golden Gate:

"Prince Trance Clairvoyant of the Atlantic Coast—Born with double veil; seventh son; with the power of any two clairvoyants you ever met; tells your entire life, past, present and future, in a dead trance; every hidden mystery revealed; tells names, business; love and marriage a specialty; unites the separated, and causes speedy and happy marriage with the one you love; genuine Egyptian charms for the unsuccessful; those who are in trouble from any cause are invited to call without delay; challenges the world! Persons will save time and disappointment by consulting this clairvoyant first, before going to others. Reveals every thing; fee one dollar and upward."

The appearance of such an advertisement in the columns of a Spiritualist paper is inexcusable, and no amount of sophistry can make it appear otherwise to rational people. Secular papers may with some little show of consistency sell space to such swindlers possibly, though we confess our inability to see any good defense they can offer for such prostitution of their columns; but when a paper devoted to Spiritualism thus beams its columns it is an infallible symptom of moral gangrene somewhere. We decline, out of courtesy, to locate the disease in this instance.

What's in a Name?

The Blackburn (England) Evening Express of Sept. 3rd, is to hand and gives a long and favorable account of an experience had by one of its reporter staff with "Mr. H. Wilson, the celebrated spiritualistic medium of New York." American Spiritualists will wonder who "H. Wilson" may be, but a cursory reading of the methods pursued at the séance discloses the identity of Henry Slade, who evidently desires to avoid any little unpleasantness that might be caused were his presence in England known by the zealous gentlemen who annoyed him some years ago. The use of assuming an alias is about the silliest thing Slade could undertake; it affords him little chance for disguise and might tell against him seriously should his enemies care to bother him on the old proceedings. That his presence in England would promptly be made known to them in case they desired to pursue the prosecution goes without saying.

The following from Mr. F. B. Geobegan was handed in too late for our last week's issue: "There are a great many interesting events occurring in our Sunday afternoon spiritual meetings at No. 116 Fifth avenue. The interest in the phenomena is increasing in our city so rapidly, that our small hall is not of sufficient capacity to comfortably accommodate those who are anxious to receive one word from dear friends gone before. I trust that such an interest may be awakened in the next few months that our friends will see the necessity of an effort to secure at least one building in this city devoted to the spiritual cause. There were a great many fine tests given by Mrs. Ball F. Hamilton, Mrs. Coverdale, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. H. A. Berry, and independent slate writing by Mrs. Minnie M. Marshall."

The Rev. Dr. Fulton wants to know what would have become of Martin Luther if he had become a newspaper editor. He would have been a success, for he was an expert at firing the inkstand at the devil.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

Prof. Otis Mason of the National Museum, speaking of the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, said: "Do you know that that great big man, six foot and more, could not make a speech? Even if called on he could not make a response to a vote of thanks before one of our little societies, where he knew every one, he could tremble like a child. But take him in his private office, where he could rock in his chair, and

An Open Letter.

(Continued from First Page.)

the religious belief of those who need not bend the knee to you in honesty of purpose, conscientiousness of action, or intelligence of opinions. Those who would not willingly deceive themselves in so important a matter as "the evidence of a future life," is holy ground; on it are gathered all those they loved in life and mourned in death, and a decent respect for the feelings, as well as the opinions of your fellow men, should silence your wit, another your sarcasm, and prompt you to perform your duty as becomes thoughtful, earnest, Christian men.

Gentlemen, will you please turn to pages 125, 126 and 127 of your able report. Read them. Do you think they accord with either the dignity or responsibility of your position?

It may be that the believers in spiritual manifestations are in error—and I confess that I fear they are—yet until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their seances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict. The frauds you have discovered only go so far as they are concerned. Remember that the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead notwithstanding the spurious miracles that were performed during the middle ages.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me make a suggestion to you: If the so-called independent state-writing is the work of a conjuror, as you report, cannot you find within the broad confines of this earth some professor of magic who can make, through the agency of his art, an inanimate piece of stone write an intelligent sentence on a slate? It is a simple thing to do if legerdemain can do it. Then hire him to explain to the world how it is done—surely your means are ample—you would be obeying the wishes of the generous dead who gave the money for that purpose, should you so expend a small portion of the bequest. Let the professor of magic do what the mediums of Cassadaga Lake did in the presence of scores of intelligent men and women, and science will know something—not now known to her votaries—of a great fraud will be exposed to the gaze of an amused and credulous public.

Respectfully yours,

A. B. RICHMOND.

Universality of Intelligence—Observations and Experiments.

BY THOS. HARDING.

"These things occur under the rule of what we call the blind forces of nature; but do they seem so very blind after all?"

"In the presence of the mysteries of nature it behooves her students to stand with uncovered head."

W. W. STEEDS in JOURNAL of Sept. 17th, 1887.

During my residence of twenty-six years in the outskirts of a western village, I have had opportunities to observe the operations of nature, particularly in the vegetable world, which would have been denied me had I continued to reside in a city, and I have thought that the relation of a few of my observations and experiments might prove acceptable, and perhaps interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL. To me they furnish food for reflection, and suggest that the quality of modesty and the discipline of patience under apparent contradictions, are valuable, perhaps indispensable in forming the character of those who search after scientific truth. Spiritualism covers the entire ground of the science and philosophy of life, and any subject which is related to life, past, present or to come, or to force or activity in any department of nature is not alien to the subject, and as I look back upon my school days and call to mind the many fallacies which were then taught me as "facts of science," I feel emboldened to express myself, for who can tell but that the "conclusions" which the scientific men of to-day have arrived at may within the next half century, be obliterated from the text books of the schools. Facts are what we want. Facts, absolutely demonstrable facts which the ordinary mind can grasp and appropriate to the building up of a better humanity and to the clearer comprehension of nature and of that occult intelligence which we see everywhere about us, but of which we know so little.

As in the presence of the mysteries of nature it behooves us to stand with uncovered heads; so in the presence of Spiritualism it behooves us to bow down our "uncovered heads" in much humility, acknowledge our dependence upon a wisdom higher than our own; a knowledge and a power which, in many instances, have taught us that our wisdom is but foolishness, which so often has deprived us of the armor in which we trusted and broken our swords at the hilt. This self-respecting humility and willingness to accept truth from all who are able to teach it, visible and invisible, without let or hindrance, on the part of the pupil, may, perhaps, be the happy outcome of those exercises through which Spiritualism is now putting a stiff-necked generation.

How many "cry peace, peace, when there is no peace," how many cry "I know, I know," when they do not know; or "I am willing to investigate" when they are mere dogmatists. Let us not deceive ourselves, for the worst form of deception is self-deception, as the worst hell is that which is within us.

I have frequently observed forms of animal life which so closely resembled vegetable matter, that I conceived the idea that some of the lower forms of animals were (under extraordinary circumstances and on rare occasions) evolved directly from the vegetable; in other words that animal life-forms do not always "come from an egg," that is from parents of the same order; a theory which I was taught as a truth of science in my younger days, and the following observation which by permission of the JOURNAL I hope to give to its readers, convinced me that the supposition was correct, although I am not aware that science recognizes it as true, or that any scientific man has advanced such a statement, and I should not presume to refer to the matter at all, had I not had a good opportunity to observe the fact.

1. The porch of my house is inclosed on three sides by a lattice work, through the interstices of which outside vegetation intrudes. On one occasion, while sitting there on a sultry day in summer time, I observed a broken bit of a leaf which seemed to be moving of its own accord; it was attached in one part to the leaf of which it had formed a part. On close inspection I perceived that the fibres or jagged edges of this piece of leaf, some of which were longer than the rest, were moving of themselves as though performing the functions of animal limbs. I observed their motions intently, and the bit of leaf swayed itself to and fro and the projecting fibres or limbs seemed to be laboring to assist in accomplishing some object or end, which I soon perceived to be complete separation from the parent leaf. There was not a breath of air stirring, and I had a good opportunity to observe. After, perhaps five

or ten minutes of intense effort, I noticed that the limbs, or animated fibers, which were farthest from the attachment to the leaf, took hold on the leaf-top and the animal, for such it appeared, became perfectly still (as if to rest and recuperate previous to a final effort or perhaps to prepare itself for a new mode of life); after a stillness of three or four minutes it made its final effort at separation, and succeeded in wrenching itself free from the leaf, the limbs or fibers still holding on to the top of the leaf; and upon and over the leaf it crawled, an independent creature. It moved slowly at first, then faster across the leaf, down the stem and away. That this bit of mutilated leaf became a veritable animal through the operation of nature's progressive laws, I feel convinced.

I have mentioned the above circumstance from time to time, to men whom I supposed intelligent observers of nature, and was pleased to find that most of them accepted the fact without question; one in particular, Capt. Richard Travellick, of Detroit, who had been captain of a "foreign-going ship," and did much trading on the west coast of Africa, was willing to endorse my theory, and even related an incident of a similar kind which he had witnessed, at one time, in a warm climate. I need make no further comment on the above; to the intelligent reader it may suggest many thoughts, circumstantial, which are too numerous to detail; at least it tends to prove that all life is one, not many, and that all expressions of life-force are each dovetailed into the other and blended at the outposts.

2. Thousands of JOURNAL readers are familiar with the subject of what is called the "hair-snakes." Indeed, the subject is almost of too commonplace a character to deserve space in the JOURNAL; but we must not be too punctilious, for we may obtain knowledge even from a horse-hair, and nothing should be too small or too great for scientific inquiry, or philosophic "test."

I once observed a hair snake in a water barrel back of our house; he seemed to be making ineffectual effort to get out of the water, and I thought it a good opportunity to test the question of whether it moved of its own volition and possessed the intelligence common to animal life. The water was an inch or two below the groove where in the head of the barrel had formerly been inserted; the staves of the barrel of course projected over the snake and they being slimy it could not get a hold on them. Now, I thought, if it really wants to get out I'll give it a chance; so I lifted its head from the water and placed it on the shaved-off part above; it then had an inclined plane to work upon, which was not as slippery as the inside of the barrel. It availed itself of the advantage thus gained and worked its way up, over the top of the barrel and down the outside to a more congenial environment, thus proving that it possessed intelligence and knew instinctively that primary surroundings were no longer suitable to its improved condition, and that it possessed ambition and a desire to progress to a "higher sphere." Query: If hair-snakes have a desire to improve themselves and an energy to work out the end desired, why shouldn't we work upward and on? Truly the spirit of progress is abroad and intelligence universal.

3. That peculiar something in trees, shrubs, and vegetation in general, which works for the preservation of their lives, healing their wounds, selecting suitable food, appropriating that which is useful and rejecting the rest, even as my organs of digestion without any volition of my own, appropriate and reject, or as the absorbents select and transmit nutrition to the blood and as the lungs separate the useful oxygen from the useless carbon, that peculiar something in nature, which like God is universal and indefinable, for the want of a better name, I call "intelligence."

I have made some experiments in this field, which satisfied me that trees possess, or at all events, have within them this thing called intelligence; not intelligence, reflective or instinctive, but associative, which in some mysterious way seems on an emergency to reason and act in a manner very similar to animal and human brain. This occult intelligence seems to permeate or be associated with vegetable life in all its grades and departments; to me it is an interesting study. I once transplanted a young pear tree, which having grown in a corner between two high walls, had shot up to the height of six or seven feet; it was a mere twig, not larger at the butt than one of my fingers. I took it from the protection of those walls and planted it in an exposed situation north of my house. Now that little fragile tree did precisely what I should have done had I been a young pear tree and knew as much as I do now. The first, second and third years it threw out very few leaves, not enough to endanger its life in a storm and barely sufficient to its life and growth; but all that growth seemed to be appropriated by the trunk, enlarging below and tapering upward; and not until it was sufficiently stout to resist inevitable storms did it throw out its usual embellishment of leaves. Had a man acted with similar judgment we could not hesitate to say he was intelligent and knew what course of procedure to adopt in order to the preservation of his life and health; but it was only a young pear tree and therefore we don't stop to eulogize its wisdom, or the intelligence associated with it.

On another occasion I took a young locust tree and before planting I trimmed off all the branches, leaving only the top which I did not shorten, that top being about one-third of the entire length, bent off in a very unsightly manner, at an angle of about 45 degrees. Had the tree continued to grow on in that shape, it would have been an ill-proportioned and ugly thing, mainly bending over to one side; but it did no such thing; at the elbow it threw out two branches, one to the south-east and the other to the north-east, which as I had pointed it toward the west, balanced the top. For three or four years those two new branches continued to grow, and no other part of the tree seemed to share the growth with them; but when those two branches attained to the size of the top, then, and not till then, did the three grow together; thus inspiring symmetry in the tree, and proving, at least to my mind, that nature operating in that locust tree, had an eye for symmetry, just proportions, beauty and order. What could an angel do more!... Those high qualities, upon the possession of which man prides himself the most, are nature's own, their essences are stored away in her ample bosom; her laws seem to possess within themselves the attribute of sublime intelligence, and persons and things, voluntarily or involuntarily, silently appropriate this nutriment of souls; but its exercise (to the end of physical well being), is only the external manifestation of its divine presence, whether in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal or the man. The spirits of the higher world understand it better than we do; intelligence is life to them; it is only a quality

of being to us, and that which is impossible to embryonic life, is possible to life real and eternal, hence spiritual manifestations.

But we must observe and experiment until the curtain falls. We must do our work and write our histories on time's erasable tablet, that other men may ponder our pages and profit by the reading, until they substitute their own histories for ours and we are read no more. They, too, will strive to peer behind the curtain after us, as we had striven before, but their efforts will be vain, as ours have been, until it be lifted by an immortal hand. We only know that there are immortal hands behind the curtain and that we, too, in the good time coming, shall, in our turn, lift the curtain a little higher for our children, as our fathers had lifted it for us. But for the present, however earnest be our inquiries, however profound our philosophy or positive our science, we must wait patiently for more light from the other side, but while we wait, let us keep on observing and experimenting upon the matter under our hands in fulfillment of our duty here.

This universality of intelligence is a bond of universal brotherhood—not the brotherhood of a race merely but of all races; binding us not to mankind alone, but to all persons and things, animate and inanimate. As I perceive that tiny insect in my path my impulse may suggest his destruction, but I must step aside for this divine intelligence is as well as mine, all loathsome and insignificant as it appears. Why should I tread upon it? It is my brother!

Dullness and death are nightmares of our dreaming. And light and life from every eye are beaming; While growth, eternal is divinely given Along the line from granite rock to Heaven. Sturgis, Mich.

Woman and the Household.

The Children.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I want to thank "Helen" for her wish in regard to a "Woman's Conference." It is and has been for a long time the one thing needed to make the JOURNAL the "home paper" of our land. I do not know how it is with my sisters in Spiritualism further West and North, but I can speak from experience respecting those of the sunny South. Spiritualism, or rather public Spiritualism, has from various causes fallen into a certain disrepute, particularly in Mississippi and Louisiana. Now, exactly why this I do not pretend to say. We have almost nothing by way of associations and no lyceums at all that I ever heard of. There are, perhaps, one thousand Spiritualists in these two States, not many public mediums, though a great many private ones. "Spiritual mothers" here have a hard time of it. I can speak from experience as I am one of them.

We have studied and sought diligently for the truth of Spiritualism, and finding it, clasped it with a "Thank God!" For its precious sake we have battled against prejudice, bigotry and narrow-mindedness. For love of it and a great desire to do no harm to its teachings, have so bridled our tongues and kept within us the sharp words we have oftentimes been tempted to speak to our persistent tormentors. We have had those on whose sympathy and affection we were wont to lean, look coldly upon us because of our zeal in seeking to spread its teachings, and now the question is, "What are we to do with our children?"

I, for one, do not think it right as a mother to submit my children to an orthodox education. I do not and shall not send them to a Sunday school; neither shall I permit them to be taught out of any kind of a catechism; but in many ways I am so helpless!

The other day one of my children (I have five), not yet six years old came to me with a book; her face wore an expression of the deepest awe.

"O, mamma," she said "just look at God's picture! If that's God he isn't nearly so good looking as my Papa was, and here he is when he was a baby and that is Mrs. God I 'spose, 'cause she is that baby God's mamma, so auntie says."

The book was one of those cheap editions of the Bible stories gotten up by Sunday schools for the edification of its members. The "picture of God" was a most horrible caricature of Christ surrounded by his disciples.

Do you know I felt sorry for my child! I soothed her as best I could; told her that it was a mistake; that no one had ever seen God and could not know how he looked.

Then with such an innocent look in her great blue eyes, she said:

"Well, then, mamma, how do you know there is any God at all?"

By way of an answer I asked her: "How do you know mamma loves you, darling?"

"O," she said, "because you are good to me and kiss me and take care of me."

Then I tried to explain how that was the way I knew there was a God; that we were taken care of; that the sunshine and the flowers were some of God's ways of kissing and being good to us.

"O, yes, mamma," answered my darling, "I see; and the rain comes that way may like the sunshine better when it comes; just like the way you did yesterday; said we must not have cake to-day 'cause we wouldn't prelate it."

My baby went off. I kept the book. Now, Sisters, what are we to do with these children? I asked a speaker at the Lookout camp meeting not long since, and he said: "Let the children alone; let them grow like the flowers; let them expand their souls as the rose does its petals." I agree with him, but what are we to do when those surrounding us will not allow them the same privilege? When they are shown pictures of God and the devil, and all the horrors of a hell "where we shall all go, mamma, even you, if we do not believe that man in the picture there was Mr. and Mrs. God's only child." If they never saw God how do they know but what he has a whole lot of other little children in heaven, and what would be the harm if he did?

Answer me, some of you wise, good Sisters, what are we to do? M. G. T. New Orleans, La.

The Pernicious Influence of the Sunday School.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE JOURNAL: I was glad to see the subject of orthodox Sunday schools and their utility to the children of liberals, suggested for our exchange of ideas. I have had a chapter of experience which has not proved quite agreeable reading to me. I was born of liberal parents and married a husband who came of liberal stock likewise; I felt that I was well grounded in common sense doctrines and beliefs and had no fear whatever when my son and daughter wished to attend one of the Sunday schools in the village near by us, principally to wear pretty clothes, and get out among people, I suspected. But I considered those harmless objects

—indeed, rather commendable. The church was run on what Josiah Allen's wife would call the circus plan. It was simply a machine for getting up concerts, oyster suppers, mush and milk parties, private teas, strawberry festivals, maple sugar dips, pumpkin pie contests, necktie parties, mum socials, grab-bag lotteries, auction lunches, etc., etc. The whole body of saints stepped to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and the only question discussed was "How shall we pay the preacher?" The answer always seemed to be by "pleasure exertions." It was just too jolly for anything! Nobody would ever have thought of the church having a creed book, or binding anybody to anything, except the duty of participating in the frolics.

My children were asked to take part in everything. They recited at Sunday school concerts, they played piano solos, they tableauxed, they said verses of Scripture from decorated cards which they hung up before assembled audiences, they baked cakes, they made ice cream, they button-holed men on streets and in stores for money, they were in a fair way to carry a check like a Chicago drummer, and all to pay the preacher.

There was no reference made to doctrines, but a constant use of shrewd tactics to get them to join the church. Why? Because there was need of active young people to move the social machinery which raises the funds.

To ambitious youth it looked a pleasant way to conspicuous display of self—of beauty, talent, skill, dexterity, etc. I paid little attention to matters; the children were having a good time and no pernicious doctrines pushed before them. I went now and then to the socials and concluded I had nothing to fear.

Imagine my consternation when my children expressed a wish and intention to join the church! She wore, the deformed old lady, such a lovely veil, they did not know her, had never seen her distinctly.

Picture, if you can, the chagrin with which I tell you they are now members of the church, and my daughter is engaged to be married to a narrow-minded, bigoted young churchman whose family is tainted with insanity! I presume few of my sisters have had as sad results as I have from Sunday schools. I cry aloud for Lyceums, or societies for ethical culture; something safe and sensible.

FIDELIA.

Queen Victoria took several premiums on live stock recently at the royal fair.

One of the commendable things about sleep is that we are never more innocently employed than when sleeping!

One of the most fascinating and agreeable feminine graces is a pure toned, sympathetic voice. It may be cultivated by all, but the cultivation must begin within. A hard, cold heart cannot prompt to tender, penetrating utterance.

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KEARNEY'S WATER POWER.
(Engraved from Photograph taken July, 1887.)

To Kearney, Nebraska,

("The Minneapolis of Nebraska.")

TO ATTEND THE

Great Auction Sale

OF 600 CITY LOTS

ON OCTOBER 14 AND 15, 1887.

Kearney is 200 miles west of Omaha, near the center of the State of Nebraska, and midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; is on the main line of the U. P. and B. & O. railroads, and another railway is now being constructed (70 miles having been graded), from Kearney northwest in the direction of the Black Hills.

The Missouri Pacific, Chicago, and Rock Island, Northwestern and Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe systems contemplate building to Kearney in the near future.

Kearney's present population is 7,000. We venture the opinion that no city in the United States of equal size has excelled, if any have equalled, in the same time, the following eight new improvements made in Kearney in the past year:

1. Water-power developed.
2. City Gas works complete.
3. City Water-works complete.
4. Electric Light Plant complete, and to be increased.
5. Midway Hotel (at a cost of \$75,000) to be complete by Nov. 1.
6. Street Railways, contracted to be complete by Nov. 1.
7. \$65,000 Court House, under construction.
8. Gas and Water Company formed, and contract let to put well down 1,500 feet.

Unrivaled Water Power.

By an outlay of between one and two hundred thousand dollars, water has been taken from the Platte river through a Canal 15 miles long and 50 feet wide, and brought into the heart of the city. This furnishes a sufficient water-power with 70 feet fall within the city limits. Parties from Minneapolis are now placing Turbine wheels within 200 feet of the canal, from which the water is taken through a 4-inch iron pipe to the wheels, where the direct fall on the wheels is 60 feet.

This immense power is to be utilized and distributed from a line of shafts, and manufacturers have engaged this power for various purposes. After four separate examinations, by as many eminent and distinguished hydraulic engineers from Denver and Minneapolis, each reports that Kearney has an EXCELLENT AND PERMANENT WATER-POWER. The water power can easily be increased many fold. Wooden goods, flour, oak, maple, holly, etc., March, paper (with wire) and of the finest quality, as well as many other manufactured articles in daily use, can be profitably made in Kearney. A cannery factory would pay good dividends from the start.

A Pressed-Brick manufacturing is to commence business at once, using the water-power.

Kearney has many advantages as a home, as a business point, and more especially as a place for PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF MONEY.

REAL ESTATE, while now low in price, is rapidly advancing in value, and investments made at this time cannot fail to return to the investor quick and large profit.

THE PROPERTY TO BE SOLD.

A large tract of real estate originally reserved from sale by the B. & O. R. Co., with the intention of laying it off into city lots when required, has now been purchased, subdivided, and will be sold at public auction October 14th and 15th, by the Kansas Land and Investment Co., of New York City, the membership of which comprises bankers, merchants, railroad men, and business men generally, residents of the City of Kearney.

This property is adjacent to Wyoming Avenue, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, on which are located national banks, elevators, hotels, railroad stations, wholesale houses, etc., etc.

Already our Board of School Directors have purchased for the erection of a fine brick school-house, an entire block of this property, and the residence and store now being erected upon some of the lots.

The lots to be sold comprise about 600 manufacturing sites, business and residence lots. Kearney is in the midst of as fine an agricultural country as any in the United States, and is to become the manufacturing center of Nebraska and many States and Territories adjacent.

When all the water-power is employed in manufacturing, the city will have a population of from 25,000 to one hundred thousand people. What will the lots now offered for sale be worth then? More thousands than you now pay hundreds at this sale.

Excursion reduced 50-day tickets will be sold over the Kansas, Chicago & Northwestern and C. & O. routes to Kearney. Arrange your Western trip so as to be with us at our great sale October 14th and 15th. For fuller information write for our descriptive circular. All About Kearney, gladly sent free. Address H. G. WILEY, Secretary Kansas Land and Investment Co., Kearney, Neb.

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DEVOTED TO
ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

No. 7

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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"SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS."

Presentiments and Forebodings of Carlota, Ex-Empress of Mexico.

Her Letters to the Duchess of Aosta, whose Husband, King Amadeo, She Feared, will meet the Fate of Emperor Maximilian.

(Translated from the Spanish for the Religio Philosophical Journal.)

The following letter from the ex-Empress Carlota to the Duchess of Aosta was read some years ago before the Hispano-American Society of Leipzig, by a member of the same, and received with a storm of applause. Amadeo, the husband of the Duchess, had been called to the Spanish throne, and the Empress seemed to discern in this a case parallel with that of her own unfortunate Maximilian and herself, and thus gave utterance to her forebodings. It was published in the *Revista Germanica* and copied extensively by all the Spanish-American journals.

I.

My DAUGHTER: Permit me to call thee daughter, first, because I am a widow, and secondly, because my sorrows give me a desire to employ with thee the sacred name of mother. I saw thee in Italy when thou wert very beautiful, very young and very happy; I, too, was young and happy, though not so beautiful as thou.

I saw thee at another time when thou wert extremely happy, and I most wretched. I write thee to-day to tell thee that the time may come when both of us shall be equally unhappy and unfortunate. I, too, was once a queen, Maria Victoria, and I, also, smiled and decreed!

Thou art aware that I have lost my reason; and God loves thee so much that He grants me this hour of lucidity that I may speak to thee the truth, now that so much ambition, so much flattery, so many crafty men, so many lying lips, so many idiotic tongues and so many blackened hearts are ready to come to thee with falsehoods. I have been a queen, Duchess of Aosta! I know all about that exalted position! Dost thou understand me? Yes, thou comprehendest me. See to it, then, that thy womanly heart doth not make merchandise of thy peace.

I am Carlota, the former Empress of Mexico, the wife of Maximilian. Dost thou hear me? Yes, thou hearest me. See to it, then, that thy woman's heart deceiveth thee not. I must hasten to communicate to thee my fears, for I do not know how long my madness will leave me at liberty.

Who could have imagined what has since come to pass when for the first time we saw each other in the groves of Italy—of the Tivoli! Dost thou remember those quiet and enjoyable afternoons?

Ah! Maria Victoria! hear attentively what my misfortune has to point out for thee! Heed me well, for an unhappy wife, made insane by grief, is reading thee thy fortune!

II.

A deputation of Mexicans went to Vienna to offer my husband the crown of Mexico. I speak to thee of an embassy. Maximilian called me to his side and said: "Carlota, I am offered the empire of a famous people in America; what dost thou think of it?" I dropped my head in a pensive mood. Again Maximilian said, "Hast thou nothing to say to this?"

I continued thoughtful and made no reply. My husband turned as if to leave the room. I thought he was going to decline the offer that the embassy had made him, and I cannot describe the inward fire that seemed to burn my vitals.

"Wait," said I to him, and Maximilian returned, smiling.

What did that smile mean?

Ah! Maria Victoria! My husband knew that I was a woman, and the question was of a diadem. I do not wish to dissemble—I will not deceive thee. My soul was blinded by the brilliancy of that crown. I imagined the glitter of its jewels, its pearls, its sapphires and its diamonds. I saw a people kneeling around me, kissing my feet, crowding to get a look at me, ever watchful to proffer me blessings and uttering shouts of gladness.

What a dreadful illusion! How fearful a flattery! Continue reading, my friend, and thou wilt see what that flattery cost me. I said to my husband, "Listen, Maximilian, I do not say to thee no, neither do I say to thee yes." My husband took me to say, "I do not say to thee yes, neither do I say to thee no."

Now I must confess to thee that I was not mistaken. Maximilian saw what my answer meant, and a light shone in his eyes that I could not then explain to myself. Time explained it all to me afterward. Maria, be careful of thyself, of thy son and of thine Amadeo. Ambition kindles in the eyes of man a diabolic lustre and converts an angel into a devil. The man who wishes to become a king turns into a demon.

The eyes of Maximilian shone with a brilliancy that made me afraid. Maximilian was at that moment a demon.

III.

"The embassy will come at 3 o'clock," said Maximilian. I was dressed at 2. One year afterwards another embassy was to see me at 1 o'clock; I dressed myself to see them at 4. I had then learned to be an empress! I repeat, I was ready at 2 P. M. Art thou listening, Maria? I was waiting impatiently, and feared that the ambassadors had changed their minds.

Observing my toilet, Maximilian said to me, "How beautiful is the Empress of Mexico!" This sage gallantry of my husband gave me a pain, for I thought that, perhaps, the embassy had returned to America. But immediately three domestics announced the arrival of the Most Serene Mexican Ambassadors and I trembled with delight. "Now, I am an empress," I exclaimed, in my heart; "Now I am her august Imperial Majesty." Oh! sorrowful illusions! Oh! dismal vanities! Oh! terrible spectres of conscience, how much ye have cost me! How dear was the purchase.

Go on reading, Maria Victoria, go on.

IV.

The embassy knelt before me and kissed my hand. It was just what I wanted. It was exactly what my ambition craved. They then said that heaven had destined us for the salvation of a renowned people who were living in a state of most distressing anarchy. They assured us that Mexico beheld in us her guardian angels.

Maximilian threw me a glance as though he would say: "See what they assure us? What ought we to do?"

I nodded my head in reply as though I was saying, "I see—do as thou wilt." The deputation next spoke of the fecundity of the soil, the excellence of the fruit, the mildness of the seasons, the beauties of the landscape in a land where nature wears a perpetual smile.

Maximilian gave me a look as if to say, "Dost thou see?"

I returned his regard with an implied answer, "Yes, I see."

The embassy expatiated at great length on grandeur of the scenery around Orizaba; upon the transparency of the atmosphere, the magnificent sweep of the horizon, the beautiful azure of the sky, the risings and settings of the sun, the gorgeously plumed and sweetly singing birds, etc. Then I seemed to see the ruddy glow of the aurora—the pallid tint of the clouds that take their leave of the setting sun. I fancied that I was already hearing the melody of those birds and the murmur of those rivers, perceiving the aroma of those flowers and breathing the sweet scented air of those places while walking peacefully in the silence of the thick woods and forests. In fine, Maria, I imagined myself to be the Imperial Majesty of Mexico, the goddess of America, in the most flowery and beautiful part of the globe, and favored with the smiles of God.

Maximilian turned to me as if to say, "You understand?"

I returned his glance as though I would reply, "I do."

My husband and I were left alone.

"What do you think of the ambassadors?" he asked.

I replied, "I am quite delighted; they are perfect gentlemen—very courteous and polite."

"They kissed your hands on entering and retiring. It can be seen that they are people of distinction."

"Yes," I answered, "they must be people of quality."

Keep on reading, Duchess of Aosta, Queen elect of a famous people, and then thou wilt see how all this poetry ended.

Alas! a thousand times those men, those ambassadors of Mexico, deceived us by a thousand lies, and we said with pride, "It can be seen that they are people of quality."

If they had told us the naked truth, the honest truth: if those beggars had been loyal persons, with reluctance we would have said, "It can be seen that they are ordinary people."

V.

We embarked for America. The steamer

moves off and the shores of Europe are disappearing from our view. The memories of our fatherland were remaining behind.

We were abandoning the land that gave us birth, allured by the unknown glories of our new country.

Unknown glories, I have said. They were not unknown glories, they were criminal glories, Maria Victoria. Alas for me! They were criminal glories!

When I observed that the German coasts were disappearing from sight, I felt a pain in my heart, and from that moment the fever set in that a little later obscured my mind. It was then that this delirium commenced which is consuming my strength—this horrible phthisis that is devouring my life.

There are two kinds of fever, Maria Victoria, that of the body and that of the spirit. That of the body kills.

That of the spirit maddens. Be watchful of thy husband and thyself.

At about nightfall of the same day of our embarkation I discerned in the horizon a whitish point. That white point, almost yellow, appeared to move as though it were a mist arising from the sea.

I drew near to my husband and said to him, "What speck is that in the distance which appears to be in motion?"

"It is the shore."

"What shore?"

"The shores of the Adriatic."

"Farewell, ye coasts of the Baltic!" cried my conscience within! "Farewell, ye shores of my native land! When I return to you at some future day, you will see me dressed in the garb of mourning."

"What is the matter with thee?" Maximilian asked.

"Nothing," I answered.

I, too, was lying to him. I, too, was deceiving him.

Everybody deceived him; everybody lied to him—and even his wife.

Oh! my husband! thou unfortunate man, adored shade of my existence, pardon me!

Dost thou wonder, Maria Victoria, that I have lost my reason? Dost thou wonder that I have gone mad? But proceed.

VI.

We were twenty-three days on our voyage. Thou dost not know what it is to live twenty-three days between the heavens and the great deep, between the day and the night, between the earth and the stars, when upon the land a crown is waiting for thee! I was so jealous of my diadem, so much enamored of my Imperial Majesty, that each and every wave appeared to me a rock upon which our vessel would be wrecked.

Maximilian regarded me with a look as if to ask, "Will we arrive, Carlota?"

I returned his regard as though I would say to him, "We will arrive, Maximilian."

Alas, my dear friend! Why was not the ocean charitable to us? Why did it not swallow us up?

We arrived in Mexico. What crowds of people! What shouts of greeting! What quantities of flowers strewn along the road and in the streets! What hymns of joy! What bonfires and illuminations! How great the rejoicing! How much love is expressed, and yet, Maria Victoria, Mexico hated us!

We were received like two guardian angels; like two celestial spirits; like two demigods; but Mexico abhorred us.

If ever thou goest forth from Italy, if the glitter of a crown should ever dazzle thine eyes and bewilder thine heart, place no trust in the multitude that throng around the windows of thy carriage; confide not in the crowds that obstruct thy passage; rely not upon the many eyes that are strained to get a glimpse of thee. The people look at kings and emperors, much the same as they look upon a theatrical play, a bull fight or a collection of rare animals. The people look upon kings as they look upon condemned criminals.

Do not confide, either, in the smiles of those whom the world calls great. If thou didst but know, Maria Henrietta, how small they are! If thou couldst only see them in their natural size! If thou shouldst see them as I have seen them!

Crocodiles and those men are alike, in that both seek for prey which they may tear with their teeth.

The crocodile cries in order to attract its prey.

A man smiles in order to ensnare it. The courtesan smiles; the crocodile cries; but both the crocodile and the courtesan cry and laugh in order to attract and devour.

I shall never forget how a Mexican magnate groveled at our feet and kissed the earth upon which we trod.

The same was the first to commit treason against us.

He was the first to betray my husband.

He was the first to conspire against Maximilian, until at last he saw him shot.

Shot, Maria! Dost thou understand? My husband was shot; dost thou comprehend me, Henrietta? He was shot upon foreign soil! Hast thou heard me well? Upon foreign soil!

He that flatters a man is the first to deceive us.

He that most humiliates himself before us is the first to betray us.

I am telling thee what is true! I know it all well! Doubt it not! Woe be to thee if thou doubtest.

Maria, I saw thee in Frascati; I saw thee in Tivoli, when thou wert quite young and happy.

For thy future happiness, for thy beauty, for thy youth's sake, do not forget the words of a faithful friend who cannot deceive thee,

for she has been very unfortunate, the most unfortunate woman that was ever born of a mother.

I loved a man more than my own life, and men assassinated him. Mexico did not do it. Nations do not assassinate.

The men who sought out Maximilian in Europe, murdered him in Mexico; they were the same who kissed our hands and groveled upon the ground at our feet.

Maria, be watchful over thy husband, thy son and thyself. Dost thou know that certain ones are calling for the Duke of Aosta?

Beware much, my daughter! Dost thou observe those who are calling for him, who are bowing their heads in obeisance, who are kneeling before him? The same will by and by shoot him to death.

It is I who tell thee this! I know it all well! Do not doubt it, Maria!

VII.

The festive adornments, the hymns, the illuminations, triumphal arches, vociferous acclamations and the flowers are passed. Rumors of war are afloat and my husband looked at me in a manner that I could not comprehend at the time. There are mysteries in the depths of life as there are abysses in the depths of the earth, as there are volcanoes in the depths of the abysses, as there are certain afflictions in the depths of the soul.

My husband had penetrated some arcanum, become possessed of an awful secret. He looked toward me, but uttered no word. What was there to tell me if that secret was a sentence of death?

The emperor called an officer of the government to his presence, and the two closeted themselves for consultation. Concealed among the curtains of a door I overheard something of what they were talking about.

Finally, my husband said to that personage, "Well, how many will it be necessary to execute by shooting?"

"Eight or nine thousand," he answered with a tremulous voice.

Nine thousand human creatures were going to be sacrificed, and in reality they were.

The government officer went away, and the emperor was left alone.

"What have you been conferring about?" said I to him.

"Nothing," was his reply.

For some time I looked Maximilian sternly in the face. He bowed his head and fixed his eyes upon the floor.

Will the world wonder, dear friend of mine, that this unhappy woman lost her mind?

Oh, Henrietta! rather thou dwell in certain palaces, live in the caves of gypsies, in the cabins of shepherds, in the huts of fishermen.

In the hut, the cabin or the cave thou canst believe in God; thou canst trust in the Providence of this world; thou canst love a husband, father, a son; in a dungeon thou canst love, thou canst have faith; but in certain palaces there is room for nothing but suspicion, hatred and cursing.

VIII.

The embassy told us that Mexico was in a condition of the most-terrible anarchy.

It was false, Henrietta! The anarchy was in the embassy and in the men who sent it to lead us to our ruin.

The anarchy was in a few wandering politicians, the beggars of yesterday, starved loafers and idlers of the slums, who had assumed airs of gentlemen and despots without knowing how to be either despots or gentlemen.

They were the ones in whom were disorder, gluttony, robbery, bankruptcy, apostasy, shamelessness, and who scoffed at all moral ideas, at every worthy sentiment, at every noble instinct, at all sense of modesty.

Alas! Maria Victoria! thou dost not know all that came to pass.

These ambassadors came in grand ships; they gave grand banquets; twenty-five dollars was assigned them each day for their table expenses; and besides, they brought \$5,000 in small gold coins with which to feed the poor of another country, thus making a show of opulence and greatness. But while this was going on, places of importance in Mexico were being scourged by yellow fever and famine, and teachers of the youth were dying of hunger; soldiers were scouring the villages and killing their inhabitants in order to extort from them the public tribute.

Dost thou understand? The horsemen, I say, invaded towns, and amidst cries and tears forcibly took from the wretched people their substance, like in the times of barbarism, like in the days of Montezuma.

This is the kind of anarchy in which Mexico was agonizing.

Oh ye wretches! Why did we believe you? Why did we listen to you rather than band you over to justice as the chief outlaws and bandits of America?

Ah! if it should happen again!

My dear friend, if the anatomy of my body should at this moment be made, thou wouldst see that my arteries are dry. How much I have wept! How much I have suffered! Maria, Maria, learn of me! Shut thine eyes and thy heart against the false words of those gentlemen tricksters who are seeking thy presence.

IX.

Maximilian retired for the night, but I had no desire to do so. Seated in an arm chair I reclined my head upon the pillows of my couch, and I had hardly closed my eyes when my spirit was seized with a nightmare that I would faint, forget. How much thou oughtest to thank me, Maria Victoria, for thy sacrifice of my conscience. I am tearing open my wounds afresh; I am rending my heart; I am lacerating my very

soul! In the delirium of that nightmare I thought I heard the report of arms, followed by the lamentations and groans of nine thousand dying victims.

I thought I saw many mounted dragoons running over the palpitating members of those unburied bodies, lacerating their upturned faces with the iron-shod hoofs of the horses. I seemed to see human flesh, and wolves and tigers were slaking their thirst in great pools, and those pools were not pools of water! I seemed to see the glaring eyes of the wild beasts as they turned their heads on all sides that no one should surprise them as they tore the flesh and crushed the bones of the victims. Like Fedra in Racine, I heard the crushing of those bones, and I saw blood dripping from dishevelled hair in the same manner as dripped the blood from Hector's beard in the frightful dream of Æneid.

Maximilian heard my anguish, he heard my sighs and called to me repeatedly, but could not awaken me from my agony. Then he arises, shakes me violently, almost with frenzy, and I am able to return from that dream. It was not a dream, Maria Victoria; I was in a world of horrible and strange ghoulies.

Would that I had died in that hour!

Oh, my God! how much of grief thou wouldst have spared me!

My husband asked, "What is the matter with thee?" I answered, "Dost thou ask aught of me?"

"Indeed I do. What aileth thee, my darling?"

"Nothing."

"What is the matter, Carlota?"

"Nothing, Maximilian."

"Tell me what disturbs thee, though the heavens fall, and the earth sink beneath our feet."

"Dost thou wish me to tell thee?"

"Yes."

"I have seen signs in the heavens. I do not know what phantom it is that is pulling at the skirts of my garments. I have seen a vision of three headless men, and I know them all. They are the Emperor Maximilian, Generals Miramon and Mejia. Thou art in this world, my only love—the friend of my whole life, and I see thee lost! Do not say no! Thou art lost!"

"I know it."

"Then save thyself and save me, Maximilian. Let us flee from hence."

"I cannot."

"Thou art not an Emperor."

"What am I then?"

"There was here a party of outlaws; they had no captain; they needed one and brought thee. Thou art not the Emperor of Mexico; thou art the captain of a posse of assassins and thieves—thou the captain and I the abettor, and this must not be. If thou persist in being sacrificed together with the nine thousand human beings that thou wilt have to immolate, my courage is not sufficient to witness the slaughter. I will dress myself in mourning and return to Europe. My spirit I leave with thee, but my body must go away."

"Dost thou say thou art going?"

"Yes. I am going; I am going to try, if it be possible, to save—a man."

"Carlota, thou dost not love me now as in former days."

"I love thee more, but I fear thee. I love my husband, but I fear the tyrant. Thou art the tyrant of an innocent people."

"I, a tyrant?"

"Yes."

"Thou art going to Europe?"

"Yes."

Maximilian stood dumb as a rock, fragile and motionless; suddenly he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears.

Daughter of my soul! is it any marvel that this wretched woman has gone mad?

X.

The hour of my departure arrived. What a difference between the departure and the arrival! No one spoke to me now of the wealth of Mexico, of the delicious fruits, of the productiveness of the soil, of the mildness of the climate, of the murmuring springs, of the aroma of the flowers, of the melody of the birds, nor of the beauty of landscapes of Orizaba. No deputation came to me. A periodical published at the time simply contained the following announcement.

"The wife of the Mexican Emperor is on her return to Europe."

At the moment of leaving I said to my husband, "Must thou remain?"

"It is my destiny," he replied.

"Then," I continued, "I shall some day receive in Europe a letter from thee which will read in a manner similar to this: 'Thou didst prophesy rightly, Carlota; the ray of sunshine that is now entering my abode is the last that I shall ever see. I am preparing for death and kneeling before the image of Jesus. Within an hour I shall walk to the place of my execution between a priest and an executioner.'"

I do not wish to tell thee what passed through my mind at the moment of separation from Maximilian. He was the only love that I have ever had, that I have now, or shall ever have. Would to God I had never loved!

XI.

The ship leaves her moorings. The shrill whistle of the steamer sounds to me like the din of battle.

Cursed be war! Cursed be the ambitious men who provoke it.

The continuous beating of the waves

Continued on eighth page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Causes of Offense.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

It was very considerate, kind and generous on the part of Paul to say, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." But he was not quite so thoughtful about the force of example, when he said to Timothy, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." The principles to which Paul commits himself, in denying his appetite, lest he should cause some other man to offend, is far-reaching and wide-spreading; yet a man is not likely to offend very much against moral principles in the choice of his meat—not if there is any real significance in Peter's vision of the sheet let down from heaven. "Wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts, and creeping things and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, rise, Peter, kill and eat. . . . This was done thrice; and the vessel was received up again into heaven." There could be no difficulty about understanding the import of this vision. An attempt to introduce serious religious sentiment into the subject of eating meat, is simply absurd. But when it comes to those things which debauch the appetite, and debase human character, that is a different matter. This ignoring water as Paul counsels, and taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, has led on to the ruin of many millions of human beings, so far as the present life is concerned, and cast dark clouds upon their souls that must pass with them into the future world. The man who claims to be engaged in the business of inviting and assisting others to live pure in life here, that they may be ready for a better one in the future, should be very careful about setting examples that may lead to just the opposite results of what he is laboring to produce.

If we go back half a century, we shall find that both clergymen and laymen often took strong drinks together, had a merry time in the presence of youth, and were quite oblivious to the fact that they were violating an important principle in moral ethics—they were setting an example that might consume their own sons and daughters. Who can say they had a moral right to do that? Has any man, whether he be in the church or out of it, a moral right to set an example that may influence others to their downfall? Oh, says the beer, the wine and the gin-ling man, "My habits are my own private business; I am not responsible for what other men may do." And then with an air of independence, he rolls a quid of fine-cut in his mouth, lights his cigar, and as he walks away, murmurs to himself about the foolishness of any man being the keeper of his fellow-man in moral life, or any other way. I once intimated to a clergyman that I found smoking, that tobacco fumes were not just the kind of sweet smelling savor that a holy man should saturate himself with, if he expected the Lord to come into sweet communion with him—to sup and dine with him. I suggested to him that a dog-kennel was fully as sweet smelling as a tobacco atmosphere, and he would not think of going into a dog kennel to obtain Divine influence. Of course this was intoned in a way not to give offence. It has been said: "Say anything you please to me, only let your emphasizing be fitted to the occasion." Slight failures on this point have produced many a bloody nose.

The clergyman proceeded to tell me of his little son, four years old, that gathered up all the stubs of cigars he could find and smoked them. Over this he chuckled and laughed as though it was a very smart and promising thing on the part of the boy. No doubt it would promise that the boy, grown to manhood, would freely chew either fine-cut, square plug or pig-tail, besides being a walking smoke-house, polluting the air wherever he goes with the fumes of the vile, dirty weed. And further, having become accustomed to this stimulating power, it may not always prove sufficient to satisfy a cultivated, craving demand for excitement, so that wine, beer and tanglefoot in its multifarious forms, would be resorted to. Starting in with those cigar stubs that the clergyman left in the way of the boy, and which he was so delighted to have the little fellow smoke, the child might become a drunkard and stagger through life. When the clergyman kneels at the gate of Paradise, and St. Peter looks out upon him, he may ask some sharp questions about setting an example in vice that led to the ruin of his own son, and at the same time drawing a good salary from his church for teaching the way to Heaven. And yet how many of these precious, sweet-souled ministers of grace, are doing the same thing?

Some years since, while I was confined to my bed from sickness, a gentleman of the sacred calling came in to see me; he had evidently smoked until he reached the door, and came in with his clothing saturated with tobacco smoke. The odor soon filled the room, much to my annoyance; but there was one thing in my favor, he was of the persuasion that they were praying out of a book, and that he had left at home, so that I was in no danger of being bored with tobacco odors and a humdrum prayer, made up by somebody in the long ago. Book prayers are well calculated to economize on mental labor, and that I suppose must have had something to do with such an arrangement. In Thibet they have a still more saving process of praying. "In all their great Lamaseries they have machines which resemble a barrel, and turn on an axle. They are composed of a vast number of sheets of paper, written all over with prayers, and pasted together until they form a substance thick as a board. When set in motion it turns of itself for a long while, and he who turns has the merit of having said all the prayers it contains. Sometimes quarrels arise among the devotees, because some come and stop the barrel, set in motion by another, and turn it again for his own benefit. All the streams near Lamaseries are interrupted by dams, constructed for the purpose of turning numerous prayer-wheels, the motion of which is considered equivalent to repeating prayers day and night for those who erected them." If it be true that God rules all things through inflexible laws, then this mode of addressing Him may be about as good as any, though personally, I favor the kind recommended by the gentle Nazarene: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This is to my mind the best recipe ever offered for prayer; and most of that done upon any other principle is simply a waste of breath, except so far as it pays, financially, to those who follow an occupation that includes this kind of ceremony.

The best recipe to take the place of all stimulating drinks, I believe to be soft water, filtered through photographer's cotton-wool and set away in glass jars, and drank either cold or warm as one desires. But tobacco needs no substitute, only let it alone as one of the meanest poisons that ever grew

out of the earth. Over fifty years since I stopped drinking coffee—not one cup have I drunk since, and never drink any tea except on some special occasions, simply resorting to it as a medicine. Were I seeking public popularity, I would not expose to the public my radical opinions on these subjects. To speak figuratively, both liquor and tobacco are two vicious brutes, that may never be entirely killed off, but I trust that some of their teeth may be drawn and claws shortened from time to time, though I would be just as willing to have them wholly destroyed, as any prohibitionist, were it possible. I would not only kill both vices root and branch, but I would hammer them a long time after their decease, to make sure not only of death, but judgment after death.

I have spoken of clergymen, but in the abstract I don't consider it any worse for them to indulge in these vices than for any one else, only that society is prone to look to them as examples, or patterns to be copied. How shall the mother train her child to correct habits, if her husband, and the pastor of her church, chew tobacco, smoke and tipple, or either of the three? If a man's religious sentiments or his desire to perfect himself, has not struck deep enough to eliminate objectionable habits, then it is certain that he still has on hand a large contract to cancel—he should rise early and seek his closet in prayer, asking for grace to help him vanquish the tigers and panthers that crouch in his path. A man should be as ready and free to set aside questionable habits, as to cut off a lock of hair from his head; if he is not able to do that, then he is a slave, though he may be slow to confess that which he knows to be true.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. COBB.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Some Thoughts on Materialization," by W. W. Bierce, in your issue of the 17th inst., is to my mind the most logical and most practical argument in favor of this phenomenon which has been given to your readers, and reminds me that my duty to the public is not fulfilled until an experience, which was to me a revelation, is given. I doubt if even one thousand of your readers have ever heard of Mrs. Cobb, of Mantua, Ohio—a little town lying east of here about 35 miles. About a quarter of a mile from the N. Y. & O. depot in this little town, is the unassuming, unpretentious farm house in which dwell Mr. and Mrs. Cobb. Here upon a little farm they are content to dwell—to milk their cows and feed their pigs, and care for and enjoy an old horse; for in this atmosphere they have always dwelt, and the world with all its allurements has no charm to them. They are to be congratulated that the love of money has not gained an ascendancy in their hearts, which will be readily granted when I tell you that one can go there and have a good supper, bed and breakfast, and the seance, for the sum of one dollar and a quarter. The good housewife employs no help, neither does the husband; each fills their respective round of domestic duty without the aid of assistants, which in itself does away with the thought even of confederates.

Our party was made up of five congenial people, all of Cleveland, to which was added four others who were strangers to us, and who had come a longer distance than we, to witness the wonderful phenomena of spirit return as evidenced through the mediumship of Mrs. Cobb.

Arriving at Mantua Station at or about 6 P. M., we were met by the genial Mr. Cobb, and the ladies of the party were permitted to drive "old Kit" to the house, she knowing the way if we did not; the gentlemen walked there. Mrs. Cobb met us at the gate with as honest a face as ever smiled upon one—a typical farmer's wife—face and hands browned by the duties of her daily life; hair combed so smoothly back as to suggest the impossibility of her closing her eyes; dress as neat and unassuming as it could well be, being a plain black jersey and skirt, with the whitest of white aprons tied about her waist. She had tea ready when we arrived, for which we were quite in trim, and of which we partook heartily, and in good cheer. After tea, one of our party assisted in doing the tea work, and the setting of some bread for the next day's baking, during which time Mrs. Cobb was not out of our sight for one single moment. Having finished her duties she joined us in the little parlor in which is the cabinet, and which we had been examining carefully while she was absent, noting this, that it was composed of common planed lumber, having no floor, and a portable roof, which was drawn over the front about a foot for the purpose of giving air to the medium. In size it was about two feet four, by three feet six, and only large enough for one mortal to sit in at once, there being absolutely no room to spare in width and only about two or three inches between one's feet and the door. The carpet underneath it was positively whole; there is not even a cellar underneath the room; the wall behind it was a solid, outside wall, which I even took the pains to examine upon the outside, where there was no evidence or sign of a door or break in the building. The cabinet stood about six inches out from this wall, and the audience could see it upon both sides during the time of the seance.

At or about eight o'clock, Mrs. Cobb having rested a few minutes upon the decorated, suggested the forming of the circle. She rose and without leaving the room went into the cabinet, first removing her false teeth and a hair switch from her head and leaving them upon the table in the room. The circle or semi-circle formed in front of the cabinet and about four feet from it, myself and husband having what we considered a most desirable situation, being directly in front of the door of the cabinet, he being able to see on one side of the cabinet, and I the other. After the singing of a few hymns by which the harmony of the circle was made complete, and in about ten minutes after Mrs. Cobb had entered the cabinet, the door slowly opened and out stepped a female form clad in long flowing robes of white and fully two inches taller than the medium, and much more slender. The light was very good indeed; every feature was as plainly visible as could be made by the light of a kerosene lamp which was upon the wall directly opposite the door of the cabinet, behind which was the added force of a reflector, the light being very slightly lowered. Those who had seen her before exclaimed, "It is the lace maker," one of the medium's band, which was very soon verified. She bowed to all gracefully, and first approached the lady at my right, in whose lap lay a white pocket handkerchief. The spirit—for it could have been nothing else—spread out the handkerchief upon the lap of my friend and commenced with her fingers a motion not unlike the passes which a magnetic physician will make to manipulate away a headache. Instantly, beneath her delicate white fingers and upon the handkerchief, rose a white substance which looked like fleece, but which she took up in her fingers, shook out and revealed to us the most exquisite lace handker-

chief. After all had examined it, she walking about the room to give it to each person for inspection, she returned to the lady in whose lap she had made it, and by a kind of patting motion resolved it all back again. She stepped to the door of the cabinet and looked at the medium as though anxious as to her condition, and leaving the cabinet door open as before where the medium was plainly visible to all of the circle, she continued her lace making. She next went to my husband, on whose arm she commenced the same manipulations as over the handkerchief. Again the cloud of fleece formed beneath her dainty fingers, but this time it was black, being drawn from a dark substance. Upon shaking out this lace, she threw it over her own shoulders and walked about from one to another for its examination. It resembled in texture plain Brussels net, in size about a yard square.

In asking my husband if any sensation accompanied the weaving of this texture from his sleeve, he said that after the pile of seeming fleece was formed, and she attempted to withdraw it, with her fingers at least six inches above the sleeve, a sense of drawing of the sleeve attended it. This exhibition seemed very wonderful to us, but that which followed was still more so. She, the spirit, then walked to the end of the front row of sitters, and commenced the same manipulating movement with her fingers and hands in front of each person's knees, following along the entire row, the fleecy cloud growing larger as she wove from each one. Upon reaching the end of the row she shook out her latest production, and there in stripes was represented the pattern corresponding to the different material from which she drew her atoms of matter.

The dress which I had on was a figure of polka-dot in regular form, and this was represented by dots of thick lace in the thin body net in similar form; the ribbed stripes of the gentlemen's pants were also duplicated, as also a pattern lace from the front of one lady's dress. This piece of lace must have been at least five yards long and two yards wide. Then the crowning act of power was the manufacture of a duplicate to lace lambrequin which hung over one of the windows of the room. She approached it slowly and bowed to us most graciously, and at once commenced the same weaving process, and in about thirty seconds she brought to us for examination the exact duplicate, both in texture and in pattern, of the lambrequin as it hung there. We felt of the article, and examined it critically, and to all appearance it was common Nottingham lace, and in all respects the same as the hanging counterpart. She bowed and smiled to all, waving a graceful adieu, and stepping to the door of the cabinet, in which the medium was plainly visible during all this time, as well as at that moment, she seemed to us to fall back upon the medium, and was, as it were, absorbed by the medium from crown to sole, right before our eyes. I have since described this part of the scene as of a cloud bursting upon a mountain peak. Mrs. Cobb loomed up through this shadow as it was thrown over her, and the cloud was no more, and although she seemed to us to throw herself back upon the medium with a force which would naturally have created by mortals quite a vibration and noise, there was not a breath of sound save the stifled exclamations of the on-lookers.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish I could tell you something more wonderful, but to me this seceding and complete absorption of that which, a moment before I had touched, and which both to sight and touch was as like to mortal as could be, was the crowning victory of the evening. Although there were as many as twenty more forms that came during the evening, none came out of the cabinet save this one. The aperture in the door was almost as wide as the door, possibly twenty inches wide and thirty inches long. Very soon after the disappearance of the "lace-maker," a young man having the appearance of being about twenty years old appeared at the aperture. He was very strong, and called for more light, at which the lamp was turned fully up. He belongs to the band of the medium also, and in conversing with us we noticed his pretty teeth, which we knew he could not have borrowed from his medium, he having left here out in the room with us. This spirit, who was called Jimmy, seemed to be master of ceremonies on the inside of the cabinet, for he conversed freely with those who were making the effort to appear. The next to come after him was an old gentleman of fine physique, having perfectly white hair brushed back from his forehead, and a fine, short cut, white beard and moustache. His daughter sat next to my husband and recognized him at once. She asked the privilege of going to the cabinet to converse with him, which was granted, and for fully five minutes she talked with him for whose appearance she had devoutly prayed the previous day. As she stood there, she told me that the medium was plainly visible, and she saw her father recede into the body of the medium as did the former spirit.

Next came to my husband his grandmother whom, though I had never seen, I recognized by the likeness to his mother. Then to the lady friend who sat next me came a spirit whose likeness I had seen in her home, and because of the resemblance I was the first to exclaim as to who it was.

Then to myself came my sister, who passed from earth two years ago, and from whom I had never heard directly till since coming here. Then came a spirit whom neither myself nor husband recognized, but who insisted by the motion of his head that he came to us. He was not able to speak to us, so that remained a mystery until after returning to Cleveland, when in a sitting with a medium he came, and spoke of coming to us there and not being recognized; the reason for which, he said, he had allied himself to us by the law of attraction, and is one of the band surrounding us, and also one of its members whom we had never seen upon the earth plane, hence the impossibility of recognition.

I might continue this report *ad infinitum*, but there would be nothing gained. The seance was a complete and successful exhibition of the power of spirit over matter and he who would doubt after seeing what we saw, would doubt his own existence.

But there is one other fact I must not fail to report which is, that owing to the scarcity of beds, for there were nine in all to be accommodated, one of our party was obliged to sleep with Mrs. Cobb. Immediately upon coming out of the trance state in which she had been for two hours and a half, the medium went to bed, and this friend with her; she, the medium, not leaving the room for any purpose but going from the cabinet directly to her room, there she addressed, and my friend took note of everything she had on, and not an article of superfluous clothing or paraphernalia was in any way concealed about her person. I mention this to complete the chain of evidence in her favor, for there are always plenty of people who desire to know all these minor points. Then, too, I would mention that Mrs. Cobb has given several seances in the homes of different peo-

ple here with whom I have talked about her, and they tell me that by simply hanging a curtain across the corner of the room she has been able to produce all that was done when we saw her. Now, if this was not materialization will some one kindly tell me what it was?

MARY V. PRIEST.
(Mrs. Priest is a woman with extraordinary powers of observation, critical and painstaking in her study of psychical matters and more accurate than most observers in recording her experiences. She is one of the comparatively small number, whose brain accurately registers for future use all that comes within range of her vision or impresses either of her senses; hence she is a competent witness and her testimony as above given entitled to great weight.—Ed. Journal.)

BRITISH SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In my letter in your issue of April 16th, I noted the difference between the methods, but it appears from a note in *Light* that my comments were not pleasing to the London workers. The only error in my statement was that I inadvertently gave the wrong name, and should have referred to the London Spiritualist Alliance, not the Central Association. The mere change of name has not wrought any radical improvement.

Spiritualism in this land has two distinctive sections. One among the London richer classes. The other in the provinces more especially. There does not seem to be any point of contact between these two sections, which might be termed "the classes" and "the masses."

So far as any "alliance" between them is concerned it simply does not exist. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Glasgow, the midlands and southern counties, Spiritualist societies exist, about one hundred of them. The membership of some of these amounts to two hundred. Services are held regularly every Sunday, partaking more or less of a religious character, the audience numbering from fifty persons to five or six hundred in some centres. The total attendance at all these meetings on any Sunday (except in summer) must reach to something like ten to fifteen thousand. Last Sunday Mrs. Britten addressed audiences at Colne numbering about five hundred in the afternoon, and over six hundred in the evening.

Normal speakers, mediums and clairvoyants of varying degrees of merit and ability address these meetings.

The movement is growing; new societies are being formed and fresh halls opened in many places. All the indications point to an increased activity during the coming winter, and efforts will be made to secure greater unity and efficiency. Building funds are announced in several places for the purpose of erecting suitable halls for our cause.

We hear little nowadays of the rougher physical phenomena, and much less of dark seances. With the abandonment of darkness the rough element has disappeared. Healing, psychometry, clairvoyance and test mediumship have greatly increased and many good mediums are at work in these fields, where a few years since scarcely one could be found outside the private circle.

The fear of priestly assumption and domination deters many from all efforts to organize. It is questionable whether this fear is well grounded. Spiritualism is too essentially democratic to be in much danger. But the time is at hand, if not already with us, when something more than mere denunciation will be required. Thoughtful and religiously minded people are watching with anxious eyes for a practical and educational and elevating Spiritualism which will lead to the "higher life." Where is the constructive power of Spiritualism? Where are its spiritual services? Its common aims and fraternal fellowships? Are questions which one hears from thoughtful well wishers. Are Spiritualists to be an incoherent crowd of phenomenalists only? or can we co-operate for the satisfaction of our spiritual aspirations, the culture of the sense of the beautiful and harmonious, the education of soul powers and generous sympathies, as well as for rooting up errors and supplying evidence of spirit existence? These latter tasks are important, but hearts require sustenance, the moral nature needs directions and sympathy, the aspirations after the ideal and the reformatory aims of the philanthropic demand satisfaction and support.

The recent meeting of the British Association in Manchester has called out some striking utterances from the bishops in which they abandon the old bulwarks of orthodoxy and take up the scientific parable of evolution. The Bishop of Bedford declared "the language of the Bible was most evidently not intended to teach scientific truth or to help scientific discovery, but was the language of appearances, describing things not as they were, but as they seemed." Another declared that it was useless to pray for material things, because to answer such prayers would cause confusion and derangement of the economy of nature and reduce the cosmos to chaos. Another preacher asked, "How had science served religion in regard to God?" and answered by saying: "It had shown them that there was no such God as man in his childhood imagined. The generalization of science had been influential over theology, had profoundly modified its theories and conclusions, until every one of its old conceptions had become foreign to us, impossible for us, and had fallen away. . . . Man was no more a fallen creature laboring under an old inherited curse; he was an ascending being, slowly working out his emancipation from the instincts of his position among the brutes."

Surely these are brave words and indicate that the old dogmatic theology is on its last legs. We shall some day have a revision of the creeds and take the "hate and hell" out of them, remove the fabled fall, frown and fire, and no longer appeal to fear or self-interest; but for the present these preachers are only the skirmishers in the front of the main body. With too many the old crude creeds are still believed, especially among dissenters; even these will wheel into line ere long, or move off the scene and make room for younger and more progressive men.

My wife and I note with pleasure the celebration of your silver wedding and the widespread interest in the event, as evidenced by the papers on both sides of the Atlantic.

For many years we have watched your work, sympathized with your aims and struggles and rejoiced that the angels had raised up such true, trusty and representative workers to add power and dignity to the cause. May your lives be spared to us this side for many years of happy labor for the good of humanity.

One of the pleasantest memories of my brief sojourn in America is the recollection of your sympathy and kindness, and the cordial reception tendered me by you in your happy home. I look forward hopefully that

I may some day have the pleasure of a renewal of those associations. Go on, good friend, in your efforts for a clean, moral and scientific Spiritualism; for character in its mediums and advocates, and sound qualities in its inspirations and may the angels bless you.

Enclosed you will find a prospectus of a new spiritual journal to be entitled *The Two Worlds*. This project permeates from a band of earnest Spiritualists in the north of England who have been dissatisfied for a long time past with the scant courtesy they have received at the hands of the London editors. This dissatisfaction has deepened into stronger and intenser feelings with regard to the personal attacks made by the editor of the *Medium* upon many of the best known workers and mediums.

A united effort is being made, which will undoubtedly succeed, to establish a representative high class journal, which will be a news paper, second the work of the societies and mediums and encourage unity and organization. It will stand for character, honesty and worth. Mrs. Britten has consented to undertake the editorial work, which guarantees a high tone and standard in its management. It is to be floated by a Limited Liability Co., with £1,500 capital (£7,500 in 12 shares (\$5.00), to place them within the reach of the poorest. A gratifying response to the circulars announcing the project has already been made, which augurs well for its ultimate success, proving that the feeling throughout the country is favorable, in fact, strongly sympathetic, and insuring the new paper a warm welcome.

Manchester, Eng. E. W. WALLIS.

Dr. Abel Underhill Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer Officiates at the Funeral.

(Daily (Akron, Ohio) Beacon.)

The attendance at the funeral of the late Dr. Abel Underhill, yesterday, at his former residence on North Hill, about two and one-half miles north of this city, was one of the largest that has assembled in this section of the country for some time. He was known throughout Ohio as an advanced thinker and a leading Spiritualist. Many came by train during Saturday and some Sunday morning. The life of the man who had passed into the Spirit-world was an even and at all times a well tempered man. A close student and observer, he was always on the alert to keep up with the advancement of science and as a searcher for the truth he sought light from whatever channel it was to be had. At the date of his death, which resulted from old age, Dr. Underhill was aged 83 years, five months and one day. He was born of Quaker parents in Dutchess County, New York. After passing through his school years he began the study of medicine with his brother, Dr. Abraham Underhill, at Charlton, N. Y. After entering upon the practice of his profession he removed to Massillon, O., studying carefully the work of his profession. In 1845 he became dissatisfied with the school of medicine to which he had given his attention and interested himself in the water cure, achieving some remarkable results. Leaving Massillon the doctor located in Cleveland and formed the acquaintance of J. W. Gray, editor of the *Plain Dealer*.

After the death of Mr. Gray, Doctor Underhill came to this city in 1863. He took up the subject of Spiritualism in earnest for a thorough investigation in 1848. Satisfied with the results obtained he became a firm believer and an ardent advocate of the "new theory." So successful was he in his work as a medium, that around him centered all the believers in Spiritualism then residing in Northern Ohio, and "Underhill's grove" was from that time on known as the general meeting place, the last meeting being held in July last. In 1863 the doctor wedded in Quaker ceremony Miss Electa Sanford, of Hudson, the wedding taking place upon the farm owned by the doctor. Sanction to this union of hearts was given by the presence of Gen. Lucius V. Bierce, now deceased and at the time a justice of the peace. Mrs. Underhill, a son Clarence, aged sixteen, and an adopted daughter, survive him.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer of Ravenna, was the speaker announced for this occasion. She is an elderly lady, of fine appearance. She began her address in a manner that attracted the attention of her hearers. The lady spoke for three quarters of an hour, and after fifteen minutes speaking fell under the control of her spiritual guide and she spoke most entrancingly holding the closest attention of her audience to the close.

Despite the rain a large number of carriages followed the remains to their last resting place—the cemetery at Cuyahoga Falls.

At the close of the exercises Mrs. Hyzer was met by a large number of gentlemen from this city who congratulated her upon her able address. In conversation with a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Hyzer stated that at the time of her address Dr. Underhill was standing in spirit form, at the side of his wife. She said he was in company with J. W. Gray, once editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, and who died 30 years ago. By his side also stood the wife of Dr. Belden, of Ravenna, who died six weeks since, and who was present in the body at the last meeting of Spiritualists held in the Underhill Grove.

Mrs. Hyzer is 50 years of age but looks much younger. She was converted to Spiritualism in 1850. Her guide, who controls her, is the spirit of her father who died when she was a child. Her sister, Mrs. Hazen, a resident of Ravenna, is also prominent in spiritualistic circles and is considered a very fine medium, manifesting her powers yesterday after the departure of the friends and giving a very fine test. Mrs. Hyzer, when under spiritual influence, it is claimed, can sing with a fine soprano voice accompanied by spirit voices, singing alto and tenor so distinctly as to be heard by her audience.

The Mediums' Protective Union of Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Last year at the Vicksburg camp, a Mediums' Protective Union was organized, its object and aim being to give to mediums better conditions and advantages, and furnish assistance to those in sickness or distress. The work for the past year has been confined to assisting those who were unfortunate. This year the meeting was held Aug. 19th, at Haslett Park, Dr. Edson of Lansing was re-elected President; Mr. H. J. Field of Grand Rapids, Vice-President; G. H. Brooks, Secretary; Dr. Edson, Treasurer; Dr. J. Simmons of Allegan, re-elected as trustee for the term of five years. The society held a very interesting meeting, and through the kindness of Mr. Haslett, it was given the lease of a lot where it intends to build a Mediums' Home for use during the camp, and if any mediums desire to use it during the year for recuperation, they can do so. Some two hundred dollars was raised by subscription on the ground. Mediums are to collect what they can for the building.

The members of the society wish to make

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JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—Rev. M. J. Savage (Unitarian), Boston.

A grand paper! I am fully in sympathy with its objects and aims; it is a tremendous power for good.—Dr. Joseph Beale, President New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

Of over forty papers which come to my table the JOURNAL is the best.—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. York.

I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course.—R. Heber Newton, D. D.

As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work.—Lady Cathness, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 8, 1887.

Alaska Indian Religion.

It is refreshing to get a sensible and rational report from any official or popular authority touching the religious ideas of any race or tribe outside the Christian limits. Especially are the current reports of Indian ideas far from the truth in regard to our red brethren, and therefore an article in the Independent on "Civilization in Alaska," by Prof. Thomas Meehan, deserves a welcome notice. He thinks the trouble in governing Alaska is "mainly religious," growing out of a painful misunderstanding of their customs and a lack of appreciative respect of their religious convictions, and "that more intelligent missionary work ought to be employed among them," and says: "I have not been able to find any intelligent account of the religion of the Alaska Indians... much that has been written is little more than burlesque."

Surely "more intelligent missionary work" than can be done by men, however honest, who have been educated to think that all pagans are given over to believe a lie, is needed, not only in Alaska, but the wide world over. More respect and forbearance, too, are needed than can be expected from officials who look on Indians as children of Satan, with no rights which white Christians are bound to respect.

Prof. Meehan says that these Indians place great value on self-sacrifice for the good of others. Those who die in defense of their friends, their homes or their tribes, go directly to heaven. The spirits in heaven spend the better part of their time, not in selfish enjoyment, but in the endeavor to aid those in the intermediate place to come up to them. This intermediate place is quite like the Catholic purgatory, so that it would seem they believe in probation after death, and would side with Prof. Smyth in the Andover controversy, but they do not believe in the eternal psalm singing and palm waving of an old fashioned orthodox heaven, but rather in good works and growth in grace in the mansions in the skies. To show the trouble growing out of the ignorance and prejudice of our officials, he says:

We will now take, as an illustration, the Killisnoo incident, related by your correspondent. It occurred a little before my visit, and I took pains to get to the bottom of it. I believe the Indian was killed on the gunboat by the accidental bursting of a gun. When an Indian dies it is by their religious creed, incumbent on the Indians to take steps to help him on through—we will call it Purgatory—to heaven. This Purgatory is believed to be an intensely cold place, suffering by fire is regarded as extremely helpful. But sacrificing that which does not cost them anything is not their idea of sacrifice. They really sacrifice that which is to them their greatest blessing—blankets. The blanket is their measure of all values. They bargain with you, not for so many dollars but for so many blankets, and if they are desirous the wealth of some neighbors, they tell you they own "no many blankets."

They tear blankets and burn them to help along the spirits of the departed friend. Their laws require that those who cause the death of the friend, accidentally or otherwise, should bear the expense of blankets. They sent to the commander of the vessel for the blankets. We can understand that the commander refused. They caught a sailor on shore and beat him until he would hold him till the blankets were forthcoming, and, in reply, the commander "moved at once on their works and shelled their village. A more heart-rending sight than this same shelled village I have seldom seen. The men with their wives and the little ones all on the snow-dusted hills around and witnessed the destruction—their homes destroyed for obstinacy, the commander believed, and perhaps your correspondent believed, but as these poor people believed for their faithful

adherence to a sacred religious principle. Your correspondent is thankful they were brought to see the equities in the case, deliver up the man, and abandon their cause. Do they see the equity? Have they not cause rather to hate the white man?

Plainly enough a little patient inquiry would have saved this cruelty of fire and wrath. He has met some admirable men and women who were useful and successful as missionaries, and others, equally sincere, "wholly unfitted for their work by reason of hide-bound minds, and some men—no women—who never ought to have been sent into such a field." One such he met who had a rare mineral which he bought of an ignorant Indian for a dollar, and for which he hoped to get twenty dollars in Portland. The Indians in his charge were "no good." Broader views and more real fraternity are needed and a plain common sense which should lead men to fairly understand the leading ideas and usages of those whom they are sent to govern or to educate. Our treatment of the Indian is improving, but there is great need of more improvement. The "hide-bound minds" are creed bound. To them the pagan—be he red or yellow, in Alaska or India—is a child of the devil and an heir of perdition, and "I am holier than thou" is the Pharisaic spirit which makes such men tyrannical and blind and heartless toward these outcasts from Divine mercy.

Slowly but surely this Pharisaic spirit is being exorcised, not by "bell, book and candle" and the like pious magic and mummery, with which the old church tried to cast out demons, but by the mightier spell of "a charity which hopeth all things" for all men.

Spiritualism has gone round the world, conquering and to conquer, and a part of the great work of this mighty movement is to demonstrate the fraternity of humanity, to show amidst varied attainments like possibilities in a higher future, and to illustrate and emphasize anew that word of the Roman slave, Terence: "I am a man, and nothing human is alien from me." Let its work go on until our homes and schools and colleges are filled with this sense of human fraternity, and a new education makes us more fit to uplift the lowly, to rule justly, to impart a broader spiritual culture, and to give light and get light from the Ganges to Alaska.

The Fourteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections.

The Fourteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections was lately held at Omaha, Neb. The object of this conference is in all respects commendable, and the excellent work it has done is comprehensive and far reaching. Hon. H. H. Giles, of the State Board of Wisconsin, delivered the annual address, demanding intelligent charity for the wretched who have no voice to tell their woes. The insane and the feeble minded, who are incapable of pleading for themselves, he would present to the pitying heart of man. The claims of the dependent and neglected children he would advocate. The wrongs of convicts who have no appeal from the lash, he would publish. In behalf of criminals and for the protection of society, he would urge the more rational methods of prison management.

There were many interesting statements made and conclusions drawn during the convention. We learn from the Reporter that Wisconsin presented an original idea, being a State home for old soldiers' widows, or wives and husbands together. No men without wives are received. They live in real cottages, each having room for at most two or three couples, and each couple has its own apartments.

Ohio has a new county jail system, which keeps the prisoners separate and thus avoids the well known evil of mixing innocent and guilty with its resulting contamination.

Massachusetts has a habitual criminal law punishing a convict's third felony with 25 years imprisonment, and is about to keep her criminal insane in an asylum by themselves. The commonwealth has abolished contract labor in its prisons during the year.

Illinois presented a very explicit and interesting report, reciting the various social measures that our last legislature made law, including the abolishment of convict labor, raising the age of consent to fourteen years, making the procuring of virtuous women for immoral purposes punishable by from one to ten years in the penitentiary, and other measures in behalf of social purity. The fact that there are one thousand convicts in prison, and four thousand dependents in almshouses in this State was mentioned, also the apparent rapid growth of insanity.

Pennsylvania reported that jail matrons are now appointed for Pittsburgh, and an effort is making to also appoint police matrons. Philadelphia has matrons in the police stations and jails. A home for crippled colored children is to be erected in Philadelphia, a blind asylum in Pittsburg, and four State hospitals in the mining regions. There has been a general and marked improvement in the management of jails and almshouses during the year.

Indiana still has contract labor and makes her penitentiaries self-supporting in that way. The new lunatic asylum in Indianapolis is building on the cottage plan, and the various State institutions do not use up the whole of their annual appropriations.

Kansas wants a State board of charities, but it declares it has a hearty public sentiment which prompts the legislature to adopt reform measures. Only at one point, and that on the borders of the State, can an open saloon be seen. The good effects of prohibition in the prevention of crime and pauperism are said to be already very apparent.

Maryland reported a very great evil in the non-employment of prisoners. Owing to

contract labor being abolished one man has gone insane in prison and the sanity of others is threatened. There is no out-door relief from public money in the State. The C. O. S. of Baltimore is attempting to secure improved legislation as to street beggars. Though there is no State board of charities, the prisons are kept in good order by frequent visits made by the Prisoners' Aid Society and ample press notice of any evil found there.

Colorado showed a good report. The charity work of the state seems practically under the care of the women of the W. C. T. U. There was nothing new reported.

In California the conditions of the schools and asylums for dependent children, supported by the State but managed by private societies, is as unsatisfactory as at previous reporting. There are 4,300 such children in institutions supported mainly by the State, 3,800 in those entirely so supported. The county jails are moral pest houses, men, women and children herded together without order or discipline. The industrial school (so-called), at San Francisco, is a prison of the worst kind, with high stone walls, armed guards in watch towers at the corners, jailers with revolvers in their belts going about. No boy can be put there for a few days without learning to be a criminal. If he were not one when he went in. In the state prisons are children of twelve and men of ninety, no separation possible. The bright side of the California report is the free kindergartens, of which there are 40 in San Francisco, admirably managed and redeeming much vice.

Journal of the American Akademie.

Three numbers of this journal, March 1885, April 1886, and July 1887, have been bound together. Their principal articles are by Prof. J. B. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ills. The object of this periodical to counteract the materialistic tendency of the age by urging the claims of the high, spiritual and intuitional philosophy. It is able and learned, and its editor is Dr. A. Wilder, well known to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL's readers and well qualified for his task. It is a capital magazine for those who can appreciate it. It is an Olympian spring of which the gods drink; but it is for the most part evaporated or sunk out of sight before it reaches the common level of the Attic plains. Small, therefore, will be its influence on the average mind. But it is better to be on the summit with the few to quaff its aromatic waters than with the multitude to share the lowland life.

The three papers of Prof. Jackson gleam with intellectual animation. The first treats of the "Differentiation of Energy as the Basis of Philosophy and Religion," and this is the best and most important of the three. It makes all energy divine and rational, whence it is clearly the ground of philosophy and religion. In this Spencer substantially concurs. He only reaches the same conclusion by a little different route. But the route is important. He reaches his goal loaded with clay and stifled with vapors from the chemical laboratory. The Platonic philosopher passes to his goal through clear spaces of celestial azure, with a spirit light and bright as the element in which he moves, sustained by wings divine.

This way is the better of the two, if we can prosecute only one. But we may, and ought to, prosecute both ways. If we take the noblest path first, it will teach us how to follow the other without being soiled or debased in quality and action. Both are necessary to fullness and perfection of knowledge and character. "The highway of holiness," the celestial flight of the rational intuition, is necessary to spiritual freedom and power. The lower route in which men go snail-like on the ground feeling every inch of their way by sensible experience, is good for the attainment of detailed precision and certainty of knowledge concerning the under side and seamy side of life and of the universe. Then the heavenly power should come down and carry even this above, showing its ultimate unity in the higher, that here is its root and source and life and eternal home.

Some such procedure as this is doubtless what Prof. Turner attempts, but he does not make adequate allowance to sense, which will yield all its treasure of significance only to appreciation and sympathy. He also assumes more than those who are working along the other track will be willing to allow, and thus he falls of his mark for those who need his help, and for whose benefit he confessedly writes. Like most of this class of writers, he denies and ignores important factors in the opposing method, factors which are unanimously affirmed by those who are best qualified from their labors to judge. It would be far better to admit and assimilate than to deny any of the facts and implications of sense. It is only thus the two can be united. The eagle must devour the snake as the only sure precaution against being stung to death.

There are poems and other prose compositions in the *American Akademie* which are of the same high order, and marked in the main by the same characteristics.

Seinda as a Reformer.

A colored woman named Seinda is creating great excitement in Grenada county, La. She claims to be inspired directly by God. Her sermons are of the Sam Jones style, and she has a large number of followers. At one of her late meetings, rising slowly and deliberately from her seat, among other things she said:

"Some of you darkies are like a hoe cake cooked only on one side. You come to church and O, nothing is too good for you to do. You

sing, and pray, and dance, and shout until one would think you are ready for heaven. Monday comes, you show the raw side. You are with the world; you steal, you lie, and do everything that is wrong. That is not the kind of religion we want. We want the hoe-cake cooked through and through; when you break it in the middle let it be brown as it is on the bottom." Speaking of law, she said no law could be made too stringent for her. She wanted every violation of God's will punishable on earth as well as in the world to come. "The judges of our courts," she said, "ought to be baptized in the grace of God; the Bible says that lawyers should be good and honest, and prosecuting attorneys ought to be chuckfull of religion."

She insists on personal cleanliness, and in this she is not far from godliness. She rigidly enforces honesty and the prompt payment of debts. When a member of her band is convicted of doing any deed of dishonesty they are immediately expelled from her society. Seinda's power over the temporal affairs of her members is absolute. Her law is their law, and to incur the enmity of their shepherdess is to displease God.

Prof. Dye's Experiment in Psychography.

Among the best known figures on the streets of this city is Prof. Nathan Dye, an old resident and life-long teacher of music. He is counted among his acquaintances as a man of critical judgment, with the courage of his convictions. He is counted among Spiritualists as rather skeptical of mediumistic claims until they have been demonstrated as valid.

Several weeks ago Prof. Dye bought two slates, a sheet of drawing paper and a pencil. At his own house he put the paper and a bit of the lead from the pencil between the slates, then sewed the frames together at the corners and tied a string around the closed slates, lengthwise and across. With this outfit he went to the Bangs Sisters on Walnut Street to see what he could get. On arriving he secured a sitting with one of the sisters, and after wrapping his slates in his handkerchief suspended them from the chandelier in the centre of the room. Seating himself at the table with the medium, several feet from the slates and facing them he awaited results. After a time he got this message on another slate held by the medium, under fairly good test conditions: "We've made a break (beginning), take the slates home with you and bring them again". At the second sitting under the same conditions no results were had, and the Prof. once more took his slates home. A third trial resulted only in getting the following message on the medium's slate under conditions similar to the first experiment: "We are using all our forces to give you a picture. Bring the slates again," and signed by his son Byron and his first wife.

At the fourth séance, which occurred on the 29th ult., Prof. Dye suspended his slates from the chandelier as in the preceding sittings and seated himself at the table in view of them. Soon there was written on another slate, put under the table: "Will take us about twenty minutes." At the expiration of the time Prof. Dye removed his slates from their hanging position and without opening them left the house. He had previously promised to bring them to the JOURNAL office to be opened. On the next day he appeared in the editorial rooms and, still skeptical, offered to wager something that there was nothing inside. Receiving his assurance that they had never been from under his control nor in the hands of the medium nor out of his sight while on the premises of the medium, and that the fastenings were exactly as made by him before beginning the experiments, the slates were separated. Upon the sheet of paper was found the following message written with pencil:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have at last accomplished the one great desire, and am happy in its consummation, to prove to you that we can do this work without the aid of mortal hands. Never doubt this great truth, for such is a reality, and this little pencil moved by the power of spirit, points with its testimony the everlasting progress of the soul.

Yours in Spirit,

BELLE.

Above this on the sheet and in the centre was a crude drawing of a female head and under it the initials B. W. A. In the upper right hand corner was a well executed drawing of a sprig of Forget-me-nots, and under it the words, "Brother Byron." In the opposite corner was a bunch of roses equally well drawn.

Mr. Byron Dye passed to spirit life about four years ago. His father feels that the experiments as above briefly told demonstrate beyond all doubt in his mind that spirits can write on slates under such conditions as to preclude all shadow of suspicion of deception or delusion.

A unique church quarrel is in progress in the Church of the Holy Trinity—Episcopal—in New York, Rev. Stephen Tyng's old church. The new rector, Rev. Walpole Warren, who is an Englishman, recently imported to succeed Dr. Tyng as rector, it seems, is objectionable to a large and influential faction in that church, and an effort is now being made to get rid of him on the ground that the importation of a minister of the gospel is contrary to the doctrine of protection to home industries, as set forth in the act of Congress of Feb. 26, 1855, entitled, "An act to prohibit the importation of foreigners or aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States." The point involved is whether any fair interpretation of this statute includes ministerial labor. Its decision will establish some new precedents in ecclesiastical affairs.

On next Sunday evening the Boy Medium will address the Young People's Spiritual Society. Subject: The Decomposition of Religions.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A correspondent from Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "Rev. Samuel Watson will stop here on his way to Cleveland and speak on the 9th of this month. He will open the lecture course there on the 16th of October."

A correspondent from Philadelphia writes that the 1st Association of Spiritualists have had fine audiences through September with Mrs. Lake as speaker. Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn will lecture during October.

A legacy of \$100,000 has been left to the city of Mannheim, Germany, for the founding of a Christian orphan's home. The money was gotten by the manufacture and sale of playing cards.

Wm. A. Mansfield, favorably known at Cassadaga Camp and through Michigan as a psychographic medium, has gone to Boston to attend the Monroe College of Oratory, where he intends to closely apply himself for the ensuing year.

Most of the religious papers have been manifesting considerable feeling over the fact that Cardinal Gibbons was called upon to officiate at the recent centennial celebration in Philadelphia. They object to him not on account of anything he said, but because he is a Catholic—this is all.

Mrs. M. E. DeGreer, president and Mrs. M. H. Buck, secretary, publish an appeal for aid in establishing "An Industrial Institute for Women," at Topeka, Kansas. Their plan is to have a place where orphans and unfortunate women without homes, may find shelter.

Buchanan's Journal of man for October is out and ready for the many anxious readers. In the "Oriental View of Anthropology," Dr. F. Hartmann presents the Mystic or Oriental view of man in an interesting manner. For sale at this office; price 10 cents. We can also furnish back numbers.

On last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage, at their residence, 331 Turk St., San Francisco. A goodly company of the newly made friends in that hospitable city were present by invitation, and of course a most enjoyable evening was the result.

Mrs. Ada Foye gave a public séance at Sturgis Mich., on last Sunday. Next Sunday she is engaged at Albany, Wis., after which she returns to Chicago to remain for three months. At the solicitation of investigators Mrs. Foye has consented to give private sittings on her return, if she can find suitable apartments.

The American Secular Union will meet in this city the 15th and 16th inst. It will canvass measures to secure "the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the nine demands of liberalism."

Lyman C. Howe brightened up the spiritual atmosphere of Chicago last week, on his way to Kansas City, where he is to lecture for the next eight months. He is looking thin after his hard summer campaign, but is as usual full of sweetness and light. The friends in Kansas City are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice, as well as commended for their high aspirations so clearly indicated in the selection of Mr. Howe for permanent speaker.

Dr. N. B. Wolfe who has been for some weeks superintending his splendid Kansas estate known as Rancho de la Luce, and situated in Reno county, returned to his home in Cincinnati last week. He has kindly acceded to our suggestion and reduced the retail price of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" to \$2. Investigators and those desirous of posting up on the evidences of modern Spiritualism will do well to secure this account of experiences and experiments by Dr. Wolfe.

"It is strange that even so solemn a function as the funeral of the victims of the Exeter calamity could not be got over without a burial scandal," says *The Truth*. The scandal on this occasion appears to have arisen from the officiating priest, Rev. Mr. Ingle, insisting on performing the service in one way, while the relatives of the deceased persons wanted it performed in another. As he remained obstinate, the crowd hustled the reverend gentleman and knocked him over.

Thackeray's letters in Scribner's Magazine for October: "I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining." On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief—that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off? Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will—properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? And if round the globe, why not Universally? And the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body—a lucid intelligence remains, a perception ubiquitous."

Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, tranche and test medium, is now pleasantly and permanently located at 109 South Paulina Street. We cannot speak from personal knowledge of her powers as a medium; but she is well spoken of by Cincinnati correspondents and by a number in this city who have seen exhibitions of her mediumship.

Rev. John E. Hurlbut, pastor of the Congregational church at Milledgeville, Mass., for a dozen years, voted at the last town meeting for Father O'Keefe, the Catholic priest of the village, as a school committeeman. Some of the Congregationalists took offense at this, and made things so uncomfortable for him that he resigned his pastoral charge, and an ecclesiastical council has reluctantly advised that the resignation be accepted.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, whose name has been before the public as a Spiritualist speaker and writer for a generation, and whose labors of a philanthropic and reformatory nature, have made him a national reputation, is under engagement to lecture for the Young People's Progressive Society of this city on the 9th and 10th of this month. If only a share of his personal acquaintances in the city are present to hear him he will have full houses.

Mrs. F. O. Hyer will speak for the Young People's Progressive Society the last Sunday of this month. She has the sympathy of the JOURNAL and a host of friends in the severe affliction which obliged her to cancel the engagement for the first part of the month. Her only daughter, a lovely and talented lady, suddenly passed to spirit life with no warning to her absent parents that the sudden change was coming. Mrs. Hyer writes that she received a letter from her in the morning speaking of excellent health and progress in her art studies; in the evening of the same day came a telegram that the loved one had suddenly passed away.

In Cincinnati a beautiful young salesman in a drygoods house went fearlessly into the family of a wealthy banker and nursed three adults through a siege of small-pox, although she never had the disease, because there was a superstition in her family that those born between such and such hours under the planet Uranus should never lose their beauty while they lived. She took the large sum of money she had earned, for the banker was grateful and lavish, and with it she and her brother went to Kansas City, where they invested it in real estate, made money in the venture, went to San Francisco, and today are among its well-to-do citizens.

The general objects of the National Prison Congress which met this year at Toronto, Canada, were ably set forth by ex-President Hayes, as follows: "1. The amelioration of the laws in relation to public offenses and offenders, and the mode of procedure by which such laws are enforced. 2. The improvement of the penal, correctional and reformatory institutions throughout the country, and the management, government discipline thereof, including the appointment of boards of control and other officers. 3. The care of and procuring suitable and remunerative employment for discharged prisoners, and especially to such as may or shall have given evidence of a reformation of life."

Celia writes: "One of the most interesting as well as eloquent discourses was preached before the Young People's Progressive Society, last Sunday morning. Judge Tiffany seemed overflowing with inspiration, and the beautiful thoughts filled all alike with grander hope and aspirations. The severe storm prevented Mr. Tiffany from speaking in the evening. Mrs. Coverdale and others interested the audience and a profitable evening was spent by the half-hundred people present. Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit occupies the platform next Sunday, morning and evening."

A Lincoln, Kansas, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "This town, Lincoln, is the county seat, and contains 2,000 inhabitants. There is not a saloon in the town or county, yet there is more whisky and beer drunk here now than ever known, before since the county was organized. It is shipped here daily in vast quantities. It comes bearing labels that would necessitate a familiarity with Coptic to decipher. Beer is usually shipped in barrels of seventy-two bottles each, securely packed and labeled 'prunes,' 'dried beans,' 'breakfast bacon,' or whatever cunningly-devised mark the shipper chooses to place upon it. It is in this manner that the pious people have it shipped; those of a secular turn of mind have it sent by the case or keg. Whisky is shipped almost invariably in jugs of various sizes; they are sometimes packed in boxes, but frequently coming singly—labeled vinegar, sorghum," etc.

It is stated by a writer in the Indianapolis Journal, that the population of Siam is estimated at 10,000,000, and of Bangkok at 1,000,000, of whom well on to 200,000 are Chinese, 30,000 Burmese, and as many Arabs and Indians. To avoid the invasions of cholera the people have built on the river, securing better cleanliness and ventilation. Only the upper classes are allowed to build on the banks. Miss Dow says that at night the river is hung with thousands of covered lights of all shades, sizes and colors. A double row of houses on rafts of bamboo extends for miles on both sides of the river; so that the Menam itself forms the main avenue, over six miles long, of the floating shops, the great bazaar of the river. Every day at sunrise the shaven priests of Buddha, twenty thousand in number, visit every house along the river, as the Little Sisters of the Poor do the merchants of our cities, and gather in the alms which are freely offered. The boats of this

floating population, as great as that of Cincinnati and Indianapolis combined, are of two kinds—a Venetian gondola style for common use, and a square house and merchandise boat with windows at the sides, and also a basket-covered boat, long and round like the tent-top of a South Carolina wagon. The Menam is the Nile of the country, down it come the great timber rafts of pine; it leads into the home of the white elephant.

Mr. Ralph E. Hoyt, formerly connected with the Evening Journal of this city and now president of the California Co-operative Colony, is in town this week along with a few hundred thousand other visitors. Mr. Hoyt's home is now at Los Angeles, the prospective capital of a prospective new State—when California is divided.

The narration by Carlota, a translation from the Spanish, on the first page of the JOURNAL, will be read with deep interest. A Mexican letter to the Boston Herald says: "It is now twenty years since the curtain was rung down on the bloody drama which the Imperialist party played on Mexican soil, and what is the impartial verdict of the men and women who knew the inside history of Maximilian's reign? I have talked with several of the leading personages who played a part in the sad business, and they were among those near to the Emperor during his whole stay in Mexico. They agree on one point, and that is that Maximilian was inadequate to the situation; that he was vacillating where Carlota was firm; that he was swayed hither and thither, and accepted the advice of the last man who caught his ear, while Carlota used men and events with masculine strength, and was behind all, the guiding and animating spirit. She, the daughter of the King of the Belgians, had the heart of a soldier and the head of a statesman. It was her dream to wear an imperial crown."

The Consolidated Railway Telegraph Company whose headquarters is in New York City has our thanks for an invitation to attend an exhibition of its system of telegraphing to and from moving trains by electrical inductive action, now in daily operation upon the New Jersey Division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. On Thursday of this week a special train will make the trip from New York to Easton, Penn. and return. Our readers will recollect that we have before referred to this marvelous invention. Dr. Eugene Crowell was the chief promoter of one of the two companies constituting the present consolidation, and to his energy, ability and faith is largely due the present success of this enterprise. He and all interested deserve handsome returns for their perseverance and confidence in the final triumph of this wonderful advance in the practical use of electricity. Its successful working will revolutionize the method of train handling and greatly lessen accidents, as well as expedite the transmission of intelligence both of a commercial and miscellaneous character.

The Juggernaut has so declined in popularity in India as to render it necessary for the priests to hire coolies to drag the car. This change in sentiment is attributed to the destructive solvent of Western thought. The car of the great god of Poree was one of the most sacred of Brahminic "properties," and the Rath Jatra a festival which, in importance, yielded to that of no other deity in the Hindoo Pantheon. From every part of the vast empire of Hindostan pilgrims flocked to share in it, and when the car of Juggernaut was dragged once a year from the Temple in order to bathe the gods in the cool water of the tank, a mile and a half distant, the wildest enthusiasm seized the vast multitude of devotees. Thousands rushed to seize the cables, and so eager were the volunteers for this holy service that the best and greatest men of Orissa struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes. To use the language of an old writer who witnessed the Rath Jatra in its palmy days, "they are so greedy and eager to draw it that whoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or in any insolent way, can but lay a hand upon the rope, they think themselves blessed and happy. And when it is going along the city there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright. Some get broken arms, some broken legs, so that many are destroyed, and think to merit heaven."

General News.

The sailing of the English man-of-war Pyrites for La Guayra to demand indemnity from the Venezuelan government for the detention of the schooner Josephine and Henrietta is interpreted in New York as an indication that Great Britain's intentions toward the South American Republic are warlike. At Haverhill, Mass., J. H. Abbott shot and killed his daughter and then killed himself. John Glendenning, of Middleburg, Ohio, committed suicide after killing John Nolan, against whom he had long cherished a grudge. Both crimes were committed under the influence of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal interest, and the statements of the Chicago coal ring about an impending famine in anthracite, made as an excuse for putting the screws on consumers, are absolutely without foundation. Louis Fick, a prominent lumberman, died last Saturday at his home in this city. Gen. Pryor says it has not yet been decided to what justice of the Supreme Court the application for a writ of error in the anarchist case will be made. The government organ at Madrid deny that Spain has signed a convention with the United States for the suspension of discrimination duties. It appears, after all, that the French cabinet has not reached a decision as to expelling the Orleanist princes. The official report of the mobilization experiment in France severely criticizes the commissariat and the staff.

Letter From Saratoga Springs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our society has maintained regular Sunday meetings and been able to employ the best talent, though some in our ranks are not always pleased. The vast throng of pleasure seekers who visit us in summer have mostly taken their departure. A comparatively small number of them attended our spiritual gatherings; the thoughtless, fashionable and superficial preferring to be found elsewhere.

A Gospel Tent has been in full blast here all summer. This was in the interest of what is known as orthodox teaching, but more democratic than the other "houses of God." They have claimed to reach the people—the churchless multitude. Their aims for moral influence and restraining the wayward are fully sympathized with by those who have drank more deeply of the "ethereal spring" of spiritual wisdom. With the latter the sensational is laid aside and a calm, dispassionate reasoning takes its place. With them the love of God instead of fear, is the beginning of wisdom.

We have had C. Fannie Allyn, Amanda M. Spence, Clara A. Field and others to lecture for us. Mrs. Brigham will hold her regular place, one lecture a month. The first three named are often complained of as being too radical, wiping from the old places many of the gods or idols that filled the sacred corner in many souls. Many things might yet be said unto us, but we are not prepared. Well, the way is opening before us and the "new heaven and new earth" are fast appearing.

Our little village of Saratoga is fast becoming a great light. We have many things of which we would not boast, but a sound and healthy growth is everywhere apparent. We have one of the finest parks in the country, where, high above the surrounding plains, smiling in richest verdure, and the lakes glowing in sunshine, one can ride over smooth roadways for a whole day and yet leave unseen some views of great splendor. Our great hotels are now closed, and in them silence has taken the place of revelry. The private parks are also quiet, and the "sear and yellow leaf" is strewn the pathway. The sweet lesson of growth and decay is again repeated, and the round of perpetual effort ceases not. The soul of man would not linger while upon its pathway to its more glorious destiny.

P. THOMPSON.

Saratoga Springs, Sept. 29, 1887.

Our Cause in Elmira, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to say to the readers of your valuable paper that there is a spiritual light burning here. We meet every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, in the parlors of the Odd Fellows Temple. Mr. F. M. Chase is president; Mr. A. B. McNight, vice-president, and Emma Spence, secretary and treasurer. Tuesday, Sept. 27th, we met at the Temple to observe the half-hour soul-communion. There was a goodly number present. Harmony and unity prevailed. We trust that all were spiritually benefited.

In the evening we had with us the talented trance lecturer, Mrs. R. S. Little of Boston. She gave a grand lecture, taking her subject from the audience. We have some good home mediums, who are honest and true. We hope to be able to let our light shine to the world in a way that will do good.

EMMA SPENCE.

Christian Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Association of Christian Spiritualists held a meeting last Sunday afternoon and evening at Academy Hall, 523 Madison St. The attendance was large. The speakers were W. H. Blair, C. W. Peters and others. The exercises were opened with congregational singing. A great many fine tests were given at the close by Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, Mrs. Kate Blade, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Hanson and other mediums that were present. The Association will meet in the same hall next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Tests and other spiritual manifestations will be given at the close. Mr. Barnes, the physical and materializing medium, is expected to be present.

Foremost in the new publications by James H. Earle, Boston, we note the following: One for little men and women, entitled "The Angel of Love," price \$1.25, with illustrations. "Aunt Tabitha's Trial," which will be read by old or young with pleasure, price \$1.25. "Beyond," from the pen of Harvey Newton. This is a vivid picture of the world across the skies; price 60 cents. "Dot," a story of Child Life; price \$1.25. There are also "Beulah Land," "The Little Mother," "The Coming Glory," "The Best that Remains," and "His Opportunity." Want of space fails to go through this long list.

The American edition of *The Illustrated London News* for Oct. 1st contains a full page illustration of Miss Mary Anderson as "Hermione" in "A Winter's Tale," pictures of the New Chinese Naval Squadron, and an illustrated article on English Exploration in Egypt, besides other articles of interest and pictures of merit. Dealers now furnish this noted periodical for ten cents a copy, and at the office of publication, 227 Potter Building, New York, subscriptions are received at very favorable rates.

Siberia, and the Exile System.
After the "War Series" and the Life of Lincoln, the most important work ever undertaken by *The Century* is the forthcoming series of illustrated papers upon Siberia, and the Exile System, by Geo. Kennan, author of "Test Life in Siberia," who has recently returned from an arduous journey of fifteen thousand miles through European and Asiatic Russia.

The Century Magazine sent with Mr. Kennan to Siberia Mr. George A. Frost, of Boston, artist and photographer; and the forthcoming series of papers will be copiously illustrated from original sketches and photographs.

The series will begin in November with the first of several articles upon the Russian revolutionary movement.

The City of Winfield, Kansas.
Many readers will be amazed at statements made about Winfield, Kansas, in advertisement of that city which appears elsewhere in this paper. But the leading points in Kansas present many agreeable surprises, and Winfield is one of the first of the young cities in the State. It has the reputation, conceded by all, of being the best-built city in the State. This is on account of her superior limestone quarries. A visit to this city will be well worth while for any one seeking a Western home or investment.

Developing a City.

To develop a city requires three things: fine natural advantages, great railway systems and wise, judicious far-sighted men to lead public affairs. Parsons, Kansas, is wonderfully blessed in all these things. She has already 10,000 population and is likely to double it in five years. It is as a railroad, a manufacturing and commercial center that Parsons excels. Her school and her churches are not excelled in Kansas and her public library building and library has very few equals in any State west or west. As a place to make money as a home in the midst of all that Christian civilization can offer, Parsons is a very inviting point at the present time. See excursion advertised elsewhere in this paper.

D. R. W. FLETCHER, 123 W. 26th Street, N. Y. City, receives mailed letters. Terms \$2.00.

A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood, it imparts new vigor to every function of the body.

Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. & Q. R. R. will sell on Sept. 30th, and Oct. 11th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at one fare for the round trip to principal points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota. Limit, thirty days. For tickets and further information may be obtained of any C. & Q. Ticket Agent, or by addressing Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Are You Going East?

The Limited Express of the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," which leaves Chicago at 3:10 p. m. every day, is in many respects the favorite train East, on account of its splendid equipment, admirable service and fast time, for which no extra charge is made. It carries superb Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars, running through without change to Toronto via the Canadian Pacific, to New York via the New York Central & Hudson River, and to Boston via the Boston & Albany railroads. Niagara Falls is passed early in the morning, and the train halts several minutes at Falls View, where the scene is unrivaled.

Harvest Excursions.

via Missouri Pacific Railway, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 11th, to Le Roy, Baxter Springs, Parsons and all points in Kansas to all points in Arkansas and Texas. Half rates. Tickets good thirty days. Address Jno. E. Ennis, 199 Clark Street, Chicago.

Christian Science.

A pamphlet giving a full and complete statement of the scope and nature of this new thought, sent post-paid on receipt of five cents, by Theo. Gestefeld, Room 2, Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

CHICAGO.

The Young People's Progressive Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. in Apollo Hall, 2720 State Street, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

The Spiritualists Central Union will meet every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. in Weber Music Hall, corner of Wabash Avenue and Jackson Street. Mrs. S. F. L. Wolff, President.

The South Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street.

The Chicago Association of Universal Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in Spirit's Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission free.

The United Spiritualists meet at 116 5th Ave. at 2:30 P. M. Sunday. Editors and mediums welcomed.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M. in Apollo Hall, 2720 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free. E. J. MORTON, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia Hall, 878 6th Ave., formerly at Spencer Hall, 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Mrs. T. B. Snyder, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; George H. Perkins, Secretary; F. S. Mazarand, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Commencing Sept. 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gladding will occupy the room until Nov. 1st.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity House, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 3d Street. Members season at 10:30 A. M. Alpha League at 2:30 P. M. Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 598 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Virgo Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. R. MILLA, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brax's Hall, south-west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and conveyance solicited. H. W. FAY, Pres., 620 S. Broadway. ISAAC S. LEE, Sec., 1422 N. 17th St.

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Y. P. P. S.

The first monthly social of the Young People's Progressive Society will begin Friday evening, Oct. 7th, and will be conducted in earnest. Tickets will be issued for 75 cents including four dances. The recipient required to give his or her name and address. Members' tickets 50 cents. The Society is desirous to secure new members, and those wishing to join may give their name and address to the Secretary, as application, on any Sunday evening, or by addressing Mr. Joe Anglin, 2227, State Street, for any information desired. The Young People are desirous to secure a library and all books and assistance given them, in their behalf will be heartily received.

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FORT SCOTT, KAN.

These will be a grand auction sale of Lots joining the city limits, beginning October 25th. Terms of sale one-third cash, balance due and two years, eight per cent interest. Fort Scott has more natural advantages than any city west of the Mississippi. It is a vigorous manufacturing and commercial center, is growing rapidly, a million dollars worth buildings are now going up. We have natural gas, coal, iron, brick and pottery clay, cement, flag, building and limestone, oil, artesian and mineral wells, factories, four-story mills, glass cement, and sugar works, wholesale houses, etc., and a rich agricultural country. Good farms are worth from \$10 to \$20 per acre. Write R. C. F. SCOTT & CO., for papers and information, and take the R. C. F. Scott & Co. N. H. from Kansas City.

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but for a man or boy with good common sense, it is a capital thing. It is a book that would sell well in any city. It explains the tricks of lightning calculators, but gives all the best methods of saving and adding in work of all sorts with figures. 128 pages, elegantly printed, well bound. The best bargain ever made for \$1.00.

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Communion with God Through the Holy Spirit.

BY JAS. S. LAIDLAW.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High—Psalm 46: 4.

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life—John 4: 14.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and on either side of the river was the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nation.—Rev. 22: 1, 2

There is a stream whose onward flow, Through all material things doth go. Within whose sweeping circuit lies, The key to heavenly harmonies.

There is a tree that thrives and grows, Where'er this river winds and flows; That beats all discord, hate, and strife; 'Tis called the sacred tree of life.

There is an ever flowing well, Exhaustless and unfathomable, From which the traveler o'er the plain May drink and never thirst again.

This sacred stream, this flowing well, Whose sources are unfathomable, The pure in heart can see; It comes of secret sanctity.

Happy are they, and only they, Who walk this pure and perfect way; For they the priceless pearl shall find, A hopeful, tranquil mind.

No church, nor shrine, nor bulwarked place, Contains this soul-sustaining grace; It is the human heart, God's own created counterpart.

There is a bright majestic band, From every nation, every land, Who understand the mystery That hath been, and shall ever be.

These Sons of God, serene, sublime, Clasp hands across the gulf of time; They feel the sweet, the sacred tie Of mental consanguinity.

Their words and language are the same, Inspired by one celestial flame. The universal fact they see, Of God's divine supremacy.

Age after age they come and go, And leave their influence here below, And when their earthly work is done, Return to the celestial Sun.

LETTER FROM BLACKBURN, ENG.

Satisfactory Seance with Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the spring of the year 1876, I began my investigation of Spiritualism. Before I had settled anything satisfactory in my mind, the great Slade trial commenced in London, in which Professor Lankester charged Henry Slade, an American medium, then in London, with "using certain subtle craft and devices to deceive and impose" on certain gentlemen. I carefully read the newspaper reports day by day, and finally resolved to go to London and pay Mr. Slade a visit and see and judge for myself of the manifestations occurring in his presence.

This resolve I carried out in the month of December, 1876. I had a seance, with him, a report of which I forwarded to *The Spiritualist* newspaper, which was printed in due course. I then watched with interest the trial on appeal, that took place in 1877, when the conviction was quashed and Mr. Slade left England for the continent. After that I was much interested in the experiments conducted by Professor Zeller, and Mr. Masse's book with great delight. After that time I followed other investigations and never expected seeing Dr. Slade again, when to my surprise on August 29th of the present year Dr. Slade turned up in Blackburn. Of course I was very glad to again shake hands with one of the finest mediums it has been my lot to come across, and on August 31st I had the pleasure of joining in three seances with him. I was glad to see that the manifestations that I had witnessed in London, eleven years ago were in nowise weakened. My companion at the first and third seance was a gentleman who for the last twenty years has devoted a very considerable amount of time to mesmerism. To say that he was astonished at the phenomena is to draw it very mildly. He got a long communication how to develop slate writing mediumship in himself, while he was seated on the sofa.

My second seance was with the editor of one of our local papers. He published the account of what he saw in the evening paper under the heading, "Marvelous Phenomena in Blackburn"—"An Hour with a Medium."

To-day, September 15th, Dr. Slade has left Blackburn to give a course of seances in Liverpool, but during his stay in Blackburn the Spiritualists have taken advantage of his visit and have had some very fine meetings with him; messages have been received from their loved and lost ones, slates have again and again been filled with these tokens of their love. The following was written while my wife held the slates along with Mr. Slade:

"My good friend, I never have been sorry of the knowledge I had of this Divine truth before I left the seance, and I am glad I planned the first grain of this truth in Blackburn. I see it was sown in good soil for I can see it is growing and taking root and it will never die. I am as ever,
J. B. S."

On Sunday, Sept. 4th, Dr. Slade spoke for the Blackburn Psychical Society in the Exchange Hall to an audience numbering nine or ten hundred people.
R. WOLSTENHOLME,
President of the Blackburn Psychical Society.
September 13, 1887.

Camp Meetings.

There is no doubt that these gatherings are a very strong feature in American Spiritualism. We could hardly do the same thing; the weather is against us, and England is not the place for an organized and pre-arranged picnic. But the energy that so often vent under more favorable conditions than we can command might teach us to imitate it. We had much more cohesion; much more concentration; much less crankiness, and much less inclination to make private facts of prominence. We do not suppose there are no "cranks" in England; there are, we sadly know it—but we are, perhaps, less conscious of their existence here than we ought to be. The truth should be said without fear, and we are not afraid of saying it. We have to advocate and defend a subject that creates antipathy and opposition, and we cannot afford to weigh it down with the weight of all sorts of ideas that have no connection with it. Why, we wonder, should Spiritualists bother themselves about the thousand and one facts that those who have broken loose from orthodox trammels seem to revel in? We see no reason as Spiritualists, to savor a belief in vaccination or anti-vaccination; to embark in a crusade for or against woman's rights. As a matter of fact, the subject has been discarded and weighed down by this tendency to crankiness. We are not most important to say that anti-vaccination may not be a most important question. We think it may be, but it is not our business. We have no more concern with it than we have with Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, or Koch's cholera germ. *Ne sutor ulcus eripiamus.* Let us avoid cranks and crankiness and stick closely to what we have to do with. And that is simply, a demonstration to sense of existence after physical death.—Light.

The sacred Burmese white elephant is to be removed from Mandalay to Rangoon to co-vent the natives that the royal house has disappeared forever. So long as the elephant remained in Mandalay many of the Burmese army believed that the king or his family would eventually enjoy their own again.

C. P. Cocks, writes: I appreciate your paper and if it would make a small effort to keep their subscriptions paid in advance, it would facilitate matters for you very materially. While your columns are understood to be open for free or liberal expression of sentiment, still I do not think such an article as that in your issue of 3rd inst., under the heading of "Securely Bound," would have been allowed to appear (if it were not for oversight) by an editor who endorses the fact of Spiritualism. It seems to imply from beginning to end the phenomena as alleged to cannot take place, unless produced by fraud, and then the writer endeavors to smooth it over by calling himself a Spiritualist. If my experience and observation have amounted to anything I should say that just such results can be produced in an honest way by spirit power. I should value the paper more highly if the editor had added his note to the article.

Explanations of "Securely Bound."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since writing the article, "Securely Bound," the writer has received so many inquiries as to "how" "don't believe it," with a few polite requests to "explain," that he feels bound to respond through the columns of the JOURNAL, which will be more satisfactory to all interested. By the way, how queer it seems: a silent bit of manuscript addressed to the JOURNAL, brings a buzz from Massachusetts, Indiana, Colorado, and from Minnesota and other States, duplicated. Before proceeding to explain, permit me to say that when we have seen a trick repeated over and over until it seems inexplicable, then if another operator performs it and explains, we are sure to exclaim—"Oh! but I know he did not do it that way!" Also we are sure to remember the exact position of the sitters wrong,—in the case of the self-styled medium. Now four of the JOURNAL's readers must to know how these tricks were performed as given in your issue of Sept. 3rd. In the first place, if your readers will reflect, they will recall the fact that all mediums and tricksters, beginning with the Davenport Brothers, and passing down to the present time (who played the "tie game"), were of the sanguine or lymphatic temperament. You will not be able, I think, to recall any one who performs these feats, who has not round, plump wrists, and, no doubt, tapering hands. Such is a good description of the operator referred to in the JOURNAL of Sept. 3rd. This man after informing me that he had "trained" the "carpals and muscles" of the wrist since his boyhood for this purpose, showed me that whatever clasped his wrist, could by contraction of the "carpus and metacarpus," be passed instantly over the hand from the ropes the hand would be withdrawn instantly and as quickly. Thus did he perform the trick of striking the committee-man in the back and then slipping his hand into knotted ropes. The hand (the left I think) could be slipped from one cuff, and then with an ingenious little piece of watch spring he would unlock the other. When he opened the door first, one hand was in sight—free; the other (I think) contained a watch spring, but was concealed. Then as we reached the door he would replace the hand, thus remaining as we found him. Now the lady and the fiddling string: One brother, a physician and surgeon from Logansport, Ind., inclines to view this statement as absurd, and so it would be if it were claimed that the woman in fact and in good faith escaped from the throat tie, as it was made to appear. Place on the back of the head a concave mirror, and about four inches deep, comb the hair over it. Now one uninitiated would think of pressing her head rudely against the cabinet. It will rest gently against the firm wall. When you are left alone, press the head back, and you will find no difficulty in slipping the string over the head.

About the great number of hands: How queer it is that a matter so very simple, will be persistently paraded before us as a mystery! I fear that the first section of this trick will be so simple in the reader's mind that he will not try it or credit it. Stand behind a screen, body out of sight; raise one hand up in sight; give it a fluttering motion and continually contract and expand. Of course to make a perfect success requires some practice. The looker on will declare that there seems to be different hands.

Then I am aware that a half-dozen hands of gutta percha, attached to one flexible cylinder, have been blown full, and then exhibited at the opening of the cabinet. Let me deviate here a little to refer to a time when the absurd notion of paraffine hands molded over spirit hands was believed in; a certain innocent Eastern paper declared that since, in a few cases, the opening at the wrist of the mold was too small for any hand to reach it, it followed that no mortal could have made the mold. A Western man would, I think, have guessed this trick. Blow full a gutta percha band; mould over it; then let the air escape and the trick is finished.

The drumming described in my former article points to another very simple, yet perfect deception. Let any one practice with three thimbles upon the fingers and he will quickly succeed in drumming very nicely with them. When you are ready to exert your medial power, some mystery will be furnished necessary. Of course the spirits must be furnished with drumsticks. Let a couple of large nails or pieces of wire be placed upon some such thing as a tin pan, or dish, beside you; also place a banjo, guitar, or long-necked instrument upon the table. Now place one of the committees on your left, away from the door, and a second in front of you. Let him from front place his left hand upon the table. Let him who is to your left place his right hand on the top of the first (on your head), and let them join the other two hands. Now place your left hand upon the left hand of man in front; just below the elbow, grasping tightly the last three fingers, and let thumb and first finger remain easy—all of which degree is to be kept concealed. Place your right below this left hand and enough to touch it, and a great change in manner as above. Let the light be extinguished. Instantly, with a strong convulsion of the body, let the thumb and first finger of the left hand take the place of the small fingers of your right. If done skillfully, it is utterly impossible for any one to know that a hand has thus been freed. When the writer was in the twenties (he is now in the fifties), he played this trick, as a trick on consensates, and never was detected a single time. The hand being freed, you may take the thimbles from your pocket and drum, pitching the drumsticks finally among the sitters. This last manœuvre strengthens the thought of the sticks. Here the guitar can also be used, and after a tune of confusion, while, perhaps, the nails are falling on the floor or bell ringing in the air, where you have thrown it,—graciously change fingers, calling for a look, and a nervous shudder will add greatly to the mystery.

One point more and I will close. I had not mentioned the rising up through the floor in my article, but think some good may be done by giving it here. Try it. In a dim room, let one rise from behind a foot-stool or other object as follows: First curve the head well back, and keeping the motion constant, bring it in view; as the chest next comes in sight, curve it in a similar manner, and acquire a steady movement. Stage actors fully comprehend this nice piece of art. The appearance, when it is done well, is that the person ascended through the floor. One of the peculiarities of humanity is that we never think of the fact that the individual is always seeking the same condition because he is playing a trick.

One thing further I would suggest: Whenever a medium in the dark circle insists on your keeping hands clasped, look out for that medium. It is evident that if spirits are performing through his powers, that your looking hands has nothing to do with it.
B. B. ANDERSON,
Concordia, Kansas.

C. E. Winans again Exposed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It becomes our painful duty to announce to the world that we have detected C. E. Winans in most shameful trickery, both at his seances, and in his slate writing and flower mediating. We are all Spiritualists to look out for him as a fraud in practice, though we think him a good medium, and as such, greater is his shame. We all stand ready to back these statements and give particulars at any time.

WARREN H. HARRIS, MARY S. HARRIS,
JOHN J. HARRIS, E. H. PRINCE,
R. H. SUMPTION.

Madison, Neb., Sept. 20, 1887.

This man Winans is a striking example of the demoralization wrought by the temptation which constantly besets a medium for public exhibitions of spirit power, whose moral sense is weak. Years ago he was a respectable man, but he has degenerated into a chronic swindler. When exposed in one

part of the country he flies away to another and finds patronage until again detected. The only way such as he can ever reform, is to cease giving public exhibitions and strive to earn an honest living in some vocation that offers less temptation and opportunity to cheat.—ED. JOURNAL.

The Spirit Covenant.

There is in this city a small body of earnest people who have united for spiritual growth and assistance and call their society The Spirit Covenant. The friends meet every other Friday evening. Dr. Phelps is one of the best known members. At a late meeting Mr. S. W. Fallis, for the fourth time president of the organization, delivered the following inaugural remarks:

Officers and members of the Spirit Covenant:

In entering upon my duties as your presiding officer for the fourth year, I feel constrained to express to you my heart-felt thanks for continued honors conferred upon me, and also for your kind and harmonious assistance in the discharge of my duties during the past year. I assure you it is one of my greatest pleasures, and I feel that it is one common with us all, to meet from month to month with both the visible and the invisible friends, seeking knowledge, comfort and guidance from those we know we can trust.

Although our growth is not rapid as is that of the weed which to-day springs forth full grown, and to-morrow is not, we are not to be at all weary of well doing; rather let our increase be that of the oak of a hundred years, whose head towers heavenward, and whose roots take hold of the foundations of the earth. Our accessions from time to time to the Covenant are true and tried seekers after light and truth. They add additional strength to the adamant foundations, resting upon the eternal purpose which the Covenant seeks to build, not for the present appearance, but for all the ages yet deep in the womb of the future buried.

The bricks of strength, the mortar of truth, and the windows of light, all in harmony with each other, already begin to show forth the design of the invisible architect, whose invisible temple we hope to see manifested while we are still in the earth. If not so, then we certainly shall as members of the invisible section of our beloved Covenant. We know its stability will be proof against all the cyclones of unbelief, even to the end of time. The power now holding within itself, will at no distant day manifest itself as a factor for good in the land.

Let us studiously put aside all thought of self-aggrandizement and bow with true reverence to the will of the Supreme Intelligence and the guidance of our spirit guides and friends, for without their assistance, we should be lost in the immense deserts of barren and fruitless endeavor.

I cannot omit to mention the loss to our personal consciousness of the presence of our dear mother, respected and beloved members, who during the past year have been called from the visible to the invisible section of the Spirit Covenant. They have gained; we have lost. They already tell us of the joy and peace of the inheritance into which they have entered. "Through the Gates of Gold." They bid us be strong, and hope for the joy of the future to those who endure to the end.

I also thank our unseen members and guides whose words of light, peace and joy have brought to our weary and oft-tiring hearts, comfort and strength so many times in the cycle just closed. Commending our Covenant to the will and guidance of the highest intelligence, let us ask for the things we need, with the persistence of desire, knowing that whatever is best for us will be always granted.

The Cure of Hydrophobia.

The lamented death of Lord Donerale, and the apparent collapse of M. Pasteur's system, has again attracted special attention to the subject of hydrophobia. With each death recorded the public anxiety seems to increase. The death-roll among those who have taken the Pasteur treatment for the disease now amounts to 95, and in the presence of such a mortality we should surely desist from sending more patients to undergo so questionable a form of treatment until the matter is definitely settled. Besides, M. Pasteur has shown so little stability in his procedure, having twice changed his methods, that one is compelled to believe that he is not at all sure of his ground. His inoculations are, therefore, nothing more or less than a hazardous experiment on human beings. But we touch upon the most serious aspect of the case when we assert that there is something more than a suspicion that many of those who have succumbed after being inoculated, were in no danger from the original injury. If we had nothing to offer in place of the Pasteurian inoculation, in our belief the wisest course would be to place the patient in the most favorable medical and hygienic conditions, and hope that such means would conduce to his being one of the large proportion of those bitten by rabid animals who escape all evil consequences. But our hands are by no means empty. The system of treatment by vapour baths, to which several of your correspondents have alluded, is at once simple and safe, theoretically sound, and practically successful. Dr. Buisson, the first to treat rabid dogs, was himself bitten by a rabid animal, and was actually suffering from hydrophobia. The baths cured him, and subsequently over 80 people bitten by rabid dogs underwent his process, and not one died. He ordered seven baths at a temperature of 42 to 48 deg. Reaumur (108 to 140 deg. Fahrenheit), one each consecutive day. The wound was washed with liquid ammonia, and the patient drank freely of hot infusion of borage to promote full perspiration. This was his preventive treatment. When the disease had declared itself the patient remained in the Russian bath until cured—not a very long process, as hydrophobia, when fatal is so with in four days. It seems little less than culpable that sufferers should be deprived of such means of rescue and sent to Paris to undergo experimental inoculations of putrid matter into their circulations in the name of science, and at least 95 cases of death, preventing the appearance of any other method. The French experimentalists are confessedly incapable of alleviating when developed.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ALEX. BOWIE, M. D., L. R. C. P.
—Medium and Daybreak.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Peoples' Spiritual meeting of this city seems to have taken an aggressive and progressive step of late, having secured a most charming little hall at 873 Sixth Avenue, between 40th and 50th Sts., holding their first sessions there Sunday the 11th inst. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham delivered a "Our New Sunday Home," "Our Future Spirit Home," and "Harmony." Subjects furnished by the audience. The address and poems were exceedingly fine, and the Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voice," and ex-Metropolitan lodge preacher, expressed his great joy when he found the "true light which enlightened every man that cometh into the world."

Mrs. M. C. Morrell gave descriptions of advanced spirits who had come to join in our dedicatory services. She said that many of the spirits will take the form of a being, and have appeared in the hall, resting like the "Dove of Peace" on each one present. It was a true spiritual "pentecost."

On the evening of the 11th, Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., "Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments," delivered an address replete with good instruction, interspersed the same with humorous anecdotes, which illustrated the points made in a very forcible manner, also keeping the audience in such good humor as to make us "forget that we have any vinegar in our natural make-up." We want Mr. Harter again soon. Spiritualists should keep him at work.

Sunday, the 18th inst. Mrs. A. L. Pennell, of Onset, Mass., officiated as Platform Test Medium, and was many friends by the "proofs positive" which she gave, and her own personal delivery of the communications given astonishing the recipients. Mrs. Pennell is expected to remain with us for several weeks.

Steps are being taken to inaugurate a children's meeting, and for that purpose a meeting has been called at our hall for next Sunday morning, to take the initiatory.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd, a Spiritual Love-feast will form a part of the work of the afternoon.
New York, Sept. 22.
F. W. JONES.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Translated from La Prensa of Mexico.

Villadarias looked upon his invalid wife whose emaciated form hardly made any prominence in the bed, as if the ragged cotton coverlet wrapped a spectre in its folds rather than a human body. She was falling hour by hour, her spirit was rising above matter, her flesh was disappearing mysteriously and the machinery of life seemed about ready to stop.

The woman was suffering from a complicated disease, which was aggravated by hunger. The remnants of a sad beauty were still visible on her features, like to the reflection upon the sky of a winter's pallid sunset. Her eyes had grown large from hunger and had an expression of stupor in them, while her long, delicate hands now and then grasped and relaxed from the folds of the soiled bed covering.

Villadarias regarded her with deep concern, biting his lips in painful anxiety. "Are you sleeping?" he asked the suffering woman as he bent tenderly over her.

"No," she murmured faintly, "this pain does not permit me to sleep."

Her right and left sides she experienced the gnawing pain. Hunger was drawing upon her stomach in the vain endeavor of satisfying its pangs upon the scanty flesh and blood of that impoverished body.

A cupful of broth presented by a charitable neighbor was being warmed in an earthen vessel. Perhaps it was the last that the poor creature would ever taste. The broth boiled and hissed and bubbled. Villadarias took it from the fire, turned it into a broken-edged cup, and gave it to his wife, who sank into a troubled sleep.

For the next day there was no nourishment, not even charity's cup of broth. Villadarias seated himself near the bed, closed his sunken eyes and saw before him a future blacker than the shadow which his closed eyelids formed. There seemed to be no light for him. He thought of committing suicide, but this would have been the worst of cowardice. He did something else, he searched the house.

There was nothing left in it but the scum of misery—rage, want, sorrow. On fumbling over the contents of a trunk belonging to the sick woman he stumbled upon a carefully folded paper which he unfolded. Within were three pesetas (seventy-five cents)—the savings of poverty. Villadarias put them into his pocket, and approaching the bed he printed a kiss upon the half-opened lips of his wife and went out. Leaving the alcove of the garret he slowly descended to the noisy street.

As he passed by a store his attention was attracted by a bright light and the sound of jingling coin that proceeded therefrom. Some one was counting his money. The store was one in which lottery tickets were sold, and he saw it was posted a notice which read as follows: "To-morrow is the drawing. Decimal tickets for sale at three pesetas."

He did not know whether or not this was an inspiration from heaven, but he forgot that he had left home to purchase food for his famishing wife—that the three pieces of money in his possession were three days of victory over starvation and that he was going almost to commit murder. He forgot all and entered the shop.

He bought a decimal ticket and saw the number "13" stamped upon it. He vacillated a moment, but resolutely put the ticket into his pocket and left the place. The number 13 represented a fatality, and like a madman Villadarias challenged it with the secret hope of being surprised by an audacious risk.

He returned to his miserable garret and passed the night at the bedside of the prostrated invalid, and he burned with fever and remorse. The morning dawned; the sun shone through the skylight and found him awake. Before the sick woman opened her eyes he went down stairs fearing that his face might betray to her what he had done.

In the doorway he met two neighbors who were looking over a list of numbers that had drawn prizes in the lottery. Villadarias eager eyes Villadarias peered over their shoulders for the number 13. It was not there. Fatality had not been frightened at his rashness.

He drew from his pocket the three pesetas converted into a due-bill against a fortune that had not arrived, and he tore it up in a sort of silent rage. The fragments fell like a shower of snow upon the muddy pavement.

"Why do you tear up your ticket?" said one of the neighbors. "Perhaps you will find in the official list, that your number has drawn a prize."

The official list! Villadarias thought that what his neighbor said was a cruel mockery, and that such a thing could be by no manner of means happen.

Nevertheless, the remark had its influence upon him. He looked upon the torn bits of his ticket that were still clinging and unrolled upon the ground and started off down the street, stopping at the first lottery ticket office that he found open. He entered in a stumbling manner for he was half crazed with a horrible suspicion, and stammeringly inquired if number 13 had drawn a prize.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "the first prize; the list that have been circulated on the streets are incorrect, as they do not contain this number, but it will appear in the official list."

"Incorrect!" stammered with anger and grief Villadarias gave one glance at the speaker, and rushing from the room he ran with all possible speed to the spot where were the fragments of his ticket, but they had disappeared in the mud of the street beneath the wheels of passing vehicles.

Once more he ascended to his garret with a heavy step but with a still heavier heart. His famishing wife and moribund child saw him as he entered, and faintly murmured—
"I am so hungry!"
Villadarias knelt by her side and kissed her lips, and all was still.

He could not restore life to the silent form; he had thrown it away on a lottery ticket—on number 13. Many and remorseful were the scalding tears he shed and terrible for their bitterness.
FERNANDO URRECHIA.
Translator.

Catalepsy and Somnambulism.

By catalepsy is meant a condition of suspended physical manifestations on the part of the subject, during which the limbs exhibit no muscular or nervous hyper excitability, but possess the singular property, while remaining flexible, of pre-arranging indefinitely any attitude imparted to them; hence the name "waxy flexibility" given to this condition by old writers. Unlike the rigid spasms of the lethargic medium, the plastic fixity of the cataleptic limb can not be relaxed by friction over the skin. The aspect of the patient in the two conditions, moreover, offers striking differences, the sleep-like immobility of lethargy contrasting vividly with the petrified attitudes of catalepsy. In both conditions, however, there often is the same absolute insensibility great to the most painful stimuli. A most remarkable phenomenon may be observed in some instances: by merely opening one eye of the lethargic patient the corresponding side of the body is cataleptized. And so in the same subject these two phases of the hypnotic sleep may coexist side by side, with the fullest display of their contrasted characteristics.

The third condition, that of somnambulism, may easily be brought about by light pressure or rubbing on top of the head. The hysterical patient then passes into a state somewhat between the lethargic and the cataleptic condition. The muscles have lost the hyper-excitability of the former state, and do not possess the plastic adaptability of the latter. Still they react abnormally to light external stimuli; if we very gently stroke or blow upon a limb, it becomes somewhat rigid. We can not then relax it by a mere touch as we can in lethargy, and, unlike catalepsy, it offers some resistance when we attempt to move it into a different attitude. Insensibility to pain may persist, but there often is in the somnambulist phase a singular exaltation of memory and of sensorial perception, which has caused it to be called the "lucid state," and which has been described by the devotees of mesmeric delusions as "second-light." One reader will recognize in the description the ordinary "magnetic" or "mesmeric" sleep into which not only hysterical, but many other individuals may be completely plunged by the usual "passer" of operators.

It is especially in the somnambulist state that the astonishing phenomena of suggestion are observed. By this we mean that the patient in whom every spontaneity is in abeyance, who does not "sleep," and who yet does not move or think, can be

so impressed through some sensory channel as to execute upon some definite train of ideas or movements. He is under the control of the experimenter, whose will is his will, so to speak. He is a machine, ready to go, but unable to start itself.—From "Sleep and its Counterparts," by Dr. A. de Watterville, in Popular Science Monthly.

Mediums and Speakers.

There can be no rational objection against mediums and speakers of character, probity and earnestness visiting the various parts of the common field of labor. But in their so doing they encounter the possibilities of either having to make all their own arrangements unaided, be taken up by some party who for a percentage will undertake to "run" them as a speculation, or happily encounter a stable and proper organization to receive and sustain them. In the first two instances Spiritualism is the natural result. When our cause—for the effective work—depends upon either the visits of traveling workers or the efforts of interested manipulators, then will it always be that when there is nothing to attract the one, or repay the other public work will come to a standstill. Whenever such parties are the only ones that our work depends upon for its furtherance then no real progress ever results.

Organized effort persistently and consistently, maintained, self-sacrificingly supported and administered, is now understood as the only real means whereby our cause can be upheld and carried forward. Steady effort, not spasmodic flash-in-the-pan attempts benefit our work, and show the public that we are people of sobriety, earnestness and dignity. Spiritualistic comes like their kind in the idealistic states are no doubt of use and service, but their orbits are erratic and their influence disturbing. All nature teaches organization and unity. Spiritualists, your duty is to sustain a steady organized and united cause—which means increase of numbers, power, means and usefulness. Intermittent and spasmodic Spiritualism conducted by the speculative and irresponsible has had its day.—The Carrier Dove.

A Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I like your paper very much, for it points out to me that there is a life beyond the grave. I will tell you how the future life has been shown to me, which is more convincing to me than all I have ever seen of others. About two years ago, I had a vision. I was very ill—my heart was passing to higher life. I was very great many go through the gate, none of whom I knew until my son, some twenty-two or twenty-three years old came, but soon disappeared. I looked upon the change with pleasure rather than dread, and longed for the time to come when I might take the degree, but it did not come then. My health was not very good, but my son was well, I supposed. The incident of his death was very much in my mind. I saw it in my vision or dream. I went out in the morning to do my chores, and when I came in he was dead, the same as I had seen.
Elgin, Iowa.
Wm. N. BENNETT.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Birmingham gun firm, in order to obviate the difficulty in sighting guns in the dark, have introduced small diamonds in both sights.

The Kansas drugstore, who are required by law to get twenty-five women to sign their petitions for permits to sell liquor, find that it is a hard condition.

A Berrien Springs, Mich., lady makes the discovery that her gun, which she pursued with the energy of despair, will get away with sea-sickness every time.

A torpedo boat has been sent by train right across France from Toulon to Cherbourg. It was placed on a platform mounted on ten railway trucks, and traveled without mishap.

It costs a railroad company \$600 more to put up 1,000 signs reading "Look out for the locomotive" than the same number reading "Danger." And the latter are the most effective, too.

The physique of the English soldier has improved very much during the last decade. During the year 1880-4 the rejections were 801 per 1,000. During 1882-6 there were only 206.

William Walters, a Galena sportsman, caught in the Mississippi a catfish that weighed thirty pounds and measured four feet nine inches in length. It was the largest fish ever caught in those waters.

The crown prince of Germany recently gave a diamond pendant to the wife of the lumberman where he staid near Norwood. After he left it was found that the diamonds were paste. The husband wrote to Germany, but received no answer.

The title of the king of Burmah includes the king of kings, the cause of the preservation of all animals the regulator of the seasons, and absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of

Signs in the Heavens.

(Continued from First Page.)

against the ship seems to me like the gurgling of blood.

The noise of the machinery I could fancy to be the clashing of battle axes, the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

The smokestacks of the steamer seem to me like two executioners.

After twenty-one days of navigation I went on deck. I looked out upon the waves, and everywhere I beheld the visage of Maximilian.

It was just at sunset, and I perceived in the horizon a whitish object and I said to the chief of the steamer, "What point is that which I behold close to the horizon, my captain?"

"The coast of the Baltic, Madame.

"Shores of the Baltic—sail of my native land!" I cried in my conscience. "Here am I as I promised you—I return to you draped in mourning."

I arrived in Paris, hastened to the Tuilleries and said to the chief courtier: "Inform the Emperor that the widow of Maximilian wishes to speak to him."

Ah! Maria, Napoleon received me like a man of wood, as a statue of granite, as a machine of iron.

But I discerned a cross, and at its foot was a weeping woman—ay! more than woman—a mother. That great hope was mine—that of the cross. I worshiped at that grand religious shrine; I blessed the anguish of Calvary and longed to receive consolation from Jesus and from Mary.

I flew to Rome and went to the Vatican. I pressed my lips to the feet of His Holiness, and on kissing his foot I saw again the "signs in the heavens." I saw again the vision of three headless bodies; I saw two hands crossed—hands that were dripping with blood like the hair of the victims; hands that were preparing two gibbets, and hands that spoke and said, "We are Monti and Tognetti."

I had no longer any hope—my faith was extinguished. I called to mind the memory of one man and I lost my reason.

XII.

I was taken to Vienna, but in Vienna there is much festivity and I came to this castle. I am here in the country. I live in silence, in solitude and with a cherished memory.

A casket was brought to me here one day, containing the remains of the man I loved.

I opened it when no one was observing me. The right hand of my husband was closed as though it were a hand of bronze. I opened it and found it clasping a paper which read as follows:

"Carliota, thou didst prophesy rightly. The light that penetrates my abode is the last of sunshine that I shall ever see. I am preparing for death, kneeling before the Nazarene. Within a few hours I shall go to the place of my execution between a priest and my executioner. Thou art not to blame; in this be comforted and pardon me. Remember me to my family and to my country. Good-bye, Carliota, the judgment of God awaits me. Since I have wrongly lived I desire to die rightly. My last prayer will be for thee. Who would have believed that I would come to this, my dearly beloved?"

Is it strange, my dear friend, that this poor woman should have lost her reason?

I often look in the mirror and exclaim, "I am not what I was. I am not Carliota. I am not a woman. I am not in life. I had a soul, but they stole it from me!"

"Restore it to me, ye thieves!"

XIII.

Napoleon III, in his exalted state, was my ruin.

Napoleon III, though brought low, will also be thy ruin.

XIV.

Maria, all is over! Give a kiss to your son Amadeo.

My letter must end. Good-bye, Maria Victoria. I feel my mind tottering. I feel my soul returning to its wanderings over the fathomless abysses of madness. Again I see "signs in the heavens." I behold again the vision of headless human bodies. I see two hands crossed. I hear the crunching of bones. I see wild beasts slaking their thirst in pools of blood.

Now I seem to be a goddess, and now I fancy myself to be a monster from hell.

Oh! daughter of my soul! Do not leave Turin; do not leave Florence; do not leave Rome; do not forsake thy fatherland.

Take care! for they are deceiving thee as they deceived me.

Take care! for they will betray thee as they betrayed me.

Take care! for the time will come in which thy fond hopes will have no other realization than that horrible one of dying insane.

Maria, Maria! look after thy husband, thy son and thyself.

I have given thee the greatest proof of friendship that a woman can possibly give thee by recounting to thee the history, sufferings and mysteries that no one knows save thine unfortunate and faithful friend,

CARLOTTA.

Ex-Empress of Mexico.

SECTARIAN INFLUENCES AT WORK.

The Roman Catechism Taught in the Public Schools—Hands Off.

St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press: There seems to be a return in some quarters of the aggressive disposition of the Catholic priesthood toward the public schools which, it was thought, the experience of the past had quieted permanently. The people of this State were not a little disturbed by the Melrose incident, where a Roman Catholic majority compelled the shortening of the school year. The description which has been given by a Bank Centre correspondent of the state of things throughout Stearns county, where, it is asserted, the Roman catechism is taught openly in the schools, and either the earlier or the later hours of the day are devoted to religious instruction given by the priests, will start into livelier indignation the feeling that has now slumbered for many years. For these practices are in direct violation of the State Constitution, and especially of an amendment adopted 1877 to meet this very attempt to introduce sectarian teaching in the public schools. If we had not the testimony of a trustworthy correspondent we could hardly credit the statement that such systematic infractions of the plain letter of the law were permitted or encouraged, much less participated in by the Catholic clergy of Stearns county.

These gentlemen and all others, of whatever race or creed, may as well understand once for all that neither the people of this State nor those of any other in this country will be silent under any assault upon the public school or under any attempt to pervert its only true and warrentable mission. We have fought that fight once in this State, and the result has taught the wisest of those who favor private or parochial schools the wisdom of non-interference. Any renewal

of the unequal conflict can have only the same issue. Its only effect can be to raise once more to the white heat the fires of sectarian bitterness which all good citizens would hope to see slumber in their ashes.

If there is any principle more deeply imbedded than another in the American system it is that sectarian influences shall be banished from the public schools as utterly as religious tests are from the granting of political rights. The Constitution of this State expressly excluded sectarian instruction from any school supported in any part by public funds. Where that provision is violated every citizen interested has his remedy at the law. It is hardly probable, however, that matters need come to this pass. Intelligent Roman Catholics recognize the fact that the public school and the church are separated by a line which no wise man will try to cross. The insidious introduction of priestly influence, is probably the work of less well-informed enthusiasts, relying on their numerical power in particular communities. That work must stop, and at once. The whole community, standing behind its most precious possession, the free public school, says to the church: "Hands off!"

Science vs. Religion.

In science, nothing can be permanently accepted but that which is true; and whatever is accepted as true is challenged again and again. It is an axiom in science that no truth can be so sacred that it may not be questioned. When that which has been accepted as true has the least doubt thrown upon it, scientific men at once re-examine the subject. No opinion is sacred. "It ought to be," is never heard in scientific circles. "It seems to be" and "We think it is" is the modest language of scientific literature. In science, all apparently conflicting facts are marshalled, all doubts are weighed, all sources of error are examined, and the most refined determination is given with the "probable error." A guard is set upon the bias of enthusiasm, the bias of previous statement, and the bias of hope for discovery, that they may not lead astray. So, while scientific research is a training in observation and reasoning, it is also a training in integrity.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Science is modest.—*Bible for Learners.* So much for science, but what of religion? Religious rules and methods are the very opposite of those set forth above. Religion is haughty, supercilious and arrogant. In religion, anything may be accepted as true, whether its truth be established or not; and whatever is accepted as true may not be challenged with impunity. In religion, whatever is accepted as truth is too sacred to be questioned. When doubts are thrown upon it, it may not be re-examined. Religious opinions are sacred. "It ought to be" is too commonly heard in religious circles. "It seems to be," and "We think it is," is the foundation of too much Christian, as well as other theology. In religion, all conflicting facts are subject to enforced reconciliation, doubts are peremptorily dismissed, sources of error are carefully concealed, and the bias of enthusiasm, the bias of previous statement, and the bias of flattering hopes are followed, in whichever direction they may lead. Religious research is neither a training in observation, reasoning nor integrity.

Science never changes. When once a fact is learned, it is never abandoned. Religion, on the contrary, is continually changing. It possesses no element of permanence or stability. It must change to adapt itself to its ever-changing surroundings or cease to be. System after system has developed, matured, borne fruit, decayed, and taken its place in the cemetery of defunct religions; while science, ever young and ever vigorous, pursues the even tenor of its way, never discouraged, never impatient, improving every opportunity, and biding the time when poor humanity shall have cleared the dust of theological bias from its eyes, and become capable of pursuing and appreciating the glorious truths which a magnificent nature is ever unfolding for man's use and benefit. The great enemy of science is religion, and an irrepressible conflict is being waged between these two opposing forces. "Science is modest," and its representatives are usually the plainest as well as the most reserved and unostentatious of persons; while among the representatives of religion are found the most pompous, presumptuous and vain-glorious of men. Dwelling in palaces, assuming high-sounding titles, habited in rich clothing, decorated with gold and precious stones, and faring sumptuously every day, they form a striking contrast to the toilsome discoverers and teachers of scientific truth.

The hope of the world is in the day when the conflict between science and religion shall end; and end as only it can end, in the absolute supremacy of science, and the total disappearance of religion. As alchemy is to chemistry, and as astrology is to astronomy, so is religion to science. The result is a question of time, and of time only. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebunt.*—R. DAVIS, in *Fire* *fly.*

Cassadaga Camp.

Will you be kind enough to publish another "last word" from Cassadaga Camp? I thought I had finished for the year in my last article, but an event occurred on the grounds that seems to deserve honorable mention; I refer to the celebration by about eighty friends on the grounds, of the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Marion Skidmore, Sept. 8th. Mrs. Skidmore is known far and wide as the motor power of the grounds, and her birth involves the birth and life of our beloved sylvan home, where we yearly meet to hear inspired words and hold a nearer communion with those gone on before.

We proposed to make this affair an entire surprise to the recipient, and Mrs. Skidmore was coaxed off the grounds. When she returned at six in the evening, she was met at the train by a carriage and escort, whisked off to the hotel, landed in the parlor, and then the secret came to light. Between seventy and eighty friends gathered around to congratulate her whom all love and honor. All were affected; we must either laugh or cry; so we concluded to laugh loud and long, and to the music of merry voices we marched to the dining room, where tables had been arranged beautifully ornamented with ferns, flowers and fruits, and loaded with the best of fare. After the supper we were invited to the auditorium. There another surprise awaited Mrs. Skidmore. The rostrum was decorated tastefully and a large chair in the center waited her whom all sought to honor. As she came down the center aisle a beautiful colored light played over the scene and made a halo around. After a song, Mrs. R. S. Lillie made some appropriate remarks in her usual happy manner, and ended by presenting Mrs. Skidmore with a beautiful oil-painted panel from her friends. Then came singing, speeches and

finally a dance. Young and old joined, and if the writer is not mistaken, some rheumatic old heels were surprised at their own nimbleness.

I write this because it seems appropriate that one who has worked so long, quietly and unselfishly, for the cause, should for once come to the front, and be spoken of as she so richly deserves. To say that she is the soul of the camp is to speak but faintly of what she means to Cassadaga; not as a figure head but as a worker in many ways. I have seen her coming in from the woods early in the morning drenched with dew and laden with fern and flowers for the rostrum. I have seen her clean and sweep that rostrum; caught her behind the amphitheater ringing the bell for lectures; in fact doing anything her hands could find to do for the happiness of all and the reputation of the meeting. Always ready to sacrifice her comfort for others, always with an inspiring word for the weak, always ready to listen to trials and troubles, but never groaning over her own, words fail to express how deeply we revere the true-hearted, loving, unselfish Marion Skidmore. E. W. T.

Sept. 21, 1887.

Woman and the Household.

The Towers of Silence.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

After the realm of India
The Towers of Silence stand.
These tall and stately towers—
In the heart of that mystic land.
And oft, with a prayer the Hindoo,
When day has left the sky,
Goes up to the Towers of Silence
Where the dead of India lie.

My heart has its towers of silence,
To the world unseen, unknown,
And often, weary and broken,
I visit them all alone.
The portals, noiseless swinging,
I pass with a solemn tread,
And deep in the gloomy towers
I wander among my dead.

Into my towers of silence
Enters no worldly care;
Over the altar a censer
Swings in the listless air.
The place is hushed and holy,
The moment calm and sweet,
And no one here in my towers
The pattering of busy feet.

By the Indian's towers of silence
The Ganges slowly flows,
With a murmur dull and dreary
Which only the Hindoo knows.
I read in the volume mystic
How prayer he at his shrine,
Till I feel that the prayer of the Hindoo
Is nearly akin to mine.

He prays to gods of the rivers,
To gods of the moon and sun;
He bares his heart to a thousand,
And I bare mine to One!
He asks for a strength that saith
When fierce temptations try;
He comes from the towers of silence
Strengthened, and so do I.

O wonderful towers of silence!
O mystic land afar,
Where the prayer of the kneeling Hindoo
Floats up to the brightest star!
There falls on our towers of silence,
A light that is all divine,
And thy voice comes over the waters,
O dark-skinned brother of mine!

"That Hired Girl."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As an appreciative reader of the JOURNAL (the literature of which I find not to be beyond the comprehension of at least one "Servant girl," and the advocacy of which have caused me many insults from my superior(?) the housewife), I have been perusing with interest,—not unmixed with amusement,—the numerous articles on the servant girl question. Having served in that capacity for a number of years and given the matter considerable thought and study, I believe that I am competent to express an opinion upon the subject; and certainly justice demands that all sides of a question be presented before verdict is passed upon the testimony. The "servant girl plague" is becoming, as in fact it has been for some time past, of serious importance, and I am glad to see the subject under discussion, but I think the plans so far suggested will not bring about the much needed change.

I would suggest the first step towards a reformation would be to ascertain the cause of the difficulty, the effect of which most housewives realize only too well. In my opinion as formed from my standpoint, the primary cause is the stigma attached to the position, and the incompetency of housewives. I find from experience that not every one is fully qualified by nature, education or training, to keep help, and of course trouble is the natural result. In all my experience with housewives, I have met but one that I thought competent to assume the responsibility. As a rule I find them to be petty and narrow in their ideas, and of course the same in mode of government.

The cause, as previously stated, is the stigma attached to the position; and right here I want to ask, Why is it that house work when performed by the members of the family, or by parties as an equivalent, for courtesies should be regarded as perfectly honorable; but when the same work is performed for a money compensation, followed as a vocation and means of a livelihood, the stigma of disgrace is at once put upon it? Where is the justice and consistency? Perhaps some one might suggest, because of the class that fill such positions. Precisely. But can that affect the work? Is it not still just as honorable and respectable as it can ever be at any time? Is not the worker alone in fault? Then would it not be more just to make character the criterion of respectability and not the work?

Lucinda B. Chandler in her article of Sept. 17th says: "Either the system must separate the branches of business and adapt household life to the principle of a division of labor,—or housewives must find how to induce a superior grade of persons to enter into domestic service." (Italics are mine.)

Again she says: "The spiritual philosophy of human freedom is that no ordinary wages for service can pay for it: neither can ordinary wages compensate a self-respecting, capable girl for the loss of social standing." Now if the above facts are true, and they undoubtedly are, and there can be no change from this condition of things, why should housewives complain of inefficient help? How can any woman who has the heart and brain of a human being ask another woman, and that woman her sister by all the common ties of nature, to renounce all that makes life worth living? Can any housewife conscientiously ask a superior and more capable woman to accept and devote her time, a life time, perhaps, to a work that robs her of her true worth, and which offers to her no advancement? Put your own daughter in that

young woman's place and ask yourself the question: "Would it not be more humane, noble and womanly to prevent, by every possible means, any promising and capable woman from throwing herself away by doing that which degrades and, of course, demoralizes?" That the position of the servant girl does have this effect, every thoughtful person will have to admit. Respect and consideration are as foreign to the servant girl as that which is "just, reasonable and humane."

True, when the housewife does everything possible for the general good of her help, and fails to realize the naturally expected result, she deserves sympathy of course; at the same time there is something wrong somewhere. For instance, the kindness that will apply to the dumb creation, will not apply to the human family. I have experienced that sort of kindness myself. Not even the "mournful smile" will have the desired effect. On the contrary a quiet manner, and the right word in the right place would be better. Some housewives assume the demeanor of an insane individual when mishaps unavoidably occur. Of the two, the "seulle" would be preferable.

Probably the reason why clerks, as a rule, do not assume the airs and privileges of the average house servant, is because of the environments and the difference in the nature of the work, both of which have a direct influence upon the character. Then, again, men conduct their business in a business-like manner. How many women manage their house work in like manner? Also I might suggest that the term applied to domestic service—servant girl—be changed to a form more appropriate, and more indicative of refinement. The clerk in the office is hired like any domestic servant to perform his work, yet his employer does not speak of him, nor is the term generally applied to him, as "servant boy," or "hired boy." And yet the principle in the two cases is just the same. No one would think of applying the term boy to a man, and vice versa, yet the title of "servant girl," or "hired girl," includes the feminine of all ages, from the girl of ten years to the woman of fifty.

"E" in "Servant Girl" has struck the true keynote of wisdom. But L. H. Mace in the reply to same article, thinks it is certainly difficult of application at the present day in all cases. We all meet those persons with whom it would be impossible to associate, much less to love as we would love another, because of the extreme difference in natures. Magnanimity, however, can always be exercised in all cases. If I might then suggest a remedy for the existing "household plague," it is this: To remove the stigma attached to the work, and to the everlasting shame of woman be it said that it ever existed, and improve the competency of housewives, that it may be possible for a superior grade of women to enter the service.

"As you sow so shall you reap." And certainly it seems that housewives are reaping as they have sowed.

Terre Haute, Ind. ELLEN M. ABRAMS.

Clara Barton and the National Encampment.

At the National Encampment of State troops in Washington in the month of May, that wonderful woman Clara Barton found a chance to do good work. When Miss Clara Barton found that neither the Drill Management nor the city had made any provision for the sick that might be in the "National Encampment" that was to be there in competitive drill in May, it seemed a serious neglect which might subject us then to severe criticism. So to save the reputation of the city, as well as to give an object lesson in the work of the Red Cross, she asked that its hospital be established on the ground.

The management were so pleased with her interest in the matter that they gave her carte blanche in the matter, and asked her to select and appoint the medical director and such aids as she might choose—they would put up all the hospital tents she wanted. They pitched twenty, with a kitchen and dining tent, where over a hundred meals a day were served. She secured a Dutch portable barrack and a second portable house for headquarters.

She appointed Dr. J. O. Stanton Medical Director, and twelve other leading surgeons of the city—six of them of actual army experience—to serve in relays night and day; the army nurses of the city as aids with Dr. Edson as superintendent of nurses—(they the same that attended President Garfield in his illness)—and some forty trained nurses from the Training School, made an efficient corps of help.

The War Department sent two hospital stewards who were kept busy night and day in the Dutch barrack, which was used as a dispensary. An ambulance with its flag and insignia, its surgeon and stretcher-bearers, was a new sight, carrying sick and prostrated men to the camp hospital for care and nursing.

Each one on duty from Medical Director to colored attendant, wore his or her appropriate Red Cross insignia, and it was interesting to see those old army surgeons as proud of their arm-band as boys with their first pair of new boots. One of them said he possessed seven of the most coveted insignia in the United States, but he "would rather have that Red Cross arm-band pinned there by Clara Barton than all the rest of them together, and he would part with all the rest before he would let that one go!"

The week of the camp was one continuous ovation to Miss Barton. She could find no escape from the throng. Some "had been waiting years to speak or grasp her hand," others wanted "only just to see her and listen as she might speak to others," or a mother wanted her little girls to take her hand for she "would rather be Clara Barton than any other woman in the world," and so it all went on to the end.

The patients were astonished when they came to learn that they could neither pay for medical attention, nor nursing "that was better than they could have had at home," nor for medicines that were as free as the rest when needed. "They had found no other place that they had not had to pay for all they had." There were a number of serious cases but not a death, and all were sent home well or recovering.—*Ex.*

Women who Work.

Three million women in the United States work for money. Of these 600,000 are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; 840,000 are employed in manufacturing, while 530,000 in the laundries of the country insist that the "Chinese must go"; 280,000 are milliners and 200,000 find employment as dressmakers; 80,000 earn their bread in the tailorshops and 680,000 are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph-operators, typewriters, bookkeepers, typographers, and nurses. There are 2,500 female physicians.

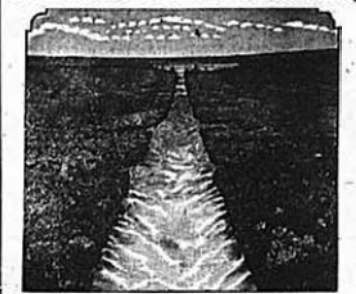


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(Engraved from Photograph taken July, 1887.)

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("The Minneapolis of Nebraska.")

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OF CITY PROPERTY.

ON OCTOBER 14 AND 15, 1887.

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VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

No. 8

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIME.

A Sermon by Rev. Alex Kent, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Washington, D. C.

[Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Text.—And he said also to the people, when ye see a cloud rise out of the West, straightway ye say there cometh a shower, and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say there will be heat, and it cometh to pass. Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it ye do not discern this time? Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?—Luke 12: 54, 57.

I have chosen this passage as the basis of my remarks this morning because of the emphasis it puts upon two truths which I desire to make plain. The first of these is, there are signs of the time as well as of the weather; and the second is, observing and honest men may read the former as well as the latter.

Great changes in the world of thought and feeling foreshadow themselves on the face and in the atmosphere of society as certainly as coming storms herald their approach on the face of the sky and of the earth. In the nature of things it must be so; for law must prevail as certainly in the world of morals as in that of physics. There is an orderly process in the development of character as certainly as in the action of the elements. The choice of illustrations here is exceedingly happy. If there is any realm void of law, destitute of order—any realm where chaos might be thought to reign—*it is just this realm of the air.* To the common thought, "the wind" indeed "bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth"; but the discoveries of modern science have made us to know that law is as absolute here as elsewhere; that the development of a storm is a process as orderly as the formation of a crystal or the growth of a flower. Our knowledge is as yet too limited to permit our doing much in the way of forecasting these changes except at short ranges, but we are as certain that law reigns in those parts of the process that lie beyond our knowledge as in those with which we have become familiar.

If, then, law reigns in this realm, which above all others seems chaotic or orderless, may we not be sure that law reigns in the social world also, and that here "coming events cast their shadows before," as truly as coming storms send out their heralds to tell of their approach? And if we may, then in the second place, we may be sure also that these signs of the time are as open to human discernment as the face of the earth or sky.

The words of Jesus convey a stern rebuke to the people of his time for neglecting their privileges and coming short of their duty in this respect. "Ye hypocrites," he said "ye know how to interpret the face of the earth and the heaven, but how is it that ye know not how to interpret this time?" Clearly the language of the Master implies moral culpability on their part. Their inability to discern the signs of the time was not due, then, to absence of faculty, but to culpable neglect of faculty. His language implies not only a faculty on their part enabling them to perceive these signs of the time when interpreted by another, but a faculty which, rightly used, would enable them to interpret for themselves. "Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" The people of that day, addressed by Jesus, ought to have seen for themselves that their nation was on the verge of ruin—that the very fundamentals of their national polity lay as a barrier in the pathway of the Kingdom of God. More, even, than the gentile

peoples about them; were they hostile to the truth and righteousness of the kingdom. There was, therefore, no remedy for them. Their power had to be broken, their nationality destroyed. They fancied themselves God's chosen people—not chosen for the world's sake, but for their own sake; chosen because they were dearer to God than other peoples. And so they had a spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance. Other peoples were to them as dogs. This feeling of scorn and contempt for the gentiles made their bondage to the Roman power doubly galling, and fanned the fires of pious hatred in their breasts to a deadly flame. The one prayer of the nation was for deliverance from this power, and for the restoration of the Kingdom of Israel. Pride, bigotry and prejudice blinded them to the fact that the world was outgrowing the narrow garments it once had worn, and that it was beyond the power of any nation to bring back the fashions of the olden thought.

The truths of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, as uttered by Jesus, only voiced a feeling toward which the providence of God had been converging the nations. In the intercourse of men in trade and commerce, national prejudices had been greatly modified, and national religions greatly liberalized everywhere but in Judea. But here the most sacred and binding part of religion was that which distinguished the Jew from all other peoples—not that spirit of reverence and worship common to all peoples. The law which forbade their eating with a gentile, or with unwashed hands, was more to them than the law which required love toward the neighbor; and so, as the Master said, they were like those who cleaned the outside of the cup and platter, but were careless of the inside. They paid tithes of mint and anise and cummin, but neglected justice, mercy and fidelity. More and more they were making the commandments of God of none effect through their traditions. And they were blind to all the tendencies of such a course. They did not see that the providence of God was leading the world on to larger and nobler views, and that their petty, miserable, God-dishonoring system of religion must give way to this higher thought. They were blind to all this, and culpably, stupidly blind; and so they clung to their doomed system and perished with it.

History is forever repeating itself. We are on the eve of a revolution in religious thought scarcely less radical than that which came to the people of that day. All the signs of the time betoken it, and point to its speedy coming. The Scribes and Pharisees of our day see these signs in common with others, but they read them differently. That which we see as the promise of glorious revolution, they see only as signs of temporary disloyalty, of a hopeless rebellion. To their thought the existing system of religion as embodied in the creeds of the various churches called evangelical, is the final system. The apparently widespread revolt against it, is the natural outcry of the unregenerate man against the holy requirements of the word of God. They reason exactly as Simonides did in Ben Hur—touching the character and mission of the coming king. They base their views on the teaching of the Word. They understand that word as their fathers have understood it for hundreds of years; and who can doubt that their fathers were right? Simonides did not dream that the words of the ancient seer could be reconciled with the conception of the king and his mission held by the Egyptian Belshazzar. He was to rule as David had ruled, and to take vengeance on the enemies of Israel, as only the anointed of God could do.

So the conservatives of our time scout the idea that the thought which threatens the existing system has any foundation in the Word. They regard it as a rebellion against the word, and against him whose word it is. They place the advocates of this thought just where the Scribes and Pharisees placed Jesus—in an attitude of disloyalty and antagonism to God. But Simonides was wrong in his conception of the king and his mission. Jesus refused the throne of his father David, and would have none of that help in the founding of the kingdom which Ben Hur and his friends were so eager to give. Was he not wrong also in his understanding of the prophet? Certainly the evangelical church will acknowledge that he was. It affirms that the prophet's conception was a spiritual conception, and just such a conception as was realized in the person, the life and the teachings of Jesus.

Is it not possible, then, that the advocates of the liberal thought are right in their conceptions, and right in their understanding of the teachings of the Master? Certainly the teachings of the liberal churches, as formulated in their statements of faith, are as easily reconciled with the pictorial language of Jesus and his apostles in the New Testament as were the life and teachings of Jesus with the pictorial representations of the coming Messiah in the Old Testament.

But Jesus did not himself rely, nor did he ask others to rely, for their knowledge of the truth, upon any sacred writings. He held these in high esteem, and used them freely in the illustration and enforcement of his thought; but they never dominated his moral sense, nor did he desire that they should dominate the moral sense of others. The source of truth was as open to him as to others, and as open to the holy men he addressed as to those by whom the Holy Spirit spoke in the ancient time. Therefore, he held them bound not to follow blindly and unreasonably the teachings of others, even of the prophets, but to judge for themselves what

was right. The final authority for every man is his own moral consciousness, or moral judgment. The use of prophets and teachers is to bring before us truths which we could not have discovered for ourselves, but which, when once clearly presented, approve themselves to us as true. But we are to call no man master; we are to let no one dominate our reason or moral sense. One indeed is our master, even Christ, but we are to follow him in no blind or slavish spirit. He is our master only because he is the truth; and we come to him intelligently only when we perceive him to be the truth. Loyalty to our own moral sense is the only way in which we can acquire the truth discerning spirit. To follow the right as God gives us to see the right, is the surest way to make rapid progress in the path.

It is the failure to act upon this principle—the blind and unintelligent following of the traditional thought because this thought is believed to have a basis in a written revelation—that keeps the church at large so long in bondage to doctrines against which they are in secret revolt. If men could be brought to see that loyalty to God means loyalty to their own moral sense, first, last, and all the time, and loyalty to sacred writings or teachers only as they approve themselves to the moral sense, then they would be in an attitude to find the truth. But as it is, distrust of their own moral sense, and leaning wholly on the logical and grammatical faculty of themselves and others in the interpretation of the Bible, they fall into precisely the errors that characterized the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time. Their teachings are wholly traditional, and therefore void of authority.

But this method has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The handwriting which declares this, is already on the wall, and may be read by him who will. The signs of the time show clearly that what is thought by the traditional party to be a causeless revolt and a hopeless rebellion against the word of God, is rapidly assuaging the proportions of a well-grounded revolution in the convictions of men, and a revolution, too, that finds its chief impulse from obedience to the very word it is supposed to despise. The word of God is coming to the front, the words of men are being remanded to the rear.

Among the signs of the times which foreshadow the coming revolution we may name first, the hostile attitude of science to the old theology. If it be said that the attitude of science proves too much if it proves anything, as it is hostile not only to the Old Theology, but to all theology whatever, I reply, the objection mistakes the fact. The hostility of science is not to theology *per se*, but to theology as science has had to deal with it, i. e., to theology as unscientific, as inconsistent with the incontestable facts which science has revealed. Perhaps no man in our country is better qualified to speak for science than Prof. John Fiske. He says: "The infinite and eternal power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God." And again: "The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite power that makes for righteousness." Science, in Prof. Fiske's thought, not only does not negative the idea of God, but brings us face to face with it as nothing else does. Herbert Spencer denies explicitly the imputation of materialism, and declares that the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that the power manifested through out the universe, distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up in the form of consciousness. And again he says: "But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

It is a great mistake to regard science as atheistic. But it is unmistakably against the tenets of the popular or rather dominant theology. Ever since the time of Galileo it has waged incessant war against that idolatry of the book that kept the world so long in ignorance of the truth revealed in nature. Point after point has been won by science as against the church. In every instance science has won the victory, and won it in the interest of a larger liberty and a higher life for the race. There can be no question as to the outcome of the present contest. The middle age theology is doomed, and the end of its reign is not remote.

The second sign of the time which foreshadows this result is the growing influence of the liberal thought.

First, in the building up of liberal churches and institutions.

Second, in the liberalizing of other churches and institutions.

The growth of the liberal churches is indeed less rapid than we could desire, but when we take into account the atmosphere in which they have had to work, and the influence of this atmosphere even on the workers, we need not wonder. The process of lifting men from the lower to the higher level of motive and conduct is at best a slow one, and this is a work the liberal church has been at tempting. Even great results in this respect would not be conspicuous. A thousand men might be influenced to think more justly of God and more kindly of the neighbor, and all together make less stir in the world than a single shouting Methodist convert. We have done nothing so far to be very proud of, but when the quality of our work is taken into the account, we need not fear comparison with our neighbors. This in relation to our

direct influence on thought and character as seen in our own church and institutions.

When we think of our influence in modifying and liberalizing the thought of other churches, a great work must be conceded. It is, indeed, only in its incipient stages, but it is everywhere going on. No church is exempt from it. The inroads on some are greater than upon others; but everywhere the evidences of it are noticeable. And one of the good things about this work is, that so far as it has been accomplished by our church, it has not simply inspired doubt of the old theology and led to the rejection of dominant dogmas; it has inspired a larger faith in God, and a more hopeful outlook for the race. Our influence in this respect is especially seen in the general character of the preaching, even among those who still profess—and honestly I doubt not—to believe the old dogma of scripture. In the main, the pulpit of to-day stands for the love of God, not the anger or wrath. Again it is seen in the changed interpretation of figurative passages of Scripture. Canon Farrar's book, "Mercy and Judgment," is but a type of a large class of books now issued from a press nominally orthodox, in which the Universalist interpretation of texts supposed to bear on the final destiny of the race, is all that gives to these books their value. This interpretation is put forth as if original with the writers, and possibly it is, but we have made the atmosphere which made it so widely possible.

Again, a significant sign of the time is the revolt against the old statements of doctrine seen now in the schools specially set apart to teach them. Andover has kept the public attention for some time, but she is by no means alone. Yale is marching almost abreast of Andover; and Princeton is not so far in the rear as to be counted out of the race. The other day some Congregational brother whose zeal outran his knowledge and greatly exceeded his candor and charity, spoke very contemptuously of the ministry of Rev. S. S. Munger, one of the New Lights, and represented the people of his former charge as rejoicing in his departure, and feasting on the fat things now spread before them by their new caterer from Princeton. The people were indignant, and replied that, so far from starving on the diet given by Dr. Munger, they had thriven and grown admirably—that the attractive feature in the ministry of the Princeton man was its resemblance to that of their former pastor—that if he had come to them bringing the books of the Old Theology as held by their critic, he would have found no welcome. The new pastor joined with his people, and went so far as to say that if his friend thought Princeton stood for such doctrine as he desired to see preached, he was greatly misled. The movement toward our thought, therefore, is fairly started all along the line. The revolution is fairly on, and will not fail of success.

There are many other matters to which I would like to refer as of hopeful significance, but my limits forbid. I have not forgotten Dr. McGlynn, and have hope that he may lead the van in a movement that will bring larger light and liberty to the people of the Catholic church. There is no denomination in the land more favorably situated to-day than ours to lead in the thought and work of the Church of the Future.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Some Facts Concerning the Zodiac.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

It is familiar knowledge that the modern astronomical Atlas contains a number of human and animal figures to represent the various celestial constellations. From how remote an antiquity these symbolical figures have descended is not definitely known; yet they are still utilized by astronomers as the most convenient method of grouping the fixed stars. It is my conviction that the world was first indebted to the patriarch Enoch for the major portion of these celestial symbols.

In the Book of Enoch, edited by Dr. Keane, there are two chapters devoted to a sublime description of many of the figures which are to-day associated with the constellations; notably the constellations of Aries, Gemini, Virgo, Scorpio, Sagittarius and Aquarius in the zone of the zodiac; and Cepheus, Perseus, Auriga, Bootes and Hercules among the northern constellations. In the same work is a representation of a zodiac that was discovered in a ruined temple at Dendera, in Egypt, which the German Kirsch attributed to Enoch. This zodiac is divided into twelve signs, and each sign into three subdivisions, distributing the circle into thirty-six arcs. The vernal equinox was located in the constellation of Capricornus, which has since shifted westward through ten signs, and is now entering the constellation of Aquarius. This zodiac must hence have been in use about twenty-one thousand years ago. The symbols which represent the twelve signs in this ancient zodiac are unique and suggestive. For example, in Aries a boy is represented with a crown upon his head, which is surmounted with ram's horns, and in each hand is held a rod parallel one with the other. In Virgo is represented a Virgin holding a palm branch in her right hand. In Libra a man stands upright holding a pair of scales in one hand and a measuring reed in the other. Scorpio contains a man holding a serpent in both hands, standing in cruciform shape, with the lower portion of the body divided into two portions, resembling the caudal extremity of a fish. Aquarius contains the form of a woman, whose body is covered with milk glands, and

from each gland a stream is pouring forth. Pisces contains a mer-man with the body of a fish and the arms and head of a man; in one hand he holds a square, in the other a crucifix. Most of these symbols were presented to Enoch in a vision.

The division of the zodiac into four cardinal points, twelve signs, and three hundred and sixty degrees, was undoubtedly effected by the pre-historic ancients; and this division was made in accordance with geometrical laws which we scarcely appreciate at the present day. It has been suggested by some moderns that the division into three hundred and sixty degrees was suggested by the difference between the number of lunar and solar days in a year, the mean being three hundred and sixty. But there was a much deeper reason which guided the ancients.

A simple geometrical figure contains the principal elements of this division, namely: a right-angle triangle embracing the elements of three, four and five. If the base of the triangle contains three units of measure and the perpendicular four units, then the hypotenuse will contain just five similar units of measure (and no other proportion of base and perpendicular will yield an even number of units for the hypotenuse). Now, if we first divide the circle with the even number—four—we obtain the four cardinal points corresponding to the equinoxes and solstices in the zodiac. We next divide each of the four quarters of the circle with the number three, and obtain the twelve signs of the zodiac, or twelve divisions on the face of a clock. If we now divide each of these twelve arcs with the third element in our triangle—the number five—we distribute the circle into sixty minor spaces corresponding to the sixty minutes on the face of a clock, but having no exoteric function in connection with the zodiac. Lastly, if we divide each of these sixty arcs with the number six we shall obtain the three hundred and sixty degrees of the zodiac. How do we derive this number six? As follows: Convert our right-angle triangle into an equilateral triangle and duplicate this until we fill the circle with equilateral triangles, which will contain just six in number.

It must be borne in mind that the twelve signs are entirely distinct from the twelve constellations of the zodiac that bear the same name. The twelve constellations within the zodiacal zone maintain a fixed position; but the twelve signs are constantly shifting westward coincident with the precession of the equinoxes. Thus, the beginning of the sign Aries is always identical with the vernal equinox; and the beginning of the sign Libra is identical with the autumnal equinox; while Cancer and Capricornus are identical with the Summer and Winter Solstices.

When Hipparchus discovered the precession of the equinoxes, something more than two thousand years ago, the vernal equinox was in the constellation of Aries, but about to enter the constellation of Pisces.

I have no doubt but the signs of the zodiac and the constellations in the zodiac have each a distinct fluid or quality of its own which it impresses upon terrestrial affairs. The signs correspond to different portions of the human organization, and they impress their natures upon the organism through the medium of the planets, especially the signs that contain planets at the time of birth. We are all familiar with the fact that the passage of the sun into the cardinal signs, at the equinoxes and solstices, is accompanied with an unsettled state of weather; and it will generally be found true that the most annoying months in each individual's life are those which correspond to the sun's transit of the signs that contained Saturn and Mars at birth.

Again, the passage of the equinoctial points out of one celestial constellation into another, undoubtedly marks a very important transition in the general affairs of society. It requires a little more than two thousand years for the precessional advance through one zodiacal constellation. The vernal equinox was about four degrees in the constellation of Pisces when Jesus of Nazareth was born. It is now in the first degree of Aquarius. The return of the planet Uranus to this latter constellation is usually associated with great national upheavals. The next return will be in 1930, and it will require seven years for the planet to pass through the constellation. It is a curious circumstance that the old Assyrians and Babylonians were fashioning massive bulls to adorn the porches of their palaces and temples at the time the vernal equinox was traversing the constellation of Taurus.

The belief is now becoming quite general among astronomers that our solar system is traversing a great orbit around the star Alcyone in the Pleiades. To make the period of this orbit synchronous with the precessional movement, I have calculated that it should be equal to 4,648,680 years. If we postulate 360 arcs for this great orbit—to correspond with the 360 degrees in our own zodiac—then it would require 12,913 years for the solar system to traverse one of these arcs; and thus the great solar year would embrace 360 cycles, each one being equal to the time required for the equinoctial points to move through one-half the circle of the zodiac. May not each one of these arcs of celestial space contain a distinct quality of astral fluid which correspondingly affects our own star-cluster as it enters the new Astral Sea?

There are some very interesting phenomena associated with the precession of the equinoxes which, I presume, are not greater.

Continued on eighth page.

IS THIS THE ERA OF GHOSTS?

One case or two, or even half a dozen, would not be thought much of; but there is hardly an individual who has not, in his own experience, passed through some strange experiences, entirely unaccounted for on any known hypothesis or natural law. Indeed, the "spook," or ghost, is getting to be quite popular; and those who have seen so many are beginning to cultivate the acquaintance of these strange individuals, and find them not at all unpleasant companions. No ghost was ever known to get drunk, or commit a murder; our police-court annals bear testimony to their orderly habits and quiet demeanor; and in this respect they are much more comfortable nocturnal visitors than the tramp or burglar.

Nor is this prevalence of a belief in ghosts confined to the ignorant and superstitious classes of the community; so far from that being the case, the headquarters of the believers in "psychical manifestations," as these ghostly appearances are politely called, is in Boston—the "modern Athens," the "hub of the universe," etc., etc., and Harvard University has a committee on "Psychical Research."

A lady from the West, who spent a large part of the last season in Boston, on being asked what she had been most impressed with in her social experiences, replied that it was the fact that she had found the ghost to be the most popular individual in Boston society. The discussion of what are commonly called supernatural manifestations of psychic phenomena has been the principal feature of conversation at most social gatherings.

The interest has extended to classes hitherto but little affected by spiritualistic matters, and has been so widespread that it can only be compared to the transcendental movement of nearly a half century ago. It has attacked very much the same class of people who were affected by that; in fact, it may be said to be a new phase of the "isms" to which Boston is peculiarly, and almost periodically, subject.

There is an astonishing number of people, in all denominations and all classes, who have a secret conviction that there must be some underlying truth in the great mass of phenomena connected with Spiritualism. They have, for the most part, hesitated to speak openly on the subject, for fear of ridicule; but now that society has set its seal of approval on what has been considered "bad form," many intelligent persons have, in sympathetic company, been willing to contribute their own experiences and observations for the general edification.

While Spiritualism is, perhaps, gaining some adherents from the movement, the people interested are largely those who perceive the unphilosophical crudeness of that faith as usually followed, and who see that it is a matter which should receive the application of scientific methods in its investigation. With the mental activity and intellectual alertness which are eminently characteristic of Boston, and which have made that city noted for the earnestness with which it devotes itself to live subjects connected with the physical and spiritual welfare of humanity, there is evident the intention to make the research a thorough one, now that it is so widely agreed that there are facts worth investigating, so that, if possible, certain matters which have hitherto been based upon hearsay, rumor and conjecture may be demonstrated to be actualities.

The "New Moon" does not believe in ghosts, nor Spiritualism, nor anything of the kind; but as a life magazine, dealing with questions which arise in our active, busy communities, it cannot entirely ignore the many and curious instances of wonderful midnight appearances which fill the papers, and which come from the mouths of friends in conversation. We have therefore decided, in this, the first number of our fifth volume, to record a few of the well-authenticated instances of this "second sight," or whatever else it may be termed,—and none but thoroughly well-authenticated cases are allowed admission,—some of our own personal knowledge and experience, and others vouched for by persons of the highest character and veracity.

In a village, many years ago, lived a family of whom strange reports were current. An insane daughter had been ill treated and nearly starved, and tied by a rope in the cellar, and never permitted to see daylight. Finally she died, and her remains were buried in a graveyard in a small clump of trees near the house. After her burial, on dark nights, frequently could be seen, floating in the air, a bright light, which would descend nearly to the grave, and then rise in the air,—so high that it could be seen for miles round, and so distinctly alone and detached that it could not possibly be accounted for in any ordinary way. The village people would go out of their way to avoid passing this house after dark, as they verily believed that this bright light represented in some way the avenging spirit of the wronged daughter, and wanted in some way to make further disclosures. The mystery was never unraveled until the family moved away, when the ghostly light ceased to disturb the quiet of the village. This story can be vouched for by at least a hundred sensible, grown-up people, and is thoroughly believed by all who knew the circumstances.

In a certain city of Massachusetts, noted for its extensive book-printing establishments, is the large publishing house of Jones, Smith & Co. Many years ago, after the city had removed their papers to a new building, the originators of this now vast establishment occupied the old poorhouse building as a nucleus for their future establishment. The expansion of the business soon required the services of a night-watchman,—a good, honest fellow, whom everybody believed, and who would not knowingly utter an untruth. He was courageous, too; and when he heard, in a certain part of the building, and there alone, and at a certain hour, the horrible screams as those of a woman in her death agony, he was naturally alarmed, and made inquiries as to the cause. His story was not credited; but he challenged investigation, and it was only after the screams were heard by numbers of different people that the story was believed. Attempts were then made to trace the cause of these unearthly exclamations. Then it was remembered that when the building was occupied as a poorhouse, a male pauper had fallen in love with a female inmate—strange place for a love-match!—and wanted her to marry him. She refused, which seemed to weigh upon his mind, and rendered him almost insane. Every time she appeared in his presence it had an exasperating effect upon him; but he drew attention was paid to the matter. Adjoining the building was a small wooden structure, used for Sunday-school and other religious services, in which also the dinners were eaten on holidays and other public occasions. On one of these days, the enraged fellow, seeing his opportunity, seized a large carving knife, and pierced the

unfortunate young woman to the heart. She fell dead, with a terrible shriek; and those who heard this shriek, and afterwards heard the ghostly cries, aver that between them there was a striking resemblance. This small establishment has now grown to vast dimensions and of almost world-wide reputation; but to this day visitors are shown the corner of the building where slept the victim of this poorhouse love scrape. Again, as in the former case, the facts are sustained by irrefragable evidence. Many years ago the small wooden structure was torn down to make room for improvements and extension, and since then the watchman has been undisturbed by the ghostly sounds.

In a city in the western part of Massachusetts lived a gentleman who had frequently boasted of his great personal courage,—not ostentatiously, but candidly,—declaring that he had never yet known what personal fear was. He had an honorable record of three years' service in the war, and those who fought with him expressed their confidence in his great personal courage. He hooted all idea of ghosts or supernatural appearances, asserting that he would lie as peacefully in a graveyard all night as in his own house, so far as ghosts were concerned. Nobody doubted his courage; nobody doubted his statements. In the course of time his wife died, and was buried in the village graveyard. It was his habit to pass the graveyard where his wife was buried, on his way home at night, at all hours of the evening. One night, when he happened later than usual, just as he was passing the road skirting the graveyard, the clock in the village tower told out the midnight hour. The gentleman himself told us that an involuntary shudder came over him; his whole frame shook; he felt an unearthly presence. Instantly his eyes turned toward the spot where his wife lay buried, when inside the fence he saw a female figure dressed in white, yet so strange was its formation that the whole form was transparent, at the same time as real as the graveyard fence, over which he immediately sprang, to ascertain for himself whether or not the object before him was living or dead. It moved gradually away from him; he could come no nearer; when he advanced, she retreated; when he retreated, she advanced; and he found it impossible to close the gap between them. He shouted, but got no response, except that the object made a most distressing appeal to him with her arms, as if beckoning him away. Great drops of sweat poured down his face, and the man who had for three long years faced musketry and cannon now quailed before this unearthly visitor. He afterwards brought friends with him to see the object; but it never made its appearance except when he was alone, and always at the same hour of the night. It will not do to say that the gentleman was drinking, for he was strictly temperate in his habits, and unusually cool and collected; but this strange circumstance so worked upon him that he was found dead shortly after, and he was buried alongside his wife, whom he had loved dearly in his life, and who, he believed, was beckoning him to come to her.

On one of the principal streets of the city of Boston stands a building devoted to offices and studios, among the latter being those of two prominent artists. Unaccountable noises have been heard, bells rung, and various disturbances made. One of the artists, while making a visit to New York, left his studio in the occupation of a fellow-artist, who had heard nothing of the strange appearances, but who, after a stay of a few days, was made so nervous that he could endure it no longer. Among the things which happened to him was, when he came in at night and opened the door to his room, the feeling of a ghostly form passing out, with rustling garments. The artist who regularly occupied the room became so used to it, that he even came to feel a pleasant sense of companionship when he sat alone, reading, and felt the invisible presence near him, sometimes seemingly looking over his shoulder, and shifting its position with a slight rustling noise from time to time. One time his door was gently opened, after he had closed and locked it behind him. When in bed he would sometimes feel the invisible hands touch his head and pass over his face. A dressmaker, who occupied a room on the same floor, had the same experiences, and being also annoyed by having her bell rung at unreasonable times, she left the building. It might be said that these things could be explained as hallucinations or delusions arising from natural causes, such as noises by rats and mice, the rustling of wind, etc., except for the fact that precisely the same experiences were had by at least three different persons, unknown to each other, and who described their experiences independently, their accounts agreeing exactly. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of these strange happenings; and the tenants, when they have once got used to them, do not seem to have any reluctance to remain in the building.

In what is now one of the most prosperous of New England cities, some forty years ago, there lived a respectable citizen whom we will call Jonas L. Smith. He was proprietor of a bowling saloon, a business which in those days enlisted the services of first-class men, for Mr. Smith was also tax-collector for the town, and was known to have in his possession, and usually carried about him, considerable money. One very dark night in March, a man called at Mr. Smith's bowling saloon, and stated that a Mrs. Brown, from Downville, wished to see the proprietor on important business, and requested Mr. Smith to accompany him to where she was stopping, about a mile and a half distant. Mr. Smith left his saloon to accompany the gentleman, for the man was well dressed, and looked in every way to be truthful and trustworthy,—first, however, securing a lantern, as the night was very dark, so much so that in after years it became common to use the expression, "As dark as the night of the Smith murder." On the way to their destination, the two men were seen to cross a street, and soon took a path which led through a heavy growth of pine; and from this forest, in the vicinity of what is now the corner of two principal streets, the cry of "Murder!" was soon heard, but none supposed that a horrible crime was being enacted. "Oh, don't! don't!" came again in hurried, suppressed cries; but if heard, these exhortations were supposed to be the wallings of some poor fellow being carried away by the police. The morning light disclosed the murdered body of Mr. Smith upon the snow, with great gashes in his throat. The appearance of the ground showed a desperate struggle for life; and the tax collector's book, which Mr. Smith carried with him, showed finger-marks of blood. Many were suspected of the foul deed, but it could never be definitely fastened upon anyone. The murderer had obtained a lot of money, and had escaped without leaving any traces of his guilt. This part of our story is history, and can be verified by court records and living witnesses. What followed is not so easily accounted for. For years after, people passing that lonely place at night could distinctly hear the cries of "Murder!" and "Oh,

don't! don't!" as plainly as if the tragedy were again being enacted. Some, more adventuresome than others, approached the spot, but could see or hear nothing; on retracing a few rods, the mournful cries would again be heard, chilling their blood with terror. Soon the place became shunned at night, especially by timid people. The State and town authorities, by offering large rewards and employing the best detective skill made every effort to unearth the murderer, but without avail. Suspicion finally rested on one man, who was tried and acquitted by the courts, but not by public opinion, which branded him as a murderer. He lived a miserable life for some years, and was at last found dead in the near vicinity of where the murder was committed. From the date of his death to this time those cries have never been heard, which only strengthens the general belief that he was the murderer. That lonely pine wood has been converted into building lots, and those lots covered with beautiful dwelling houses, and those houses filled with refined, intelligent people; but those people still believe that those mournful cries would never have ceased until the murderer himself had ceased to live.

The foregoing well-authenticated instances deal with one phase of this strange, undiscovered subject, that of ghostly sounds and appearances. There is another class of cases which is nearly, if not quite, as wonderful, and which cannot be accounted for by any known process of reasoning. We refer to what is called "prevision," or the power of seeing, or dreaming, what is happening many miles distant. The works of Emmanuel Swedenborg show that he possessed this power to a marvelous extent. His followers claim that, in his case, he had a distinct revelation from God. This we cannot believe; but if the stories told of his powers of "prevision" are not true, they are certainly well-concocted fables.

The instance which calls forth these remarks is given in one of his books—we quote from memory, as we do not possess his works, when being in London, where he had frequently to go, to get the advantage of good and cheap printing, and where he usually remained a longer or shorter time to oversee the work—he told friends in the house where he was stopping that there was a severe fire raging in Stockholm, where he resided; going out doors, he returned with a look of consternation, saying that the fire was quite near and rapidly approaching the location of his house. After a few minutes, during which he received the sympathy of his friends, who never for a moment doubted his ability to see the fire, he went out doors again, and this time returned with a more pleased expression of countenance, saying that the wind had shifted, and his house was out of danger. It turned out that at that very hour there was a fire in Stockholm, and in the exact location described by Swedenborg. London is so far away from Stockholm, it is unnecessary to state that all possibility of his seeing fire or smoke is entirely out of the question, unless, as is claimed, he saw by the power of "prevision" or "second sight."

Another strange case is vouched for beyond cavil. We know it to be true. In one of our New England villages, before railroads had become so plenty as to run to every man's back door, there lived a farmer, who prided himself on being the owner of a handsome pair of horses. One of these horses was named Tom; he was a beautiful creature, but he had a very bad fault—he was hard to catch. Once turn him loose in a pasture, and it required six or eight persons to get hold of him; but once harnessed, he was as quiet as a lamb. Nothing strange about this; for those who know much about horses say that they have as many odd tricks and habits as do men. It turned out that this farmer had to take his horses and go a distance of some thirty-odd miles to put in the crops on a piece of new land. He had been gone three or four days, when one night his wife, whom he had left behind, woke up in the middle of the night, and said to her son, "Tom is dead!" "Nonsense, mother; what makes you say that?" (In those days, the loss of a valuable horse was quite a severe calamity, and may be so to this day, for all we know.) "Oh! I saw him get killed—as plain as I see you now. They were trying to catch him, and he jumped a fence, and drove a stake right into his breast." The farmer returned the next day, and related the circumstances precisely as his wife had dreamt them.

A curious story is told by the wife of a young lawyer, prominent in fashionable Boston society. One night she dreamed that a sailor-like person came to her and took her in a carriage out into the country. They came to a house, among the features of which she noticed, was that in the rear the white paint had in places been worn away by the action of the weather, so that the red paint, with which it had been originally covered, showed through. Here they stopped. The sailor went into the house and she followed him. He led the way up stairs into a room, where he pointed to a large hook in the center of the ceiling, and then he disappeared. The dream was so vivid that it made the young lady nervous, and she told her mother about it. The latter laughed, saying there was nothing in it to be concerned about. Several weeks later she was asked by her mother to drive with her out to Milton to see a friend who had taken a house for the summer. When they reached the house, the young lady exclaimed that that was the very house she had seen in her dream, and she asked her mother to step around to the rear to see if there was a place where the red paint showed through. The latter complied, and coming back, said that there was. The young lady thereupon declared that nothing could induce her to enter the house; but she asked her mother to find out about the room with a hook in the ceiling. Her mother asked her friend if there was a room of that description, and the latter, amazed at the question, said that there was, and added that it was said that a sailor once lived in the house, and slept in that room, and clinging to the habits of the ship, he refused to occupy a bed, but slept in a hammock suspended from that hook.

It seems, in some cases, that the soul has the power, independent of the body, to instantly traverse space. The following story is told of a young lady, who has recently developed strong clairvoyant powers. Her husband was last winter traveling in Europe; was in France, and when last heard from was intending to go to Italy. One day she suddenly found herself standing, in spirit, by his side in a room at a hotel, just as he seated himself at a table to write her a letter. He dated the letter "Madrid," told how he had decided to change his plans, and go to Spain instead of Italy, and described various experiences, writing at length. All this she remembered accurately, and told to an intimate friend, a lady of high literary reputation, who wrote it down. In due course of time a letter arrived from Madrid, and it corresponded almost exactly with that which had been written down in Boston.

Other notable cases of prevision, or pre-

vision are among those told. One of these is of a lady, the niece of a distinguished scientist, who died about three years ago. Some months before her uncle's death, the lady saw in a dream all the circumstances thereof, and of his funeral; how he passed from life suddenly in the midst of his participation in a public occasion, and how, his house being closed for the summer, the funeral took place from the building in which he died.

There is a well-known physician who frequently foresees, in his dreams, events which are to happen. One of the most remarkable is the accuracy with which he predicted, in the fall of 1880, that Garfield would be elected, but that he would die a violent death in the first year of his administration, which turned out precisely as predicted.

We will close this article with another story which discloses another curious natural force which has long puzzled scientific men. In the fall of 1858 there was printed in Jamaica Plain a small newspaper, now extinct. The office did not have all the modern appliances of the printer's trade, and the small edition was "worked off" on a common hand-press. The Jamaica Plain line of horse-cars had not been started a great while, and the men then appointed conductors were a first-rate class of men, stalwart, honest fellows from Maine and New Hampshire. While waiting for his car to come down, one of these conductors, named Rice, used to make the little printing-office his waiting-place. One day the foreman of the office was pulling off the edition, when he said to Rice jokingly, "I bet you can't pull that over!" "Well," said Rice, who would make two of the foreman, "calculate I can pull over anything you can!" So saying, he raised his hand and placed it on the large round of the handle of the press. Instantly those around saw that the two first fingers of his right hand were gone at the second joint. Then he began to tell how he had lost them in a mill many, many years ago. "And I want to tell you one strange thing about that," he continued; "those fingers are preserved in alcohol, and are in my poor old mother's possession in Concord, N. H. To this day, if the least speck of gravel or dirt gets between them, I know it instantly, and cannot rest till I write to my mother to take it out." Any one who, as we did, heard the honest son of New Hampshire tell this story, did not doubt its truth for an instant.

There have been many discoveries made in the last thirty years; we fully believe there will be more in the thirty years to come. The way to encourage these discoveries is not to deny the facts, but to concede them. The world in which we live is a beautiful world—exactly adapted to man's comfort and convenience and happiness. Science is annihilating space and distance. Of that state of life beyond the grave all men are yet theorists. Man is groping blindly. If, as has been argued, man will have to consent to another "martyrdom," and give up all hopes of another life, why our cry must be, "Not yet; not yet!" Until some further revelation is made, until some more positive proof is produced, let all good men and women unite in building up that system once erected by the Christ, who gave mankind the only solitary example of a perfect life. Speculate, theorize, as we will; we must all come back to the old, old story; we must have a better plan presented, before we begin to pull down the present magnificent building whose signboard reads "Christianity."—T. G. W., in the New Moon.

The Birth of Matter.

Human thought has never been able to form a theory of the origin of matter, life or force, any more than to conceive a beginning of time or limit of space. Of matter, hitherto men have been accustomed to think that the seventy or more so-called elements were the ultimate atoms. Last night in the Theater of the Royal Institution, and in presence of a distinguished audience, Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., brought forward, in a lecture on "The Genesis of the Elements," a series of brilliant experiments tending to show that these atoms have been themselves evolved from simpler forms of matter. The learned chemist dealt chiefly with the substance yttrium, derived from one of the rare earths, and to break it up into its fractions, he had to use the electric current, the spectroscopic, and phosphorescent glows produced were exceedingly fine. As a net result the yttrium appeared to be broken up so as to yield at least six new elements; and thence followed the conclusion that, at some time in the history of the universe, these materials had been combined. "A few weeks ago, in this theatre," said Mr. Crookes, "Sir William Thomson asked you to travel back with him an imaginary excursion of about 20,000,000 years. He pictured to you the moment immediately before the birth of our sun, when the Lucretian atoms rushed from all parts of space with velocities due to gravitation, and, clashing together, formed an incandescent fluid mass, the nucleus of a solar system with 30,000,000 years of life in it. I ask you to accompany me to a period even more remote, to the very beginning of time, before even the chemical atoms had consolidated from the original protyle"—and thus starting, the lecturer went on to show how, by the process of cooling and the intervention of varying states of electricity, the successive elements, as we now know them, might have come into existence from one single form of primordial matter. Prolonged applause followed the close of the address.—Daily Telegraph.

COMMENTS ON THE ABOVE.

One hundred million million molecules contained in less than five-sixteenths of a cubic inch! A few months ago I submitted to the Literary Committee of the Psychical Research Society, a paper on the theory of apparitions, in the introduction to which I observed nearly to this effect: "It is difficult for the mind to grasp the fact of a beginning to visible creation, for that necessitates the conception that even the self-existent elements needed a process of preparation before their combination could have resulted in visibility. Yet, of course, where we have to see development, there must have been a beginning to it. . . . The struggle of the diffused elements to condense into innumerable worlds must have been of long continuance."

The scientific demonstration of the development of the visible universe from "one simple form of primordial matter," is destined to impart a definite meaning to the expression, "In the beginning." The huge bulk of our sun is made of atoms, the constructive

accumulation of many millions of years; and the mind has to acknowledge the truth that the same process of development was the common origin of every world. Evolution, or development, necessitates the conception of a beginning to cosmic bodies. But this naturally suggests the inquiry, Was there, therefore, a beginning to primordial matter? "I ask you," says Mr. Crookes, alluding to Sir William Thomson's lecture on "The Age of our Sun," "to accompany me to a period even more remote, to the very beginning of time, before even the chemical atoms had consolidated from the original protyle." The beginning of time? It is inconceivable! But, though the beginning of time is inconceivable, we have, perforce, to conceive a beginning to the visible universe. Yet primordial matter must have been self-existent; but so slow is the process of development that it required an eternity to evolve the universe into what we now see it. Development, which means motion, was co-existent with self-existent matter; for absence of motion would have been equivalent to absence of life. Then, if motion is eternal, then was there, after all, no beginning? There was no beginning to primordial matter, yet there was beginning to development. From eternity matter has existed; but not, as has been demonstrated, in the form of body. It may be remarked that to speak of the "birth of matter" is more poetical than relevant. If matter had a birthday, it must have had a beginning—an ushering into existence from non-existence.

There is an important point connected with this subject to which a brief allusion may be made. The establishment of development from primordial matter must, in time, undermine one prominent astronomical dogma. The development of worlds from diffused atomic matter means nothing less than the development of the motions of worlds in contradistinction to special creation in orbic order of succession, and the hurrying of each globe into space with projectile force. The growing belief in evolution is, we know, demolishing the old belief in the method of the origin of the universe—that of special creation. But, if evolution is fatal to the dogma of special creation, it is surely fatal to the Newtonian dogma of the origin of the motions, and the cause—attraction—of keeping in their orbits of the heavenly bodies? Newton's theory is that every planetary body was endowed at its creation, when first projected into space, with a projectile force in a right line, from which it was deflected into an orbit by the attractive, or drawing, power of the sun; and that each planet would be drawn into the sun but for the counteracting force exhibited in the energy of orbital motion. But development from atomic form of matter is anything but suggestive of right lines and projectile forces. Movement in right line, where we had to see space once occupied by diffused atoms, is inconceivable. The natural tendency of diffused atoms would be to revolve around each other, not in true circles, but in elliptical curves, towards a common centre, according to atomic conditions and circumstances; and the fact that motion was originally in elliptic curves, negatives the idea of that kind of attraction which, on the theory of projectile force and the energy of orbital motion, means simply magnetic attraction, exercised from a dominant centre. There never could have been a "rush" together of atoms. But there are fallacious ideas which become fixed ideas, and, when generally accepted, however palpably wrong they may be, it is a most difficult matter to upset them; quite as difficult as is the attempt to upset the Christian superstition—ELIJAH, in the Secular Review.

Reverence With a Downward Look.

The reverence of the pagan, as Goethe has shown, always looked up; it sought the divine in things high, but the reverence of the Christian, this great seer tells us, is found by looking down.—It is found in humility. God-to-day is oftentimes found in things lowly; the gate of heaven is under our feet, more often than it is over our heads. "Mind not high things but condescend to things of low estate," says Paul. "He that would be greatest among you, let him serve," says Jesus. A few weeks ago we stood on the top of Mt. Washington at four o'clock in the morning. The company had been hurried out of bed by the ringing of the bell that announced an approaching sunrise. We watched eagerly the clouds above us; at first they were so flaky and soft that they seemed to be just the screen needed for the sun to throw his rarest colors upon; the fleecy softness would change his fire into gold and turn his red into vanishing pinks. All eyes were turned toward the eastern horizon where "sputtering and suppressed it lay," full of promise, but while we waited a mist came up from the distant sea. It touched first with gray and then with dampness the morning; the rebellious company halted shivering upon the rocks, half in hopes that their thirst for a sunrise might counteract even an east wind, and lift the fog and give us the sky again.

When the disappointment became too palpable to be concealed, some one suggested a walk in order to get up an appetite for breakfast so that that could be enjoyed if nothing else, and so few of us started down the carriage road. We had not gone far before pebbles, lichens, mosses, mountain flowers and mountain butterflies began to charm us. The mind met new delights in every turn. Unconsciously a warmth fell upon us, and lo! as we looked down there were the glories we missed by looking up. Great chasms into which daylight was pouring like wine into a goblet; suggestive blues, mystic grays, eddied round the precipices, farther and farther the revelation extended; valleys opened, little lakes glistened like diamonds, and all the delights of a mountain painting seemed to be ours, at least more of them than we could carry. Tardily we realized that we ought to have known before, that the glories of that mountain cone were more beneath us than above us. What were the ether-filled spaces above, with their treacherous fests of sailing mists, compared to the heroic ranges beneath us, the wooded slopes and peopled valleys in which children played and where lovers trysted. There is where the greater glory was. That is where heaven was to be looked for.

Let this symbolize the spiritual truth represented in our title. We stand ever on the mountain top. Would we find the glory of heaven, the "gate of God," seek it, not by looking up into the intangible ether of the unknown, the limitless spaces of our ignorance, but down into the craggy crannies of crooked human nature, among the weather-beaten rocks of human experience, down the shaded slopes of human society, the valleys of history where baby aspirations have bloomed, where many temptations have been resisted, where human tears have fertilized the flowers of human affections.

Ancient tower-temples had altar chambers at the foot and at the top; both were fitting. It is well to climb at times where the soul can have a better view of the realm to which

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I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—Rev. M. J. Savage (Unitarian), Boston.

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As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work.—Lady Cathness, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 15, 1887.

An American Vernacular.

Nationalism is one of theisms which, in this country, ought to come to the front. It is in the light of national issues that the JOURNAL contemplates the course of the various religious sects. Their zeal is conspicuous, and one way or another the result of their thought and action will be, as it always has been, of momentous importance in its deep and prolonged effect on the vital forces of the nation. All enlightened patriots, therefore, will keep an observant and vigilant eye on the course of ecclesiastical thought and action. This is a duty which becomes intensified in relation to those bodies which make a fundamental claim to the highest of civic and political functions, and which from immemorial custom and habit have an irresistible tendency to develop themselves to the utmost in political lines, as the most religious thing they can ever do.

In this country there are but two religious bodies of whom this may be justly said without any qualification. All religions love power in any form, and it may be true that all the sects in America have sought to exercise political influence in some degree and in different places and times. The Congregationalists in New England are glad, like the Southern slaveholders, that their power has passed away; and they have long since practically and heartily agreed to be content to be purely a religious body, pregnant with a free and noble educating power. Their political hybridism terminated with the close of the intolerant age, and for that they deserve our moral respect, if not our thanks.

The anomalous Mormons flaunt their theocracy with all its monstrous claims and implications boldly before the world. They have the merit here of being perfectly clear and outspoken. With them their religion is avowedly as well as practically the State, and it claims the supreme right to dictate all the relations of society; and that it ought to, and would if it could, thus control the whole country and the world. But they have no foreign pope or grand Lama. Their religion is indigenous, and their Bible is in our vernacular. They, therefore, do not come within the scope of the JOURNAL's present animadversion, which concerns a national language and the social and civic unity thence resulting.

Here the JOURNAL is called upon to consider at some length the quality and action of the "German-American Convention" held in this city early in September. The ecclesiastical character, and importance of that body are manifest from the number of church dignitaries on its platform, some of them in full canonicals; and from the express endorsement of all the proceedings by the full-robed bishop Wigger. In considering their spirit and doings, let it be borne in mind that the JOURNAL does not here oppose and does not fear Catholicism as a religion. That is to be here left out of account, though there may be a fit time and place for that. But the JOURNAL may well call upon its readers as citizens to contemplate in all seriousness great social forces which tend to produce injurious sectionalism, internal disunion and national disintegration; and these are forces

which are conspicuously operative in the above mentioned German-American Convention.

The compound phrase, German-American, might be used very innocently; but the animus of the whole convention shows its meaning to be un-American, expressive of the purpose that these Americans shall be Germans, Catholic Germans in America, just that and nothing more or less; and the expression and furtherance of this was the main object of the convention, as it is the great object of all the local bodies represented in that convention. The chief and favored speakers demanded the right and privilege to educate their children in the German language at the public expense, yet in Catholic parochial schools, under the control of Catholic priests.

It was incidentally observed that the children could learn English at the same time. It is possible—provided they had a chance. But suppose only German is talked and taught in these German-American parochial Catholic schools, and only German talked at the homes of the children, and the children are for the most part isolated from all English-speaking people, how are they to learn any other language than German? and this is the method in which it is clear they propose to keep their children to successive generations free from the contamination or the illumination of modern and American ideas and feeling. Already there are in some parts of our country thousands of people of German extraction who are Americans by birth through two or three generations, who can speak only their ancestral tongue. They are coming here in colonies and planting themselves with the avowed purpose and compact to preserve and perpetuate in this land their native speech and customs. They claim that this is their right in accordance with American principles of freedom.

On the other hand the JOURNAL claims that the American nation has rights which all citizens and all immigrants are bound to respect. One of these rights is the preservation of its own integrity and unity. Whatever it deems inimical to this, it may, and ought to, forbid and destroy; and nothing could be more inimical to this than various languages and national customs, isolating different sections, and building up barriers against free intercourse and mutual understanding and appreciation. The JOURNAL claims that the nation's welfare requires that one language shall be talked and taught in all our public schools, so that all through the United States of America all the people should be of one language; and that beyond this parents may be free to teach their children whatever language they like.

If the State educate the people, it must do this wholly for its own good; and of this good it must be its own judge; and this principle outranks and limits the other principle that parents have a right to educate their children as they see fit. If they see fit to educate their children to be paupers and criminals, the State has a right in self-defense to step in and interfere in behalf of a better education; and it has a right to enact and enforce a uniform law of a primary secular education for the public good, and to compel conformity therewith. The demand for public schools conducted in the German language in America is, therefore, to be denounced as un-American, and unstatesmanlike, and dangerously injurious to the vital interests of the nation at large; and as it is advocated with so much zeal and bigotry and re-enforced by such large numbers and resources, it should not be allowed to pass as an insignificant affair. It is the portent of a great and growing and deadly evil, threatening the nation's unity and stability.

Howells' Nonsense.

W. D. Howells says in the Century: Men are apt to outgrow their wives intellectually, if their wives' minds are set on home and children, as they should be; and allowance for this ought to be made, if possible. I would rather that in the beginning the wife should be the mental superior.—Interior.

Such supercilious and boshy talk about women is a century behind the times, and only blind old bigots and shallow literary story tellers indulge in it to-day. It is just equal to the capacity and moral insight of the man who made himself ridiculous by trying to ridicule Spiritualism in his "Undiscovered Country."

Does the setting of a mother's mind on home and children dwarf that mind? Do sacred and tender duties stand in the way of growth? Are Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, both devoted to home and children, smaller in brain or attainments thereby? Which will live and last longest? Their sense or this Howells' nonsense?

"A Flyin' nor a Fleein'."

In "Behind the Blue Ridge" a new story of life in the Virginia hills, by Mrs. Bayler, is this repetition of heaven's judgments, which old Father White—the village oracle, a long-winded, pompous and fussy man—thinks may fall on his rival in a dispute.

Brother White was convinced that "it warn't no use a flyin', nor a fleein', from the wrath of heaven," which he charitably assumed to have fallen upon his rival. "For there's the wind, and the whirlwind, and the tornado to overtaken," said he. "And there's the thunder a-rollin' and a-clappin' to warn. And there's the rain a-down-fallin', and the rivers a-up-risin' to drown. And there's the lightning a-dartin' forrards and a-reckin' backwards to strike. And there's the hail a-slatin' and a-sittin' to smite. And there's earthquakes, and there's seaquakes to swallow up. And there's wild beasts a-ragin' and a-roarin' and a-gnashin' of teeth to devour. And there's all manner of pestiferous creatures a-crawlin' over, and a-crawlin' under. And there's pits and pitfalls, and traps and traps, and no man maketh a way to escape to that day. And wherefore? What-ever is to be, will be, whether it cometh to pass or doth not attain to it, and when the time for the fulfillment of purposes comes it will not stay its hand for John Shore, nor ten thousand thousand such, and don't you think it."

Dr. Wolfe's Model Cattle Ranch.

A late copy of the Hutchinson (Kansas) Daily News contains an extended account of a visit by a party of Reno county people to Dr. N. B. Wolfe's model cattle ranch. It is quite evident from the particulars given that Dr. Wolfe was originally intended for a farmer and stock feeder, and that as soon as conditions were favorable he developed his genius in those directions. It is probable that he was seized with the "power" in one of his journeyings across the Kansas prairies, on his way to visit his friend Diaz at the City of Mexico, and could not help buying up a few thousand acres of land in the garden of the world. Having done this much he must needs, forsooth, improve the land with the finest farm-house west of the Missouri; construct large artificial lakes, and stock them with fish, sea lions and mermals; buy a few thousand head of steers to fatten, and attend to other trifles.

This is all simple and easy work, requiring no mental or physical exertion; that's the reason the Doctor likes it. He is naturally lazy, and the exertion of cutting off coupons, figuring interest due him, opening a large daily mail, receipting postal orders, etc., requires too much physical effort, and becomes so monotonous that he runs away from such work as often as possible.

We learn from the News that visitors who care to turn out at sunrise can see the doctor with a two-bushel basket of corn in the ear under his arm and a benevolent smile on his countenance, facing two thousand steers standing all in a row waiting their turn to be fed. The News declares that the doctor knows each steer by name and dispenses two hundred and fifty bushels of "A 1" corn to them every morning before six o'clock, and repeats the operation every evening before dark. The News further intimates that the owner of the Rancho de la Luce has some grand and beneficent purpose back of this fine enterprise which has not been unfolded to the public, and is, indeed, but vaguely glimpsed as yet by the astute Kansas editor, but which is likely to redound greatly to the interest of Kansas and all the rest of the world. In the meantime, the doctor is getting in good form for further responsibilities and cultivating his muscle by walking back and forth between Cincinnati and the rancho every now and then.

We give these statements solely on the responsibility of the News, and dare not question their truthfulness; knowing the reputation of Kansas editors. We hope Dr. Wolfe intends to start a rancho for the cultivation and utilization by scientific methods of the vast quantity of psychical stock now roaming wild and no more amenable to ordinary processes of taming than is a Texas steer.

If after these many years of costly failure the reduction of coarse, rank, sorghum cane to the finest of sugar has been accomplished, and is opening up such a splendid future for Kansas, there is hope for equally great results with other kinds of unclarified sweetness. Psychical stock in the law is plentiful, it only needs patience, experience, brains and money to develop it into something that will sweeten the life of every intelligent individual; Dr. Wolfe has all these requisites.

God in the Constitution.

The scheme to put God in the United States Constitution—which may be called an effort to put God on paper instead of putting goodness in the soul—has little vitality, but Rev. Dr. Gregg of Park Street church, Boston, lately preached a sermon in its favor, of which a paragraph will show the quality:

If we interpret the Constitution according to its plain reading, it is assuredly a non-religious document. The true God has no standing in it. It offers no more protection to the religion of Jesus Christ than to the religion of Buddha. The oath which the President takes in assuming office has no mention of God in it, although an appeal to God is the very essence of an oath. The absence of the religious character was noted from the very beginning, and was the subject of consideration by God-fearing patriots. What is our duty as Christian citizens in regard to the non-religious character of the Constitution? We should do that which our fathers failed to do; we should crown our God and Christianity in the very first sentence of the Constitution. We should make it read: "We, the people, in the name of God, accepting the Son as our ruler," etc.

Park Street church is the place where the clergy had a prayer meeting in Theodore Parker's day, and one of the brethren prayed that the Lord "would put a hook in his jaws, or if need be, remove him out of the way." About the time that the good Father puts hooks in the jaws of such men as Theodore Parker, we may look for God in the Constitution, but not before.

The Press Club of this city gave a reception on Wednesday evening of last week, to Messrs. De Gran of The United Press, Bickford of The Associated Press, and Rogers of Harper's Weekly, the gentlemen who by invitation accompany President Cleveland on this journey to represent the newspapers of the country. Although this reception did not begin until nearly midnight, as the President's reception at the Columbia Theatre continued until 11 P. M., the same evening, yet there was a large attendance of the representatives of the Chicago press, and a most enjoyable time was had. We noted with pleasure that notwithstanding the fact that nearly all present were newspaper people, leading actors from several theatres and other over-worked professional gentlemen, yet no alcoholic stimulants were indulged in, and the hours flew by with nothing to make this reunion a place that any one present would not have been willing to have had his wife, sister or mother present. The popular notion of such a midnight gathering is so apt to differ from the truth, that the foregoing remarks are not deemed superfluous.

A National Centennial Celebration.

A National Centennial Celebration, will be held at Marietta, Ohio, of the first settlement, by the Ohio Company, in the "Territory north-west of the River Ohio," under the Ordinance of 1787. Three days will be devoted to the exercises, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, 1888.

Saturday, April 7th, will be given to special public assemblies and exercises, at which the Governor of Ohio will be asked to preside. The exercises of the morning will consist of an address of welcome by the Governor, an oration by a distinguished and representative public man, and a poem by an author of national reputation. In the afternoon there will be miscellaneous addresses, in response to appropriate sentiments, by speakers representing the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative Departments of the United States and of the several States. An hour will be set apart for the laying of the corner-stone, by the President of the United States, of a centennial monumental structure. In the evening there will be a spectacular representation of a historical character.

On Friday, April 6th, it is hoped that there will be a number of reunions, by families, of descendants of pioneers and early settlers. As soon as it is ascertained by the correspondence now being carried on, how many of these descendants desire to participate in these reunions, definite programs will be provided.

Sunday, April 8th, will be devoted to the celebration by the different religious denominations of the progress of religion and education since the enactment of the famous "Ordinance of 1787."

During the days immediately preceding the celebration the Ohio Historical and Archaeological Society will hold at Marietta a special meeting to which the various National and State Historical Societies will be invited.

Three of the States formed out of the Northwest Territory have appointed Commissioners to represent them in the celebration, and it is expected that all of them will be officially represented.

In addition to the invitations extended to all descendants of early settlers and to others patriotically interested, it is expected that the State of Ohio, through the Governor, will extend special invitations to the President and his Cabinet, members of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House of Representatives, the officers of the Army and Navy, and to heads of Bureaus and other departments of the Civil Service. Also to the Governors of all the States and Territories.

S. J. Hathaway of Marietta is Secretary of the Central Committee.

Stebbins—Hyzer—Foye.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, which meets at Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty Second St., offers the public a strong combination of talent. On next Sunday morning and evening Mr. Giles B. Stebbins will speak; after the evening lecture Mrs. Ada Foye will give one of her always remarkable séances. Mr. Stebbins has long been known as a speaker and writer of ability on political, religious, sociologic and reformatory topics; few men have a wider experience or more extended acquaintance. The absorbing interest attaching to Mrs. Foye's demonstration of psychic power, clairvoyance and mediumship is already well known in the city and a matter of town talk. On the last two Sundays of October Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will, as previously announced, lecture for the society. Mrs. Foye will also be present and after the evening discourse will give a séance demonstration of spirit presence. The JOURNAL is asked to announce the importance of prompt attendance, as it is the intention to have no confusion during the lecture caused by late comers. The evening meeting fills the hall, and those expecting choice seats should be present as early as 7:30. The evening's exercises will begin promptly at 7:45.

The doors of Avenue Hall will be shut at 8 o'clock sharp. Those desirous of listening to the lecture and witnessing the tests given by Mrs. Foye will have to be inside the hall before the doors are closed.

Young People's Progressive Society.

The storm and darkness last Sunday made the audiences at Avenue Hall on 22nd Street, moderate in size, but excellent in quality. G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, spoke in the morning on "The New Atmosphere," showing the great changes not only in the outward life, but in the inner life and thought of our day as compared with the last generation. In the evening his topic was "The Use and Need of Spiritualism," aiming to show how this new dispensation meets the pressing spiritual wants and demands of our time, and gives something better in place of decaying dogmas and materialistic doubts.

The audiences listened with marked interest and increased attention, and expressed cordial wish to hear the discourse next Sunday on "Evolution as a help to religious life." Mrs. Foye will also be present next Sunday evening, the 16th, and give tests for an hour or so at the close.

Mr. C. H. Murray, of Colorado, whose contributions to the JOURNAL's columns have always been received with pleasure, passed through the city last Monday en route for Newark, N. J., where he will spend the winter.

W. S. Wandell, of Vicksburg, Mich., was in town this week. He reports that active efforts are making to render the camp meeting at that place a great success another season.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. T. J. Gilmore, manager of the St. Louis Magazine, was in town last week looking after the interest of his periodical.

Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, who has been residing in New York for some time, has returned to this city, and proposes to make his home here again.

The Eclectic for October is issued and has a varied and timely table of contents. Price fifteen cents a number; for sale at this office.

The September Theosophist is at hand and is devoted to articles and notes upon Oriental philosophy, art, literature and occultism. Price, single number 50 cents; for sale at this office.

The Teachers' and Healers' Union of Mental or Christian Scientists, will hold a convention in Boston on the 19th and 20th of this month. This is not the Eddy wing of healers, but a much broader and more rational body of thinkers and practitioners.

The Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, have engaged the Columbia Theater, and are employing some of the best talent in the country. Rev. Samuel Watson is at present lecturing there. He will be followed by Mrs. Foye, Charles Dawbarn and J. Frank Baxter. Mr. Thomas Lees is manager of the lecture course.

A prominent lawyer of New York was rusticated at his summer home the past summer and dreamed that he was on a swimming excursion. He rose from his sleeping posture and standing on the edge of the bed, stead dove head first to the floor. His skull was fractured by the blow. At last accounts he was slowly recovering.

The Harbinger of Light, for September has reached us from far off Australia, and contains the lecture of Prof. Alfred R. Wallace delivered in San Francisco, the subject being "If a man die shall he live again?" An article on the death of King Louis II. of Bavaria is contributed, and with letters, notes and editorials, make up an interesting number.

Earnest Words is the name of a new candidate for public favor in the field of periodical literature. It is edited by Drs. Emmet and Helen Denmore, whose ability and experience in literary and other fields of work should ensure success in this enterprise. Mr. S. H. Preston, associate editor, is a hard working office man, and thus the staff seems a strong one for the purposes of the publication. The Earnest Words Pub. Co., 1398 Broadway, New York City, has charge of the business.

One who was present at the Christian Spiritualists' meeting last Sunday, writes: "The meetings of the Association of Christian Spiritualists were a great success last Sunday afternoon and evening, at 523 W. Madison St. The audience was addressed by Dr. Chaplin, W. H. Blair, C. W. Peters, Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. Thomas and other inspirational speakers. Tests were given by Mrs. Burlington (of Duluth), Mrs. Kate Biale, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Hanson and C. W. Peters. In all instances the tests were acknowledged. Sunday, Oct. 16th, the meetings will be addressed by good inspirational speakers, and at the close tests and independent slate writing will be given."

The great dragon drawn in a recent Chinese procession in San Francisco, was manipulated by means of electric wires. At a given signal one of the men who marched under it, touched a button within easy reach, thus charging the machinery with electricity and causing the huge jaws to fly open, disclosing a mouth about the size of the Hoosac Tunnel filled with frightful fangs, and darting forked tongues of fire, the whole thing being calculated to strike terror to the soul of the beholder. Another set of wires produced a series of particularly horrifying contortions, at the same time blowing two lurid sheets of fire from his nostrils.

The house of the late Mary Hale, on Four-and-a-Half-street and Maryland-avenue Washington, which has been secured to be used as a children's dispensary, has lately been reported to be "haunted," as voices could be easily heard from within its untended walls, and the cry of "Mamma," "Mamma" was readily distinguishable. Officer Henry watched the house last night, and heard clearly a voice crying "Mamma." He entered and traced the sound to a room known to be empty, and yet distinctly, came the voice, "Mamma," "Mamma." Anxious not to incommode the ghost by opening the door, he peeped through the key hole and saw in the moonlight a parrot perched upon the window sill, "only this and nothing more," Baltimore Sun.

In 1861 a government inquiry revealed the interesting fact that, out of the 26,000,000 of population in Italy, 17,000,000 could neither read nor write. In the kingdom of Naples it was still worse. In five years the government, hated and opposed as it was by the priests, started 11,137 elementary schools, which were attended by 2,317,570 boys and girls. All these would have grown up in ignorance if the Pope and his party had had their way. The first ragged school in Rome was opened by an American lady in 1870. As late as that year the inspection found the children in Roman schools so ignorant that they could not make them understand either geography, syntax, or spelling. Some of them thought the Adriatic a mountain, Sardinia a city, Milan the capital of Sicily. One said Brutus was a despot, Dante a French poet, Petrarch a famous postman. One boy declared Columbus an apostle, another said he was the Holy Ghost. Another said Cardinal Grant was President of the United States. Some did not know in what country Rome was, and had never heard of Jesus Christ. There were about 70,000 priests, monks and nuns in Italy at the time.—Secular Review.

Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Conciliation.

Railroad is the pamphlet was by passive resistance. But swift upon the scene. To see things quickly righted, With angry soul and head appeared, The Jesuit's General appeared.

And said: "Thou too hast acted wrong In demanding the grating through; And that we needs must stoop And seem resigned to all that they Have robbed us of unto this day!"

"We millions own at our command, And thou bespest millions fast, Who pray of God for our stand Can doubt we shall outlast? Who'll storm our fort, our Holy See, When fools are in majority?"

"Just now, indeed, so great their set, That to our wile 'tis deep. The Jesuit now and may yet. We'll track some day now near. Yes! yet! at once they retrace, Their project strange is out of place."

"Tell folks—the world—thou! Jesus' might, Whose Vicar here thou art, Thy graces will be set right And need thy sorrowed heart— And that when again thou'lt be— Then'll taxes lower from sea to sea."

And Leo, thus forced, like Pius obeys The Black Pope's stern behest— Raises to God his daily fast, And seems deep in his breast. To mean: "Loloi! ope thine eyes, The days of ire dawn in the skies!"

"The world is wide-awake now, mark, Not swooning as of yore, They who once grovelled in the dark, Follow now light and lore— Full soon, I feel, they'll relegate Us all to dark Aveeno's gate!"

"With science that mocks contemptuously Our every rite and writ, Can't thou still hold presumptuously That man is made in God's image? Go! lo! we don't shift our game, Our shop will swoop the blast of shame!"

ZANONI STEFANI.

Florence, Italy, August 1, 1887.

The Black Pope, so-called, is the General of the Jesuits. He it is that has power sufficient to oblige the White Pope to do his bidding.

Let us hope that in a short time, the Christian world will awake to a sense of dignity and inaugurate a rational creed, such as the civilized portion of mankind now requires. I believe that spiritualism alone can be equal to so great a task—and I feel certain that it must eventually achieve it.

Freshness of Spirit.

One of the most serious losses which befall men is the loss of freshness of spirit in dealing with the manifold relationships and duties of life. With the lapse of time there is a gradual loss of freshness and zeal will pass, and leave us servants of duty or slaves of routine. Joy and enthusiasm fold their wings, and we walk wearily where we once passed with swift and victorious movement. Our business becomes drudgery, our duties onerous, our relations of affection lose the charm of sentiment. There are always a few rare natures who escape the decay which despoils the bloom of life, and carry with them into manhood the freshness and vigor of the morning. These are, by virtue of this quality, our guides and inspirers; they continually renew for us in us the early vision, the pristine beauty of living. They show us again the loveliness we once saw in the flower, the glory we once saw in the sky, the dignity and nobility which life wore for us before care and selfishness had impaired our finer perceptions.

The joy which such natures preserve for themselves and others, the power of impulse toward high and noble living which they continually generate, do not belong by nature to the few; they are universal gifts, within the reach of all who will put out a hand to take them.

The secret of perpetual freshness in a human soul of renewing life each day in the beauty of the first creation, lies in the clear and permanent perception of the great spiritual forces and truths of which all visible things are the symbols and revelation. The mother ministers to her child without pause or rest; the long day of her service is divided by no swift-passing hours, and broken by no change of morning into night or night into morning. Head, heart, hands, and feet are incessantly taxed to care for, develop, and direct the young life. There are times when all these grow weary and would fall if it were not for the consciousness, kept clear and luminous by love, of the incalculable worth of the growing soul that receives all this as its right and does not even think its gratitude. Every true mother understands the spiritual relationship in which she stands to the little group at her feet, and this perception sheds a continual radiance about her and her.

Not less deeply and fruitfully are we all related to our duties; those incessant demands upon our life which at times almost drain it to the last drop. Spiritual strength is the only real strength, because it alone is capable of infinite renewal; and in the possession of this strength lies the secret of that freshness of sentiment and zeal which, like a flow from heaven, renews the rarest flowers along the path of life and renews day by day the beauty and fragrance of their earliest blooming.—*Christian Union*.

Rationale of Mental Healing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The accounts published from time to time of the cures effected by the so-called faith cure, metaphysicals, Christian science, etc., have become comparatively frequent, and judging from the notice that has been given them and other reasons, I am led to presume that there must be some foundation for the reported wonderful changes from disease to health. The modus operandi of the operators, as explained by themselves, does not satisfy or make it at all plain to my mind; in short I am not able to extract any sense whatever; consequently presuming that the wonderful cures had an actual occurrence I have endeavored to find an adequate cause.

It is, I think, a reasonable inference to suppose that to effect a change as from the gates of death to ordinary good health, would necessitate a transfer of vitality from some source to the system of the sick person. That this acquired vitality cannot be from the system of the operator is evident, as it would leave him in the same condition as the sick was if he lost as much as the other gained; at least the degree would be plainly perceptible. As this is not the case in any that I have heard of, I must conclude that this new life is from some other source.

It has been asserted and approximately demonstrated by the Baron Von Reichenbach and others, that every atom composing the universe, obeying the unvarying law of force and motion, is giving off a constant emanation of refined particles; this accumulation might (if it exists) be appropriately termed the reserve force of the universe, and should be the fund or bank of vitality upon which, if we possess the credit, we may draw from without fear of our drafts being protested. So far good if our premises are correct. Naturally the next thought must be how to acquire the power to direct currents from this reservoir of life as needed.

We read and hear of most wonderful effects being produced by the human will, even in these latter days, but which, if we may believe the records, may now be regarded as among the best acts, and which the ancients had, while we have not, or but very imperfectly; or we may be on the eve of rediscovery. Undoubtedly the will must be strongly disciplined, taught concentration, faith in the I am as the adepts had in yore; then, as Moses and the prophets had; as Christ had. Once acquired, the possibilities are staggering.

The above thoughts are suggested but not asserted. WARD KRICKEBOCKER.

New Lenox, Ill.

The Rev. J. B. Gambrell has retired from the editorialship of the *World and Shield* and Mr. L. Dabney Marbury is assumed charge.

Catholic Animosity Toward Secular Schools.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

That the Catholics are becoming alarmed at the rapid growth of intelligence and the steady advancement of mind and liberality of thought, is unquestionably true; that in educating their young, they are striving to withdraw them absolutely from contact with non-Catholics is proved by the sentiments of priests in different localities. In Fayette county, Iowa, many public schools have almost completely been prohibited from admitting non-Catholic children to attend them; indeed, while there a few months ago, I was told of one school where the teacher was the only occupant of the building; she spent the school hours in sewing, writing, etc., and drew her salary, but not a scholar came for instruction.

One family—Catholic—whom I visited, lived one mile from the public school, and four miles from the Catholic school; but it had to be the latter or nothing, and consequently was mostly nothing. Two of the children attended in fair weather while I was there—each one provided with Catholic religion bound in the form of school books, catechisms, etc., etc., and it goes without saying that they were not gaining even the rudiments of an elementary education. In the catechism and religion formalities they appeared proficient, but in solving educational problems how could they? Being exhausted after a four mile walk, and knowing it had to be retraced after school hours, all the ability they possessed was expended in absorbing or assimilating the Catholic doctrines—base superstitions and meaningless formalities.

In this way the Catholic leaders propose to develop (?) the hope of our nation—the children; in this they (as they cannot control even a part of the public school fund) hope to eliminate all mental nobility, superiority and spiritual growth, making of God's children miserable physical and spiritual serfs to the Romish propaganda, only capable of an animal existence, willing in their debased ignorance to award all to the greed of the church; this alone is the desire of the Romish priests; they want they take alarm and extra precautions to-day, for the dawn of a new era, an era of independence and liberality of thought, is recognized by the wakeful and thoughtful some may be kept in the dungeon of ignorance, the majority are rising and will no longer crawl in slavish abjection to the feet of the priest, imploring his intercessions before the tribunal of God for spiritual food, thankfully receiving his translations of the bible. The day has dawned when such translations are regarded as absurd, and worse than useless. Reason is being enthroned and each one reads and translates for himself—not alone the Bible, but the divinely illumined pages of nature, and sacredly enshrined in the innermost sanctuary of his soul the truths which he gathers; the pearls of true wisdom which deepen and widen, and make irresistible the current of his soul's growth and enlargement.

Catholicism has done its utmost to keep earth's children enmeshed with fear and prejudice; time will enable us to eliminate this influence from their trembling strophes, by giving us an opportunity to roll into their midst such builders of truth as will eternally crush to earth their erroneous and degrading theology, with its all-potent superstition, the mother of which is the wise and impetuous ignorance which they at all times guard and encourage as their best friend. If we have the true knowledge from the fountain source will unflinchingly do our work, perform it as zealously as do the Catholics in upholding the false and traditional—then will the truth be seen and acknowledged by the famishing multitudes of immortals in mortal form. Oh! for the day, when all will turn from the mean and narrow-minded views which are now prevalent regarding the creation and of God, to the broad and sublime magnificence of an impartial and just Creator.

FANNY DEVILLO.

How Washington was Slandered.

Many, even of such as profess to believe in human progress, talk in a thoughtless way as though they believed that political strife was growing worse and social distinctions more marked than in the "good old times." The truth is that we gain slowly but surely, in charity and tolerance and even our political strife is less bitter than of old. Here is an extract from the *Philadelphia Aurora*, March 4, 1797, giving a glimpse of politics in that day:

"Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. "If ever there was a time that would license the reflection of the exclamation, 'that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day cease to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the Washington Administration for eight years it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have embarked the principles of Republicanism in an enterprise so perilous, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

Mrs H. S. Lake in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who commenced her work for the First Society of Philadelphia, at its beautiful new camp—Parkland, on the first Sunday of Sept., has filled the rostrum of its hall in this city (Spring Garden St.), most acceptably during the remaining three Sundays of this month, having spoken most earnestly and well, to large and enthusiastic audiences. Her psychometricals at the close of the lectures have been wonderfully accurate and convincing to skeptics—in many instances furnishing conclusive proof of the power of spirits to communicate with mortals as well as to establish the fact that thought can travel on the magnetic wires strung from mind to mind, whether disembodied or otherwise.

In addition to her Sunday work, Mrs. Lake has given weekly afternoon and evening lectures to gentlemen and ladies on topics pertaining to the quality of love and the sacredness of the marriage relation, and in these we feel she has left a strong and lasting impression for good, sowing seed that may ultimately in the elevation of the morals of all those who were so fortunate as to have listened to her inspired utterances.

L. R. CHASE.

Mind in Animals.

My father, Henry Latimer, who lived at Collierville, told me a story of a dog coming to him one night, and refusing to go back, it followed him home. At a lonely part of the road, he heard some one in the hedge, and the dog growled, but he saw no one. When they arrived home, the dog refused to enter the house, and he did not go in; it made a "bow-wow" as "good-night," and went its way.

When I lived at Crumlington, Low Colliery, a man got killed at the High Pit, by a corse falling down the shaft. Before they brought him home, John Low Colliery, a dog came right in front of the door, and howled.

John Miles, an old man living at Wreckington, told me of a dog coming to him one morning as he was going to work. It went up to him and made a bow-wow, went away a little, in the direction of his home, and coming back did the same. This it repeated till he turned to go home again. It went in at the door in front of him; then it jumped up on his breast, and left the house. Being at home, John escaped any injury.—W. LATIMER in *Medium and Daybreak*.

The king of Achem is styled "sovereign of the universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eyes glitter like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round—who, when he rises, shades all his people—from under whose feet a sweet odor is wafted," etc., etc.

Scene with Mr. Husk.

SIR.—Being in London for two or three weeks I wished to have a scene with Mr. Husk. For some years I have never come to town without seizing the opportunity to meet Mr. Husk at a scene. Accordingly, last Monday, September 5th, I had a very successful one, and, I think, remarkable. There were present only Mr. and Mrs. Husk, my son and I. On the table was a very heavy music box, so I say that my son could barely move it; yet, after the scene, the box was found on the floor of the room. We joined hands round the table, and no one else was in the room. After the music box had been played and various different voices had spoken, a spirit whom we know as Ebenezer, said: "Do you like the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Husk?" "England," replied my son. "You saw more there than you wished?" "Yes," I was the first man who saw the Prince Imperial after he was killed. "I was leading up to that," said Ebenezer, "for the Prince Imperial is here." (I may say that my son was a correspondent to one of the London papers during the Zulu War, and saw much of the Prince.) "Farant poor in Syria was played on the music box; which, I think, was taken up, and I saw the head and shoulders of a figure covered with white drapery on the table just before me. I saw first a delicate carle profile, with small, dark moustache; the figure bowed to my son, and then turned to me. I saw a beautiful face and exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh, how like the Empress!" for, indeed, it seemed to me the same face. "Yes," said Ebenezer, "that is the Prince." All was dark now, and I asked my son if he recognized the face. "It was like the Prince," he said. Immediately the slate was taken up again and held by the side of the face, and over the forehead. "Yes," exclaimed my son, with conviction, "that is the Prince." He told me afterwards that he recognized the face directly he saw "his grey eye." Ebenezer said, "The Prince was glad Mr. Husk knew him; he recognized him. He said that when he came up he was standing by his body. He says he does not blame those others for running away, but he doubted two—thought they were treacherous." My son asked if the Prince knew what became of the Black man who disappeared, but Ebenezer said, "The Prince is gone, it is what he said to me."

I went again yesterday afternoon with my two daughters, and John King said, "We thought that perhaps your son would accompany you, and the Prince would have materialized;" and, therefore, I was surprised and much gratified to see that the first figure who appeared as before on the table was the Prince who gravely bowed to each of us. There were five others, but we did not recognize any, only one lady's face was very much like a dear friend of mine, whom I left very ill, and of whom I am very anxious to hear.

I shall be at this address until next Wednesday, and shall be happy to answer any questions I have not been sufficiently explicit.—W. GLANVILLE, in *Light*, London.

The Chinese Import a God.

The report comes from San Francisco, Cal., that the Chinese residing there lately gave a remarkable parade in honor of a great god known as "Tan Wong." The Chinese know him as "the god of the streets and alleys in Chinatown." The costumes, banners, and Oriental weapons incident to the affair were brought from China especially for this occasion. There were 1,000 Chinamen in line, and numerous Chinese women on richly-carpeted horses. The entire column presented a blaze of color. The women wore long, slender gowns, and at their sides walked attendants holding high over their heads banners of gold. The men in the procession carried antique war implements, long gilt maces, elaborately carved swords or spears, around whose poles were coiled gilt lizards, snakes, and flaming dragons. A number of tall banners preceded another heavily-armed battalion attired in bright yellow and carrying weapons, no two of which were alike. Immediately preceding the main body of the parade was a band of musicians sounding huge gongs and kettle drums, while a body of cannoneers followed, keeping up a constant fusillade of fire-crackers. Twelve worshipers clad in light yellow carried Fan Wong, who sat in a huge chair. About him and behind stood attendant priests in long black satin robes that swept the ground. They were accompanied by bearers whose centers were hung from the ends of long red poles. Following with Fan Wong was a dragon 175 feet long and described as the most gorgeous ever seen in America. He was supported by sixty worshipers. This monster opened his mouth, withdrew his body, and by appliances known only to Chinese kept up the general outward appearance of being possessed of life and desiring to devour spectators viewing its contortions. The god will be placed in the Jose house to-day to be worshipped.

An Odd Fish.

An odd fish, evidently, is Lewis Knapp of Kenosha, Wis. On the tombstone at the head of his wife's grave in the Kenosha cemetery he has had placed the following inscription:

SUSAN P. POSTER,

wife of

LEWIS KNAPP.

My dear and loving wife, meet me with our spirit friends at the gate of the Elysian Fields of Paradise, where I am coming by Nature's free express. Until there we meet a loving adieu.

P. S.—Our friends W. and R. will soon join us. Happy, happy day. Hallelujah. Amen.

In anticipation of the arrival of "Nature's fast press" at the cemetery, Mrs. Knapp has erected her own tombstone by the side of her wife's, inscribing thereon the legend: "Old Broad-gate Lewis Knapp, aged years. Emigrated—", together with sundry animadversions upon the clergy in general (whom he evidently regards as no friends of his) which it would scarcely be edifying to repeat.—*Ex.*

Pope Leo's Habits.

Most of the modern popes, says *The St. James's Gazette*, have been ascetics, and Leo XIII. is no exception to the rule. His holiness rises at 6 o'clock alike in summer and winter, and immediately he is dressed he says mass in his private chapel. Then he "assists" at another mass celebrated by a prelate of the household, and at 7 he breakfasts. The papal breakfast consists of coffee and two boiled eggs. The midday dinner is as simple as the breakfast; soup, a cold roast, a glass of port, a glass of Bordeaux, a course, but the Bordeaux which common people drink. After dinner the pope takes an hour's nap. The early supper is composed of salad and eggs, and a very admirable supper that is in a hot climate. It is etiquette for the pope to take all his meals alone—a custom which must be very bad for the digestion. Leo XIII. works as hard in his study as Queen Victoria does, but he enjoys splendid health for so old a man, and promises to wear the tiara for many a year to come.

Local Societies.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I hereby propose the formation of local societies in suitable localities, to agitate and discuss all reform questions pertaining to the progress and bettering of the condition of humanity; such an order would be practically a religious, political, temperance, social and anti-poverty society, and would eventually absorb all factional parties and orders into one fraternity, acknowledging the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Mankind. To become a member of this order will not require any binding creed. The only requisite will be a good moral status with a desire to promote mankind to a higher development. Who will speak next in furthering this proposition? DUTTEN MADDEX.

W. W. Robinson, ex-consul to Madagascar writes: Although I take some half dozen other papers yet I cannot do without the *JOURNAL*. It has become indispensable to me, and I think it improves every year.

At Bude-Peach a violin made for Louis XIV. by Arnati has just been sold for \$3,500.

Setting up Humpty Dumpty

Delivered before the National Conference of Charities.

Abridged from the Address of Dean Hart of Denver.

If natural law prevails in the spiritual world, and we must believe it does, then the law of the conservation of energy must be as true with regard to moral force as to heat and light and electricity. And we find by experience that it is so.

When a man unwinds himself, when he lets himself down to be a pauper and a dependent, he dissipates a certain amount of moral energy. To lift him up again, to set him on his feet, you must restore to him just as much moral energy as he has lost in the fall.

Our remote ancestors were not a pack of fools, as some people think; on the contrary, it is questionable whether they were much more foolish than we are, and what we call childish nursery rhymes, which have probably come down to us from distant ages, are often vehicles for sound philosophy, as for instance:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the King's horses and all the King's men

Can not set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Humpty Dumpty is an egg, that is to say, an organism without a back bone, the type of a pauper. A pauper is a man who has fallen and to whom the help of others is necessary. The level of a citizen and make him stand erect, not alone, but moral reinforcement. You must restore to him, or give him if he has never had it, a back-bone, you must set up Humpty Dumpty.

This moral reinforcement is the great aim of organized charity. It is a slow process and a difficult one; ask these gentlemen going among you with white badges on, members of this conference, if they would do it ever being asked. They will hesitate I think, they will speak slowly and say they know of one or two cases in which much has been effected, and they know of many more which are at any rate very hopeful, but they will not speak with undue confidence, they will tell you of many disappointments. Sometimes all the King's horses and all the King's men can't do it.

And yet this difficult task, this often disappointing and discouraging work is just the one thing that we must do in charity to effect any real and lasting good. And the method of it is personal influence. You must lend your own strength of purpose, your own energy and hopefulness to your fallen brother. You must inspire him by your example, win him by your sympathy and with endless patience and kindness lead him until he can go alone.—*The Reporter*.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

Lenormand, in his work on "Hasty Burials," published in 1842, tells the story of a poor rural guard who died after a short illness, in 1842 in one of the communes of Charente-Inférieure. He had neither family nor fortune, and not a tear was shed for him. When not yet cold the body was taken from the bed, and laid upon a pallet of straw, and covered with an old cloth. The night came; a spring of box and a jug of holy water were placed beside the corpse; an old woman sat up with it according to the custom of the country; the poor guard was covered with a light upon the lugubrious scene. Toward midnight the watcher, overcome by weariness, fell into a profound sleep. At 2 o'clock she suddenly awoke and found herself in the midst of flames. Struck with terror she rushed out and called for help. The neighbors, attracted by her cries, ran to the house of death and recoiled with horror when they met upon the threshold a specter dragging itself painfully forward on legs that were terribly burned. It was the supposed dead man, whom the flaming pallet had scorched into consciousness. His burns healed and he recovered his health.

A lawyer who lived at Vesoul, near Beaune, in the Franche-Comte, was subject to frequent attacks of "lethargy," but when he was about to marry he carefully concealed his malady from his intended. He married a widow, however, of the province of the town, whose office compelled him to live at Besancon. He did this with the idea that the provost would save him, in case of need, from being buried alive. The marriage took place and for a time all went well; but one day the husband succumbed to a violent attack of the disease. His wife believed him dead; the provost was absent; the body was placed in a coffin and was just about to be interred when the provost returned, and by his intervention gave to "the cataleptic" sixteen years more of life.

Some years ago there was buried at Polliers, the wife of a goldsmith named Mervache. Some valuable rings were left upon the fingers of the corpse. A man living in the neighborhood knew this and went to the cemetery the night after the burial and disinterred the body. He proceeded to draw the rings off her fingers, but found difficulty in doing so. The man grew bold, and the man lived at Besancon. A robber in later life, he nevertheless saved the woman's life. She recovered from her apoplexy, emerged from her coffin, returned home, lived many years afterward, and bore several sons, who still carry on the trade of their father in Polliers.

Then there is the story about the father of modern anatomy, Andreas Vesalius, whose great work, "De Corporis Humani Fabrica," was published in the same year (1543) with that of Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy, on the revolution of the heavenly bodies. Vesalius, it will be remembered, was accused of cutting up a cardinal who was supposed to have been dead and had been buried, but who came to life again under the dissecting knife. This alleged incident furnished the subject for a well-known painting.

A French army officer, Aug. 30, 1836, was buried at Salentes with military honors. The partying salute awoke him from apparent death; he knocked upon the lid of the coffin, was heard, set at liberty, and marched back to the house of mourning at the head of the detachment that had been detailed to escort his body to the grave.

Richard reports the case of a lady who had an "attack of catalepsy." There was no respiration and her pulse ceased to beat. An attempt was made to bleed her, but to his blood flowed after the incision. She was believed to be dead, and arrangements were made for the funeral. She was recalled to life, however, by the employment of stimulants. When she recovered she declared that she had witnessed all the preparations for burial.

Dr. L. Coman, who published a work ten years ago on the certain signs of death with the avowed purpose of "preventing the interment of living persons," says that he can cite ninety-six well authenticated cases that were buried alive by mistake. He has been grossly deceived, and the danger of premature burial, but in its actual frequency is enormous.

It is narrated of a retired army officer who lived at Pont-a-Mousson, that he fell into a "profound lethargy," and after the lapse of thirty-six hours he was believed to have been dead. It was decided to bury him. The religious ceremony was over; the coffin had been lowered into the grave; the mourners had retired, and the grave-diggers proceeded to throw in the earth. While they were thus engaged a curious noise, appearing to come from within the coffin, filled the air with a low murmur. One of them went to seek a commissary of police; the latter, when found, set to get a doctor; so that three quarters of an hour elapsed before the coffin was opened. It was too late. The unhappy officer was found with one hand behind his head and his mouth covered with blood. The doctor tried to revive him, but in vain. There was no longer the least sign of the life that had been supposed to have been lost. He was buried, think of this. This case is reported by Richard in his work on lethargy.

Saved by a Dream.

There is more between heaven and earth than is dreamt of in philosophy, and there are more wonders in dreamland than there is in the tale of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." Thus thinks Mr. Ben De Beck, a resident of Hawkins street, who dreamed last Friday night that a friend of his was being chopped to pieces by a murderer. The details were so vivid as to awake Mr. De Beck, who was the next morning rested on a tall man standing near his bed. The tall man, on seeing that he was discovered, slid out and took refuge in the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. De Beck started to search the house and detected the burglar hiding behind the kitchen door, seeing which he broke and ran. Close to where he had been chopped to pieces on the floor, and thus it was that Mr. Ben De Beck was, all probability, saved by a dream.—*Dallas (Tex.) News*.

An Atlantic county (N. J.) minister recently preached to an audience of one.

B. A. Cleveland writes: I hope and trust in the future of Spiritualism. It seems to me that all other theories fall far short of meeting the wants of our nature, or giving us hope for all mankind beyond the grave. Who could be happy while one human being is languishing in eternal pain. Let the glad tidings resound throughout the world, "The dead are alive, the lost is found." Not one prodigious alone, but all who have fed upon the husks of human disappointment, and who are now tired of the diet.

Wm. C. Waters writes: To say of that lecture by H. H. Brown, that it is full of pearls, gems and rubies of thought, would be only faint praise. He speaks from the highest round of the spiritual philosophy, and that without once tripping.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A bachelors' club has been organized at Yankton, An Atlanta county (N. J.) minister recently preached to an audience of one.

The editor of the *Knoxville Republican* advertises for the photograph of a dollar.

A Benton Harbor barber has caused the arrest of his employer for highway robbery.

A negro at the Boyce (La.) telegraph office the other day sent the following dispatch to an absent friend: "Come home your wife's dyin' fas as she can."

It is reported that Gen. Bazaine intends publishing a history giving an account of his stay in Mexico and minutely describing the events which took place there during that time.

A man named Gilbert is said to have walked and run from Paris to Bologna, 156 miles, in thirty-six consecutive hours, or at the average rate of four and one-third miles per hour.

Some Mexican journals advocate the establishment of a crematory at Vera Cruz, in imitation of Brazil, where the yellow-fever victims are disposed of.

The proportion of dignitaries in the Mormon churches is almost equal to that of officers in the United States army and navy. In Utah there are 400 bishops, 2,423 priests, 2,917 teachers, and 6,534 deacons.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) man presented at a bank another's check for \$24. The maker of the check had only \$23.37 on deposit, and the bank refused to cash the check. Then the man with the check deposited 63 cents to the other man's credit, again presented the check, and got the money.

Mrs. Ida A. Mason, of Charlotte, Town of Newfane, has caused the Rev. Thomas R. Stratton of that place for defamation of character, placing her damages at \$10,000. Mrs. Mason's husband committed suicide three weeks ago, and the pastor commenting on the same took the stand that his wife's ill temper drove him to destruction.

A company has been formed in the City of Mexico for regularly importing hogs from the United States into Mexico. Buyers have been sent to Kansas City and 3,000 hogs a month will be imported, making a commerce of about \$600,000 a year. The Central railroad is gradually building up a remunerative business in this line.

A cowboy from Concho, Tex., brings information to San Angelo of a big cave near the ranch of Kennedy & Roberts, in that county. The first man who went down was overcome by impure air, and another had to go down to his rescue. He found the cave to be a large one, and brought up with him an Indian idol, which is now on exhibition at one of the drug stores at San Angelo.

Four well-known young women from Baltimore rode an exciting burlesque race at the recent opening of a riding school in Washington. The contestants were the Misses Byron, Smith, Cassell, and Morton. The race was over in a quarter of three miles, with three burlesque. Miss Byron was the first prize, a gold watch and chain, and Miss Smith the second, a watch and chain of less value.

Redfield, D. T., has been stormed by Nellie King—youth, handsome, and an alleged detective. She electrified the natives by galloping into the city astride a horse in man's attire. The appearance of bracelets on her wrists and newworn on her feet aroused the curious and soon she was the center of attraction. She is a pretty brunette, has a neat figure, and sports a pair of wigged revolvers.

Mrs. Ezra S. Allen ascended alone in a balloon from the State fair grounds at Narragansett park, Providence. She reached a height of three miles, and met with diverse currents of air and whirlwind. The situation grew so threatening that she pulled the explosion cord and fell with the balloon a mile and a half. The force of the fall was broken by the balloon alighting in a treetop.

N. B. Morton of Rogers, Ark., an old confederate soldier, owns an old brown horse that was ridden out into the war by Hugh Bartlett of Cooper county. During the war Bartlett sold him to Stephen Allison, who rode him during the war. After the war Morton bought him. The horse was wounded in the battle of Newtonia, Mo., but is in good shape yet and doing good service. He is supposed to be not less than thirty years old.

Some Facts Concerning the Zodiac.

(Continued from First Page.)

ally understood. All are familiar with the fact that the plane of the ecliptic is inclined to the plane of the equator at an angle of twenty-three and a half degrees, and that the equinoxes are located at the points where these two planes intersect, corresponding to opposite arcs in the zodiac. The reason of shifting of these points westward is a little more obscure. Let us see if we can find a sufficient cause.

If we project a focal or polar point from the equatorial plane into the Northern heavens, we shall find this point converging near the star Polaris, or North Star, while the focal point from the plane of the ecliptic converges midway between the head and second coil of the Great Dragon, just twenty-three and one-half degrees from the earth's polar focus near Polaris. The first we will call the earth's pole, the second the celestial pole. Now if we describe a circle on an astronomical atlas round the celestial pole, with a radius of twenty-three and one-half degrees, we shall define the path in which the earth's pole revolves during the great precessional year. Then if we divide this circle, as we do the zodiac into 360 degrees, we shall find that the movement of the earth's pole through thirty degrees in this circle will occasion a corresponding movement of the precessional points westward in the zodiac, requiring 2,152 years for thirty degrees, and nearly 20,000 years to traverse the entire circle. Why the earth should gyrate around the celestial pole, is a problem for which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered.

The star Phobos or a Draconis lies directly in this northern circle, about sixty degrees from the earth's present polar point. About the year 2,170 before Christ this was the North polar point of the earth, and the angle of this star was then coincident with the descending passage in the Great Pyramid. The same star had precisely this angle 25,827 years before that date. The opposite arc in this northern circle approaches to within five degrees of the bright star Vega. So 11,500 years hence Vega, in the Harp, will become the North pole star of the earth. It will hence be seen that while the location of the pole remains fixed upon the earth, nevertheless this point undergoes a secular movement about the celestial pole (a movement in which the whole earth correspondingly oscillates), which occasions not only a slow shifting of the equinoctial and solstitial points westward in the zodiac, but in the course of ages changes the whole aspect of the heavens with respect to our globe. When Vega shall become our north pole star, then will Scorpio and Sagittarius be classed as northern constellations, while Taurus and Gemini will be recognized as southern constellations. Then, too, will the vernal equinox have shifted as far westward as the constellation of Libra. And I have no doubt the time will come when the precessional and lunar progression through the zodiac will foreshadow to us many important phases of the race movement, and thus afford us a prevision of those turning points in history by which we may be able to anticipate the periodical accelerations and retardations in the evolutionary wave that sweeps with a rhythmic flow through the organic kingdoms of nature.

It may be noted here that there are two species of periodical movement which profoundly affect the affairs of this world. One of these is occasioned by the precession of the equinoxes; the other by the cyclic periods of the moon. The precessional movement, we have seen, sweeps through the entire circle of the zodiac in 25,827 years. This is the Great Cycle (if we leave out of the account the larger solar cycle), and it is compounded of four thus: the vernal equinox moving through one smaller circle corresponding to the precessional advance through smaller arcs of the circle, half the circle, comprising a period of 12,913 years. A cardinal cycle, or one quarter of the circle, is equal to 6,457 years. The cycle of the zodiac, or progression through one sign, is equal to 2,152 years. Lastly, we have the minor cycle of 430 years, which is equal to precessional advance through six degrees or one-eighth of the circle.

I think I have good reasons for regarding the constellation of Aquarius as the starting point for the great precessional year, and as the vernal equinox is now re-entering that constellation we are undoubtedly on the threshold of one of the most important periods in the history of our planet. The equinoxes and solstices are just entering the four constellations which, according to the Apocalypses, symbolize the Man, the Lion, the Bull and the Eagle; but this last is now recognized as the Scorpion. These were anciently regarded as the four Cardinal Constellations, and now as the precessional advance enters therein the races receive a new impulse, and the new psychic waves undulating through the social mass awaken hitherto latent powers, and inaugurate a new era of mental activity. Yet the manner in which each particular race or nation will be affected depends largely upon whether it be moving on the upward or the downward arc in its own special cycle of progress. Those who are on the downward arc will begin to move more swiftly towards dissolution; while those upon the upward arc will display a marvellously accelerated movement toward their destined complexities.

Before the inauguration of a new epoch—like the Christian era—the short cycle of 430 years plays quite a prominent part. About 430 years before Christ Plato and the Greek culture prepared the way for Christianity in the west. Now we appear to be on the eve of some great messianic outpouring for which the age of Luther was the dawn and incipient preparation.

It remains to give a brief exposition of the cyclic periods of the moon. The most important of these is the cycle of the Neros. It is a period of six hundred years, and consists of thirty-one periods of nineteen, and one period of eleven years. If on the first of January a new moon occurs in a particular part of the heavens, then in just six hundred years it will occur in the same place and in the same relation to the fixed stars. Once in nineteen years the moon returns to her relative position with the sun. Now the neronic cycle, or cycle of six hundred years, was regarded by the ancient Chaldeans as the most important of all the minor cycles in its influence upon human affairs, and the time of its recurrence was sacredly guarded by the members of secret fraternities.

Great teachers or chieftains usually appear upon the earth at the commencement of each lunar cycle. About six hundred years before Christ, Buddha, Solon and Confucius gave a new impulse to civilization. The age of Jesus of Nazareth was certainly the occasion of a new era of ecclesiastical and political activity among the nations of the West. Six hundred years after Jesus, Mohammed came and unfurled the Moslem banner over the crumbling empires of the East. And again when another six hundred

years had expired, the great Tartar conqueror, Jengis Khan, inaugurated a great revolution in north eastern Asia, and caused the destruction of over five millions of human beings. Jengis Khan and Mohammed are referred to by Dr. Kenealy as the "Kabiric" or sword-messengers of the Almighty. Now another six hundred years is fulfilled, and the conditions are rapidly preparing for the advent of some power—either personal or universal—which shall be the rallying point for the evolution of the sixth sense, and for a grand stride in the general advancement of mankind.

The periodical nature of movement, long since recognized by oriental philosophers, is gradually gaining acceptance in the West. Herbert Spencer's essay on the "Rhythm of Motion" is one of the best contributions to modern literature. It will not be long before a chapter will be written on the "Modals of Motion." These are the two great underlying principles—Rhythm and Modulation—not only governing all musical expression, but every detail of movement from the vibrations of a gnat's wing to the swing of a planet. Rhythm governs the measure or periodicities of movement. Modulation governs the proportion or relative intensities of movement. Now I suspect that of these two characteristics of movement—periodical and proportional—the precession of the equinoxes governs the first and the Moon's periods the second. I have no doubt the prehistoric ancients regarded the zodiac as the key to all science of both man and nature; and some day we shall discover abundant reason for the restoration of this ancient reverence. Turlock, Cal.

Mrs. Ada Foye in Sturgis.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Spiritualists and friends of progress in Sturgis, and all those who desire absolute knowledge of a continued existence, are under obligations to Mrs. M. J. Peck and Dr. Randall, of Leonidas, for assuming the responsibility of engaging Mrs. Ada Foye to come to Sturgis and deliver explanatory lectures and give platform tests. The undertaking has proved a success. Mrs. Foye held two public meetings in the Spiritual Church on Sunday and Monday evenings, Oct. 2nd and 3rd. On Sunday evening, notwithstanding that a union temperance meeting of all the orthodox denominations was held at the same time, the house was crowded. Mrs. Peck's executive ability and practical good sense exercised on the community near home, and the doctor's influence in his locality, have rendered Mrs. Foye's visit financially successful, as well as morally profitable.

Mrs. Foye opened the meeting with an invocation, after which she explained some of the peculiarities of her mediumship and elucidated those obscure features of Spiritualism which frequently retard the growth of knowledge of the subject, on the public mind. She said that she had been a medium ever since she was a child of twelve years of age; mediumship came unexpectedly to her, and that during all those years in which she had been a medium she never met with a person, scientific or religious, who could account for those strange phenomena which occur in her presence. She believes in the teachings of Jesus, yet is not a sectarian Christian. The Spiritualist does right, not because he fears the consequences of wrong doing, but because it is right to do the right. She said: "I respect other people's religions, and I expect them to respect mine." If modern mediumship requires conditions it must be borne in mind that no medium demanded more stringent conditions as necessary to spirit phenomena than did Jesus, who "was called Christ." When the conditions requisite for the successful exercise of his powers were absent, he could do nothing, and he declared that it was not he, but his Father, who did the works, thus teaching that it was not himself who accomplished the wonders reported in the New Testament, but that "he was the instrument in another's hand."

At the request of the medium every one in the audience, who desired to do so, wrote the name of a spirit from whom they desired to hear, and perhaps one hundred slips of folded paper, containing names, were collected by Messrs. Randall and Harding, and deposited on the table at which she sat; about one-fifth of the number signified their presence by raps on the table, heard distinctly by the audience. The mode of procedure was as follows: The medium touched each of the folded slips of paper and asked, "Is this spirit present?" "This one?" "This?" "This?" Three raps answered "yes," then she handed the slip to some one in the audience to hold. The medium then sees letters in the air which spell the name in full of the spirit; then she enquires "Does any one present recognize this spirit?" The writer of the slip stands up. "Have you any question to ask?" enquires the medium. The questions are then answered and a communication is written by the spirit through the hand of the medium. Those are written from left to right and upside down with great rapidity. Sometimes she sees and describes spirits, who give their names as above and cause her to write a message for some one in the audience.

Every spirit who presented itself was recognized and the name on every slip of paper when opened and read was found to correspond with the name read aloud by the medium; there was but one error committed during both evenings, and that was in the spelling of the name "Spalding," and that was only of a single letter, as a u was inserted between a and i, which can easily be accounted for; the spirit (Spalding) had but recently passed on and no doubt those spirits who assist him are chargeable with the mistake in the peculiar spelling of the word by that family. This Rev. Voltaire Spalding had been an Episcopal minister. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance; he manifested each evening, and on the last came very unexpectedly to myself. I enquired, "Is any spirit friend of mine present?" The raps came, "Yes." I called over the alphabet and to my surprise my old and highly respected friend, with whom I had been in deep sympathy, spelled out his name; it was a pleasant surprise.

This was the same clergyman who called on me one Sunday "to make my acquaintance," he was polite enough to say, "in consequence of having read some of my articles in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which circumstance I casually referred to (without giving the name) over a year ago, in a letter to the JOURNAL. He was a remarkably intellectual, liberally minded man, although wedded to his beloved Episcopal church. It seemed quite natural under the circumstances that he should manifest to me, as from the first hour of our acquaintance I entertained much affection and respect for him, and I am happy to say that those kindly sentiments were mutual. On the other occasions, his coming to Mrs. Foye's meetings, his communications were to his son, whom he informed, in one of his messages, that his religious views had undergone a great change

since his advent into spirit life; but how true it is that affection and sympathy survive the tomb.

Some thoughtless persons at the Monday evening meeting indulged in levity, which Mrs. Foye immediately suppressed by informing them that Spiritualism was "not religion," and that light conduct, carelessness or inattention was exceedingly hurtful to her feelings. Such conduct, she reminded them, would not be tolerated in any orthodox church, and "I hope you will take it kindly," she said. "If I remark that it is equally out of place here." The remonstrance had the desired effect, and those who had yielded to their love of fun, promptly ceased to annoy. Mrs. Foye held private sittings in the forenoon for those who desired them, during the four days of her visit; and I understand that her time was fully occupied by callers, many of whom were pleased and gratified. She leaves this afternoon for Chicago.

What made the communications of special value was that Mrs. Foye was almost entirely unknown in Sturgis. I don't suppose that ten persons in town or country had ever seen her before, and from what she has informed us of her intended movements, it is more than probable that most of us will never see her again.

The practical business-like way in which she applies herself to the matter in hand, imparts confidence, while her easy self-possession, yet unassuming deportment gives her the respect of her audience; there is nothing forced about her, no assumption of excessive "gentility," or superabundant "culture" in her style; indeed outside of her mediumship what is most pleasing to the public to perceive is that she acts out her true self in the consciousness of truth possessed.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich., Oct. 4, 1887.

Woman and the Household.

That Servant Girl.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

It has been amusing as well as edifying, to read the different solutions to the great domestic problem, "The Servant Girl," which have been given through the JOURNAL during the past few weeks. The question was propounded by Mrs. Kingsford, and the earnestness with which she requests a correct solution, leads us to infer that there is no "mathematical catch" lurking in its depths, and that she cannot work it out herself.

It was quite natural that all housekeepers who read it should commence "ciphering" as soon as they had a little leisure, and a few of them have sent in answers not at all to the point. For instance, E. tells Mrs. Kingsford to put herself in the servant's place, but this does not help matters in the least, for that is assumed in the question. She wishes to know how to avoid being in that place. Besides, she remembers a bit of a school girl lesson, viz: "Where one body is, another cannot be without displacing it," and she desires to know how to induce the girl to keep her own place and to do work commensurate with good wages, which are ungrudgingly paid.

Upon reading farther, though, I notice that E. advises her to put herself in the servant's place—mentally at least—and that seems to be "the unkindest cut of all." Imagine a woman who has spent her best years in profitable study, and whose mind by this long continued refining process, has become more admirable than a crown of diamonds, dropping it all, in order to be on a mental equality with Biddy O'Flynn, who cannot write her own name, and who has no desire whatever to become wiser than she is. No that will not do. Sponge the slate and begin again.

Ah, I see! E. does mean an actual physical and mental occupancy of Biddy's place which means that one should only become Biddy's social equal. Has E. ever tested that plan? Will she be good enough to give us the result? How would she begin with the acknowledged "plague"? Would she roll up her sleeves and while helping Biddy to scrub the kitchen, gossip with her about the last dance at Pat O'Mulligan's? Of course she would be obliged to descend to Biddy's social position, for her own being in the realms of intelligence, could not be entered by the untutored girl, who if moved at all in that direction would not be drawn more forcibly than lumbering old earth is toward a golden ball of one pound weight, which is dropped upon her surface. If they come together at all, it must be through great condescension upon the part of the purer substances.

Mrs. Mace tells us that she has tried the "sisterly" method, and that it is like casting "pearls before swine." Her experience is not unlike that of hundreds of noble women who have no desire to assume superior airs, (only snubs do that) nor to deal unjustly with any human being. After repeated trials, however, they have concluded that it is more agreeable to do the work for the family, as arduous as it may be, than to be subjected to such insolence as familiarity with the servants induces. We house-keepers regret that Mrs. Mace did not continue in her sensible remarks and answer Mrs. Kingsford's appeal for assistance. Such an answer would be of incalculable benefit in this broad country.

The excellent articles by Lucinda B. Chandler give substantial food for reflection, but they fail to touch the mooted question. The advantages which may be derived from an impossible training school which is hoped for, do not alleviate the present woes. I have read so much of late upon future training schools, that a plan for a novel and profitable one is forming in my small head. Like all the others, it will be a grand success if we can only get everybody to follow the rules strictly. Ah! There, I fear, will be the difficulty. There are so many obstinate people in the world who will not take part in these reform movements, hold that they are never as good in practice as they are in theory. Just as soon as the Woman's suffrage question is settled to the satisfaction of all, I shall lay my plan before the public, and after it has been adopted, Arcadian peace will reign supreme, and the poor downtrodden servant girl may rest seven days in a week if she likes. It will not be of any special consolation to Mrs. Kingsford and others, at present, but we can allow it to join the ignis fatuus dance with other reforms, as they move with the ever retreating future. We do not need much at present, if we can but have a hope of grand things which ought to be, and might be if they only would be.

I have puzzled over our friend's proposition, and find myself unable to solve it. In fact, I believe it to be unsolvable.

Concordia, Kan. RETTA S. ANDERSON.

Martha and Mary.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Dear sisters of the JOURNAL, I've always

had my opinion of the relative merits of the two sisters whom Christ honored with his friendship, and I always believed his visits were made very pleasant by the practical turn Martha displayed. Doubtless she would have enjoyed sitting at his feet, and the rest we read of, but somebody must do the serving, and it looks to me as if she was very unselfish with Mary, and that Christ ought to have given her such a back-handed compliment, but a few cheery words of appreciation, while Mary was in full dress doing the esthetic and sentimental Martha was getting up a nice lunch for the family, in a clean, white apron, doubtless, and her hair in neat knot. We all must needs take the role Martha acted, very frequently most of us; indeed it would be safer and better policy probably than for us to pattern after Mary in these gossiping times! To help along the Marthas of the JOURNAL I inclose two nice receipts for trial.

Whipped Cream.

This, one of the easiest made desserts, frequently gives the good housewife considerable of unnecessary trouble, the cause of which is that the cream is either too warm or too fresh. Cream skimmed about noon from the previous evening's milk, which stood in a cold spring all night, is generally cold enough; if not, place it for five or ten minutes on a little finely crushed ice sprinkled with salt. Then beat it briskly until it is stiff enough for a spoon to stand up in it; add vanilla flavoring and sugar to taste. It requires but little sugar—two or three table-spoonsful to a quart of whipped cream is sufficient. A pint of fresh cream makes a quart of whipped cream. If it is not desired quite so rich, or if the quantity is not sufficient, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth may be added without the least injury to the quality of the dessert, only it must not be added until the last moment before serving the cream. Serve in a glass dish not too deep, and arrange meringues around the edges. This makes a delicious, rich dessert, and, in the country, an economical one.

Jellied Chicken.

A very nice supper dish for an evening entertainment. Dress a pair of fowls as for roasting, omitting the stuffing, and boil slowly in as little water as possible until they are so tender that the meat drops from the bones. Chop or cut the meat into small pieces, season with salt, pepper, and the least bit of grated nutmeg and lemon rind. Much of the excellence of any kind of jellied meats will depend upon the skill of the cook in seasoning. Put some slices of hard-boiled eggs in the bottom of a mould; next place a layer of chicken, and continue with alternate layers of eggs and chicken until the mould is two-thirds full. Reduce the broth in which the chickens were cooked, by boiling until there is not more than half a pint. Season this and pour it over the contents of the mould. Turn out on a platter, and garnish with bright red beets, boiled and cut in fancy shapes, dark green parsley, and light colored celery tops.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A Practical Work for Spiritualists.

BY GEO. A. SHUFFELDT.

It is proposed to organize in the city of New York a series of entertainments for working men and women, and by means of these to reach a large number of people and teach them something of the better ways of living. The meetings will be made attractive by the use of instrumental and vocal music, poetic and dramatic readings, short discourses or addresses on practical subjects—Hygiene, Ventilation, Clothing, Temperance and the like. Lectures on scientific subjects by competent men in each specialty: Electricity, Steam, Astronomy, the Cosmos, etc., a short printed tract of not more than two pages for each attendant to take home, on history, government or politics.

There will be no theology or religion as such, but the effort will be to teach the truth as it is and all falsehoods will be eradicated. There will be lectures to the women on cooking, clothing, and care of children and so on. Of course then more serious subjects will be interlarded with music, and such entertainment as will serve to keep up the interest. I can give merely an outline of the plan, but it will be readily perceived it opens a wide field for the education and improvement of a vast number of people.

Once started on a right basis and the whole thing will pay its own way, for it is proposed to charge such an admission fee as will pay all the expenses of the work; for instance, a course of five or six entertainments would be given for one dollar. With a hall large enough to hold two or three thousand people the receipts would meet the current expenditure. All that is necessary is money enough to start the enterprise. If some kindly disposed man or woman in the spiritual ranks feels inclined to help me in this work, I will gladly give my time and services to it. Perhaps we can thus help to answer the question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" 38 Park Row, New York.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

No. 9

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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"FROM THE NATURAL TO THE SPIRITUAL."

Sermon by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D.,
Delivered at the People's Church, Chicago,
Sunday, Sept. 20th.

How be it that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.—1 Cor. xv. 46.

In the discourse of last Sunday, we considered the two forms of knowledge—that of sense-perception, by which we come to know the material world; and that of intellect and spirit, by which we have knowledge of rational truths and moral principles. We studied also the effect of the near sense-perception of spiritual truths in externalizing and materializing the conceptions of religion. And this was illustrated mainly in the emphasis placed upon the historical Jesus, rather than the essential or the spiritual Christ.

The distinctive methods and tendencies of thought in any period are not confined to one phase of any great subject, but reach out and take hold of all its related truths and affect out-lying fields of thought. Thus the age that failed to grasp the essential in Christianity and exalted in its stead the material, and even perverted the beneficent religion of Christ to a vast system of oppression and persecution, naturally enough looked upon government, not as a something for the people, but for kings and senators. Government was used, not to give liberty and to protect the rights of mankind, but to take them away.

And the larger workings of the methods and tendencies of thought, not only to reach out and affect all the related branches of any one subject, but to extend over into other fields, may be seen in the reactions of the human mind and heart that followed the centuries in which religion was objectified, and the essential spirit of both religion and government was not only largely lost sight of, but was strangely perverted and abused. That reaction was, in government, a protest against despotism and a demand for liberty; but the thought, once started, and the tendency established, it could not be confined to any one channel. If it began in the State, it would extend to the Church; or, beginning in religion, it would go on to the government; and hence it became universal. In the State it took two forms; with the rash and hasty it tended to anarchy, as in France; with the more thoughtful and conservative it took the safer way of seeking constitutional reforms, as in England. But the movement, once set in motion, could not be arrested; and hence in our day we see the spirit of this larger personal liberty working out into all the differentiations of society, and into every detail of industry. And we see also the two methods of conservatism and radicalism, or of law and anarchy, still in the field and striving for the ascendancy.

And in religion, also, this movement has become universal; and here, too, we may observe a two-fold method and tendency. The radically infidel method would destroy religion; banish it as a superstition of the darker past that has no place in an age of reason. The progressive and yet prudently conservative method is seeking a middle path; it cannot consent to the destruction of religion on the one hand, nor can it on the other accept and try to carry along all the burdens and the grotesqueness and materiality of the thought of the dark and medieval ages.

And now, having seen that the deeper spiritual vision of our time is perceiving and turning to the spiritual Christ, let us study the influence of this more spiritual method and tendency of thought upon some of the other and related doctrines of Christianity. When mankind stood on the outside and

studied religion through the senses, rather than through the reason and the moral nature, everything was naturally seen in a mechanical way. And this conception for a long while shaped the theory of the creation of the world, and man. The world was made, not evolved; made, as a mechanic makes a globe, or builds a house; bringing the material together and putting each piece in its place. And to this conception, God, as the Being who did the work, stood off on the outside and gathered the elements together, and pressed them into shape, and piled up the mountains, and then made the sun and the moon and the stars. And then he took of the dust of the earth and made man; put together all the parts of his body; and then breathed life into his nostrils, and set the machinery in motion.

Now we are compelled to think, not of our little earth alone, and the sun moving around it, but of a solar system, with a sun more than a million times larger than the earth, and of a universe of suns and systems. And we are coming to think of God, not as outside of nature, and making nature, and making worlds in a mechanical way, but to think of God as inside of nature, as in the laws of nature and through these unfolding its vast and perpetual order. We think of nature as evolved from within, and not as built from without; we think of nature as an organism, rather than a mechanism.

The great thoughts of God have thus taken shape out of and around himself; and greater than his world-thought was his man-thought—the thought of beings that should share his own reason and self-consciousness; that should in their measure think his own thoughts of truth and beauty and goodness, and feel and know his own eternal life and love. And hence we are finding God, not alone in the great order of nature, but in our own reason; in the greater power of reason that can perceive this order of nature. And we are perceiving God in the sense of justice and love in our own hearts, and in the struggles of reason and right to assert themselves in each life, and in the history of the world. And thus the evolution of the earth, and of life and man, appears, not as, according to the carpenter theory, a something that was finished in six days, six thousand years ago, but as a Divine process still going forward; and God is immanent in all his works, and ever present in the reason and conscience; immanent now and always in his still unfolding world-thought and man-thought.

Having conceived of God, and the world, and man, after the mechanical theory, it was natural to go on and formulate all the other doctrines of religion in the same way. The strange story of the origin of evil was read, not as an allegory, but as actual fact or history. The first man, just made out of the dust, was placed in a garden; and all the animals passed by, and he gave to each a name; but found no mate for himself; then he was put to sleep and a rib taken from his side, and out of this the first woman was made. Then this new pair were told to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden but the "tree of knowledge"—the very one they needed most; and then a serpent appears and tempts the woman, and she eats, and gives the fruit to the man and he eats. And for this, they and their posterity are cursed; for this they and their posterity are doomed to bodily pain and death in this world, and exposed to endless death in the world to come. And out of this conception arose the strange and unnatural doctrine of another and higher being coming into the world to take the place before the broken law of this first unfortunate couple. This being kept the law; did no wrong himself, but he was put to death to satisfy the claims of justice upon the guilty pair; and it has been taught that he suffered not only bodily death to satisfy the law, but also suffered the pains of hell that they and their offsprings would have suffered. And all this has been called Divine justice, and Divine mercy! And upon this has rested the Latin theology for more than a dozen centuries.

But our age is coming to look upon these things more spiritually, and to see in them other and different meanings than these gross material conceptions. Whatever may be the meaning of the second chapter of Genesis, we can no longer read it as literal history. Human beings were in our world, long before the appearance of the Adam race; and death had reigned in the animal kingdom for long ages before any human being appeared. We can no longer see the wisdom and justice of hazarding the destiny of not only a supposed first pair, but of their countless offsprings upon almost the first act of their new and inexperienced lives. And our age can no longer accept as the greatest exhibition of justice and mercy, that which has no element of either; for what kind of justice is it, that punishes the innocent instead of the guilty? And where is the mercy that has no forgiveness, but exacts the full penalty, even if it be inflicted upon the one who never sinned?

And whatever may have been the origin of evil in any remote past, and however the consequences of evil in one may flow on down to others through the laws of heredity, we cannot think of all the sins of mankind as flowing from any one ancestral sin; and much less can we think of unborn millions as in any sense accountable or guilty for such a supposed sin. These views must be given up. Jesus looked upon little children and said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." Jesus taught the corruption of individuals, but he did not teach the doctrine of race-cor-

ruption; of total depravity. Little children, childhood as such, is not spiritually depraved; is not born of evil, but of good; the fountain of life is from God, and as such flows along in its own blessed purity. But this Divine life in the spirit of the child is strangely conditioned in—has its first human existence in a body; in the material environments of appetites and passions; and each little life, if spared on earth, whether in palace or hovel, has its mystic Eden; has its trial and its fall; its banishment from innocence and the consciousness of guilt; and to each one comes the "voice of the Lord God." Instead of one tragedy, of one race-fall in one man, each one falls for himself; and through all the experiences, and trials, and sufferings, and discipline of the spirit living in a material body, the "knowledge of good and evil" is attained; and each soul learns that only the paths of goodness lead to the tree of life.

And turning away from the gross material conceptions of the past, we are coming to see the world, not as ruled by the iron laws of a despot, but as under the government of a Heavenly Father who loves and pities all his struggling and suffering children of earth and time; that all punishments and sufferings are in love and for good, and leading on to something higher. And we are coming to see the life and death of our Savior, not as something to satisfy justice or to "reconcile God," but as the coming of God to man; the coming in his greatest fullness in this typical and specially prepared "Son of man," as the brother and the teacher, and the Savior of all. In him we hear the Father's voice, and see his pity and tenderness, his nearness to the struggling poor and the suffering, the sick, to the sinning and the dying. And in this way the soul is not burdened by the sin of Adam, but feels and confesses its own sins, and is freed to no distant court—needs no priestly mediation or sacrifice of burning altar or smoking incense, but comes to God, sees the Father's love and pity in Christ, and finds free-pardon and peace, and the life and love of God flowing into and filling all its own life and love.

And thus the mechanical salvation of a material religion, in which baptism regenerated, and the bread and wine of the sacrament were the actual flesh and blood of the Savior, is giving place to the spiritual conception of a salvation of character. Baptism still has its meaning as a figure or sign of inward cleansing; and the Lord's Supper has all its tender memories and associations; and both have their vows of consecration; but of themselves, they are powerless to affect any change in the heart. Each heart must turn from its own sins; make its confession and ask for mercy and forgiveness and the renewing of the Holy Spirit. Salvation is not a debt-and-credit affair; not a something to be settled in a court law; but the love of the heart, and the glad obedience of the life. It is the loving relation of an earthly child to a Heavenly Father; and not a cold mechanical or forensic adjustment of formal relationships.

The doctrine of inspiration has also suffered—been loaded down with errors and confusions, through the mistakes of the material method of interpretation. Inspiration has been looked upon as a purely mechanical process, in which God was the writer, and man the mere instrument, or the pen used to put the divine words upon paper. And only a little removed from this mechanical conception, is the verbal theory that made the writers of the different books of the Bible the reporters as it were, of the words of God spoken to them. Moses, or Isaiah, or Paul, was but an amanuensis; writing down, word by word, what was dictated. And then, rising a little above this was the theory, that not the exact words, nor the precise forms of expression were given to each writer, but only the ideas; thus allowing each one to formulate these ideas in his own language, and to use his own style of composition. And this approaches nearest to the truth. But it is a mistake to suppose that all the ideas even of the Bible, such as dates and numbers and matters of history and geography, were thus inspired. They were matters of occurrence or observation to be noted and recorded; nor did Paul need any inspiration to write to Timothy about the cloak that he had left at Troas; and to request that it and the books and parchments be brought to him.

Inspiration, is inbreathing; breathing in the spirit of truth and life; opening the mind and heart to the truth and life of God and being filled with these. And hence it was not the pens, nor the words, nor the composition, but the men that were inspired; and as inspired men; men who breathed in the truth and the life of God; men who were instinct with the will and purpose of God in the political and social and religious life of their times, they wrote. And thus: "holy men of old spoke, as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." And in many things their words are the words of God.

And in this more spiritual sense, inspiration becomes, not a stumbling block to reason, but a great and blessed fact in the life of our world. It means that man is not shut up to his little sense-world of seeing and hearing; it means that his reason and his conscience are open and sensitive to the influx of the Divine reason and righteousness. It is a great mistake to deny all inspiration—all inbreathing of truth and life from God; and it is scarcely a less mistake, to limit inspiration to the Bible; to limit it to the long ago, and hence deny it to the present. Men walk beneath the same skies now that they did thousands of years ago;

they turn over and muse upon the same great questions of truth and duty and home and country and God; and the inspiration that filled David, John and Paul is not denied the earnest hearts that draw near to God now; but is still present unfolding the larger ideas of liberty and justice and brotherhood among men. All truth is God's truth; and this inbreathing and inkindling is not denied the minds who measure and weigh the stars; it is present to lead judges and statesmen; it helps inventors and builders; it fills the souls of artists and musicians and poets; and it is breathed upon every holy scene of love, of sacrifice, of sorrow. It means that man is not shut off from God; that the heavens above are not brass, but bend low in mercy and tenderness, and that God is in his world and with his children; it is the realized promise of the Christ, "Lo I am with you to the end of the world."

The same materialized conception may be seen in the old doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. What the church desired to do was to preserve the idea of a perfect human identity after death; and studying this physically, they thought it must be a material identity; and hence they argued that there must be a literal resurrection of the actual body that had lived and died, and been buried in the grave. And perceiving that the body during life lost something of the material out of which it was made, as in cutting the hair, and trimming the nails, it was even argued that all these lost particles would be raised up. Then the doctrine lost a little of its grossness by the "germ theory," in which it was claimed that the body that died was not raised in its totality, but that a germ—something like the germ of the grain, or the seed of the plant or the tree, did not die, but lived in that germinal state till the resurrection, and that out of this the new body was formed. But now there are not many even among the orthodox churches, who care to argue in favor of either of these theories. And why? It is not that the Scriptures are changed, but that we are beginning to realize that the body is not the man; but that man at center is a spirit, and that the identity is not in the material; in the house in which man lives; but in the real being; in the being that lives in the house of vitalized dust; and that death is not the death of the essential self; that the real man does not die at all. It is only his house that is destroyed. The real man rises up out of the grave of the body at its death; and this is the resurrection—the "standing up" after death in the spiritual body; this is the victory of life over death when "death is swallowed up in victory," lost in the triumphant rising of the soul into its more perfect being. And this conserves the essential identity; the reason, the affection, the principles of the soul, that alone constitutes identity.

And we find the same material conception giving color and form and outwardness to the old conception of the judgment day. It was "a day," a set time beyond the material resurrection. There was the judge on the throne, and the accused, and the witnesses, and the formal sentence. All this was taken from the idea of an earthly court of trial and sentence, where persons appeared amidst all these material surroundings. And as the scene was pictured, it was powerfully dramatic; the descending angels, the opening graves, the judge on the throne, the assembling millions, and each one coming forward to receive his sentence of doom to an endless material hell, or hearing the glad welcome to the city of golden streets, and harps and crowns. But now, we are beginning to find the spiritual meaning of all these things, and hence we are finding the judgment throne within our own breast, and the judge is there; conscience is the judge, the voice of God within; and the "books" are there—there in the never-dying memories of what we have done and been. And hence, the judgment day with each one is here, and now; and all the time; and men, and women are carrying the sentence, or the approval, in their own hearts; and the good are going to the "right hand," and the bad to the "left hand," and here is our world, great judgment days, days of national judgment come to mankind, and these are comings of the Son of Man in judgment, as in the destruction of Jerusalem, and in the fall of Rome, and the Reformation, and in the war of the Rebellion in our day and country.

And from this it is easy to see the old material conception of heaven and hell. It was a part of the mechanical theory of the world and God, and of man, and sin, and atonement and the resurrection, and the judgment. And hence, hell was described as a prison with iron doors and chains, and burning with material fires of brimstone. Into this awful prison the wicked, with their material bodies just risen from their graves, and departing from the presence of the angry judge, and bound with these fiery chains, were to be cast, and tortured by glowing fiends forever. Nor have these material views departed from our world yet. One of the editors of a Methodist Advocate, writing upon the severe heat of the past July, sought to make it more impressive by contrasting it with the world of fire to which the wicked were going.

But the more thoughtful minds of our time are finding the heaven and the hell of souls where they find the judgment; that is, within. The loss, the waste of power that attends sin, the writing on the pages of memory that no time can efface, and no water of baptism wash out; the memory that one carries forever with him, wherever he may go; and the voice of conscience that can never

be hushed; the wrongs one has done to the helpless, the suffering he has caused, the innocence he has betrayed, and the condemnation, crying from the eternal voice of right. Oh, these are hell; and the war of evil passions within—lust, hatred, revenge, this is hell; in this or in any world, now and always.

If one turn from his sins and do right, they are forgiven of God; and only in this way can any one make peace with himself; with his own conscience. If one has done wrong to others, taken their property unjustly, or injured their reputation, he can make peace with his conscience, and with eternal justice, only by trying to make restitution; if his heart is full of envy and hatred, he can find peace only in finding a new heart of love to God and man. And when the soul is at peace with itself, at peace with its own sense of right, at peace with justice and mercy, at peace with man and with God, and man has in his own breast the blessed fruits of the Spirit in gentleness, and patience, and long suffering, and forgiveness, and joy, and hope. Oh, that is heaven. Identity—personality will always know locality or place; but no place can make heaven without character, and with heaven within no place can be a hell. It is not where the soul is, but what it is, that makes heaven. "Nothing evil can befall a good man in any world."

And it was only natural that from a material conception of an atonement, whose benefits were available for each one only during this life, and expired by limitation at the moment of his death, there should arise the doctrine of a time-probation and endless punishment. But to the spiritual vision, the reconciling work of God in Christ deals with the souls of men; it operates in the realm of character, and moves along the everlasting principles of the justice of love; and hence transcends the narrow limits and conditions of the few years of earth. It is not a question of time, but of love and right, and the power of love and right to overcome sin and rebellion. And hence to such a vision all the redemptive agencies and processes in the training of souls here are seen moving on to the life beyond.

Oh, friends, how tremendously real does religion appear to the spiritual understanding. God is here, present in all natural law, present in all truth, present in all the justice, and love and mercy among men. Man is immortal now, souls are rising out of the graves of death; the judgment day is going on, and heaven and hell are present realities. And thus are we passing from the narrow material conception of religion, to its broader and deeper spiritual meanings.

A LOVER'S ESTIMATE OF EMERSON.

BY H. H. BROWN.

"We cannot, however imperfectly, look up on a great man without learning something from him," says Emerson. These words are my warrant for this attempt to write about him, and if I make but a partial success I shall be satisfied.

Since his death, essayists, biographers and critics have written upon him, and in my opinion they have all failed to grasp the man, their efforts serving only to show how great is the difference between Emerson and other men. The failure has in this respect been so signal that I can but compare them to a gas jet under the blaze of an electric light, and by their failures I better know and feel America's one great thinker.

In the presence of efforts like these I propose no elaborate criticism or deep analysis. I only propose to tell how he affects me: what he does for me; and how I feel toward the man and his works, for I write not as critic, philosopher or theologian, but as a lover only. It is to be expected that he who attempts to take his measure or to outline his character should fail; only an Emerson can write of Emerson justly, and nature makes but one great man of a kind, they never come in groups and cannot be classified under any known genera of greatness.

He seems to me to be encyclopedic, kaleidoscopic, universal, profound, incisive, sincere, mystical, intuitive and clairvoyant; as broad as nature herself, as truthful as her laws, as good as motherhood, and affectionate with an all embracing love; thus he seems to me, and yet I am aware that in thinking of such a character one is liable to think and write only of themselves, and they find themselves idealized in him; for only Emerson can reveal Emerson, and only as we lovingly study, absorb and assimilate him, as we grow larger through him, shall we know him better.

And yet when I say "Emerson," I have no definite idea of what I mean. I do not mean the man whose wondrously strong physiognomy looks upon us benignly in our portraits of him. I cannot make Emerson a personality, despite the fact that I have friends who personally knew and loved him, and that I have read all the personal memoirs of him—Cooke, Holmes, Mrs. Field, Miss Alcott and others have given us. They speak of that other Emerson whom I do not know, and whom I can to but a slight extent associate with the Emerson of my library. No other author so eludes me by remaining impersonal. Shakespeare, the poet, the actor, the husband of Anne Hathaway, is to me the Shakespeare of Macbeth and Hamlet; Byron the wanderer, the paragon of an Italian countess, the Greek patriot, is the Byron of Childe Harold and Don Juan; Dickens has

* Read as an Essay at the Monthly Historical Exercises at the Wendell (Pa.) Theological School.

Continued on eighth page.

TESTS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. B. Brittingham.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some interesting phenomena were witnessed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brittingham, No. 908 6th Avenue, New York, on Monday evening, the 3rd of October. There were present in the well lighted parlor Mrs. Brittingham, who was seated in a low, armless rocking chair, and next to her left Mr. George H. Mellich; then Mr. J. E. Sutterlin, Miss A. E. Reynolds, Mrs. Mellich, Mr. Joseph F. Snipes, Mr. Brittingham and Dr. B. F. Crane, Jr., closing the circle. Seven of the company wrote names on paper, or already had them written before coming to the house, and these pieces of paper were folded in such a manner as to make it utterly impossible for the writing to be seen with the natural eye. These papers were placed on a table. Mrs. Brittingham was to tell the names which were written on these several pieces of paper. In a few minutes, Mrs. Brittingham having taken up one of the papers, exclaimed, "Aunt Eliza."

Dr. Crane. It is correct. I wrote "Eliza Blossom." I received a newspaper this morning containing her obituary. She was an excellent woman. She was a thorough Spiritualist.

Then, in a little while, Mrs. Brittingham began uttering "Ro—Ro—Robert." (After the manner of a person who stutters.) Mr. Sutterlin. That is what I wrote—Robert. He was afflicted with stuttering in his life.

Mrs. Brittingham. Wa—Wa—Wa—Wa—Ware.

Mr. Sutterlin. That is correct. Robert Ware. He lived in Massachusetts, a short distance from Salem.

Dr. Crane. I knew him; he has been dead about seven years. He stuttered some. His father kept a hotel at Marblehead.

Mrs. Brittingham. Did any one write the name of Marion? I can hear that name. There was something the matter with the side of the face; also the eye was affected. (No one made response to this.) I can hear the name of Susan.

Miss Reynolds. I had intended to write Susan, but I wrote another name instead. Mrs. Brittingham. Susan and Ida.

Miss Reynolds. Yes.

Mrs. Brittingham. And Margaret, too.

Miss Reynolds. That is my mother.

Mrs. Brittingham. Who has an aunt Ann?

Miss Reynolds. I have; I was named for her.

Mrs. Brittingham. I just heard the name; Aunt Ann is here.

Miss Reynolds. I think it must be my aunt.

Mrs. Brittingham. Some one named Harmon.

Miss Reynolds. Yes; that is for me, too. My father has never been to me yet.

Mrs. Brittingham. Did anyone write the name of Nannie?

Miss Reynolds. I wrote one near that; I guess it is mine. It is like that. It is rather an odd name which I wrote.

Mrs. Brittingham. That is the one I was hearing as saying Marion. Is she your sister?

Miss Reynolds. My sister-in-law.

Mrs. Brittingham. I know the name is Reynolds. She is with them, too.

Miss Reynolds. Yes; they naturally would be together.

The name which Miss Reynolds wrote on the paper was "Naomi Reynolds."

Mrs. Brittingham. I hear the name Boucault.

Mr. Brittingham. Yes; I asked for Boucault. I asked a question also.

Mrs. Brittingham. He don't know about it to-night. He will tell you to-morrow about that matter.

Mrs. Mellich. (Unfolding the paper.) Yes; it is the name of Boucault on the paper.

Mr. Brittingham. I asked him a question. He says he will come to-morrow and answer it.

Mrs. Brittingham. He knows about the whole thing.

Mr. Brittingham. I hope he will tell me about it. He was one of the best chemists in the world.

two influences which are much alike. It feels like the same influence. If it is not the same, it comes with it. I can hear Marie.

Mrs. Mellich. What is that name, please?

Mrs. Brittingham. Marie. (She gave the accent on the last syllable, which made it sound somewhat like Marie.)

Mr. Mellich. Is it Mary?

Mrs. Brittingham. Yes.

Mr. Mellich. The other evening you gave the name Mary Louise correctly. I do not say that the name you have given to-night is the name of my sister.

Mrs. Brittingham. I only hear it. I can hear the name of Marie Louise.

At this point Mrs. Brittingham suddenly changed from this subject and went to another. The paper which Mr. Mellich presented was six inches long, four and a half inches wide, and was folded in seven folds, and it was turned over at each end. On this paper was written in pencil, "Maria Louisa Casper."

Mr. Mellich had a friend write this name, and fold the paper, he (Mr. Mellich) only having knowledge that there were three names on the paper, and that the first name was Maria. He did not know what the last two names on the paper were. It will be observed that Mrs. Brittingham got the first name very nearly.

The second name she spoke out plainly and distinctly. The last name, Casper, she made no attempt to give. As Mr. Mellich did not acknowledge Marie to be correct, Mrs. Brittingham simply said, "I can hear the name of Mary Louisa," and there being no response made to that by Mr. Mellich she went on about another matter. At the conclusion of the meeting the papers were all examined, and when Mr. Mellich read his paper, he only having knowledge of the first name on it, he was utterly astonished to see that Mrs. Brittingham had read the name Louisa, he being as ignorant as the Emperor of China that that name was written on the paper which he had presented. This shows the important fact that the name Louisa was not obtained by what is called mind reading.

Mrs. Brittingham. Who has an aunt Kate? Who has a relative of that name?

Miss Reynolds. I have a sister Kate who is living.

Mr. Brittingham. This says aunt Kate. I can hear the name of Elma. Who knows anyone of that name?

Mr. Snipes. You are not going to desert the paper I gave you, are you?

Mrs. Brittingham takes up the paper which had been presented by Mr. Snipes.

Mrs. Brittingham. It don't seem like his (Snipes') paper. Did you write it?

Mr. Snipes. Of course I did.

Mrs. Brittingham. This don't seem to be like Mr. Snipes.

Mr. Snipes. I wrote it.

Mrs. Brittingham. It seems like some person that is a thief. It does not appear to me like anything from Mr. Snipes. Did you write it here?

Mr. Snipes. Why do you ask me that question?

Mrs. Brittingham. Something—I do not know. It seems to me that you had not this in your pocket when you came in here.

Mr. Snipes. That is a fact. I wrote it at my house.

Mrs. Brittingham. It seems I can see somebody sneaking and grabbing something.

Mr. Snipes. What kind of body is it?

Mrs. Brittingham. It seems like a woman.

Mr. Snipes. A small or a big woman?

Mrs. Brittingham. I do not feel the size of her. She stole something.

Mr. Snipes. Do you have any impression as to where she is?

Mrs. Brittingham. I do not feel that she is very far away.

Mr. Snipes. Where was she at the time of the theft?

Mrs. Brittingham. Some woman cleaning something, scrubbing, dusting, or something; cleaning; I feel a woman cleaning something. She has stolen. I do not know what she has stolen.

Mr. Snipes. Did she go away?

Mrs. Brittingham. I do not know. I don't think she did.

Mr. Snipes. That is right. It was not my coat that was stolen. This is marvelous. I have given an accurate account of what occurred, and the order in which it took place. The room was light, the company indulged in conversation, Mrs. Brittingham rocked easily in her chair, was entirely at ease, and apparently in her normal condition. I do not offer any solution or explanation of the phenomena, which are above described; I simply give the facts and leave the reader to explain the phenomena as best he may.

HERBERTUS.

Black Magic in Disguise.

We must try to avoid Separatism and seek Universalism in our manner of thinking upon psychical subjects. As humanity forms one large body, we should ever bear in mind that whatever comes of true and good comes for all without exception; and it is for the intellect of man, for his intuition, or instinct (for sometimes it is the only that in a certain order of minds) to eliminate what is false and evil—the shadows of truth and good—the always possible. It is a mistake for Spiritualists to isolate themselves as a body to whom alone has been vouchsafed a "Divine message."

It was never meant to be so, and the current events of the day are continually contradicting such an assumption. It is because of the onward march of the human race demanding it as essential to its higher progress, that a knowledge of the veiled side of Nature—suppressed, and trampled out in the West as superstition, but held in the inner hearts of Eastern nations as the *ne plus ultra*, the animating life and energy of religion and science—was sought to be revived among all nations of the earth, that all might rise to the same level of intellectual and spiritual progress; that error, and real superstition as regards the occult, should receive upon it so strong a light of truth and spiritual science, that it should shrink up, burn to ashes, and disappear forever. This can only be brought about by the efforts of the most intellectually developed minds on the earth; and as the largest number of these are to be found among Western nations, the revival of what has been appropriately termed an "old knowledge" has taken place in their midst.

This has been called "Modern Spiritualism"—a creed, a mode of thought, a persuasion that has sucked into its current all manner of mental or psychological debris floating upon the stream of time, and therefore has not failed to exhibit itself according to the prevailing mental status of the day, whence it has displayed the deformities of a superstition, of obsession, of necromancy, of a return to the practices of Black Magic. These form the reverse side of the shield; while on the other it displays those noble characteristics of a search after truth; the struggle against error; the efforts bravely made to rise above the delusive external of mere phenomena into the higher light of the true spiritual inculcated by the esoteric teachings of all religions on the earth, and by the science of ontology.

We speak advisedly when we allude to "a return to the practices of black magic"—to necromancy, etc. Let us courageously face the truth, and give words their right meanings. If we wish to be leaders, or teachers of our fellow-beings; if we would experience the inestimable blessing of aiding in the progress of those more backward than we esteem ourselves to be, we must be willing to correct our own mistakes, to admit the piercing light of truth to show up our follies and errors. Man is fallible; a mistake through ignorance is no disgrace, but to shrink correct an error when pointed out is disgraceful in the extreme.

What is the meaning of the word necromancy? Simply "the art of revealing future events by means of communication with the dead." What is black magic? The prostitution of spiritual or occult science to evil practices, by those means and methods of obtaining psychic power for the injury and degradation of mankind; those practices which do not lift a man to the conquest of self and the lower nature, but keep him down on the material plane, seeking by the additional potencies of occult means, the merely temporal advantages of wealth, success in business speculations, or every social intrigue which has to do with the lower man. Remember, we are depicting one side of the possibilities placed within reach of man by occult science—the side which all who desire to be true Spiritualists should avoid. We need not dwell upon certain damaging facts which are widely known which exemplify that condition of degradation and prostitution of psychical knowledge which we have pointed out; and while we lament that such things should be, yet we know that, so far, it has been inevitable on account of the moral status of humanity at the present day.

There is, then, an evil and forbidden side of spiritual science, as well as there is the high, uplifting, purifying, legitimate side, set forth in the lives and daily habits of the greatest human beings the earth has ever known. Holy Writ abounds with examples.

Spiritualism has, therefore, its possible black side, and that black side has to do with all the repudiated practices of black magic—the sorcery, witchcraft, conjurations, and enchantments of the hoary past—which western education long ago determined to stamp out as superstition arising from ignorance. Considering the diverse characters of minds which have accepted Spiritualism from various motives and for various objects, it is not surprising that in many instances it has been degraded to the mental level of those who have taken it up. If we have as yet obtained but a rudimentary acquaintance with the great science which concerns the spiritual existence of man, we have at least learned that there is this possible evil side; and it becomes our bounden duty in upholding these truths which have become a part of our daily lives, to discriminate between the legitimate and the illegitimate, the lawful and the forbidden practices by which a knowledge of the occult side of nature may be obtained.

Spiritualists may, and perhaps should, take a leading part in these researches after truth, but if they are to deserve the name Spiritualists, they will have to cut off, and sternly repress in their followers, every tendency towards that evil growth of a degraded occultism which engulfed so many thousands of our predecessors along the same path, in the direct suffering, and loss of immortality of soul. They must narrowly scan their own methods of procedure in the obtaining of psychic knowledge and powers which it would be legitimate to exercise, to see wherein they resemble the incantations, or enchantments, of sorcerers, witches or magicians of olden times, and of certain still ignorant and degraded nations on the earth. The wise Spiritualist will prefer other and purer methods, more consonant with enlightened reason and aspiration towards the highest, and a desire to benefit, to uplift and to spiritualize mankind.

The world—those mentally unwashed and unshriven, as well as those of the purest transparency of mind and thought well able

to reflect the light of Heaven—stretches forth its hand to pluck the fruits of this tree of knowledge. The majority are amused, or held in a species of uncanny fascination by the glamour of black magic—the unlawful side of this hidden science, whose grandeur and greatness only begins to dawn upon humanity. The literature of the day is principally (we do not say altogether) absorbed in the portrayal of what can only truly be called black magic. The best writers set forth its hideousness, while depicting in contrast the loveliness of true spirituality of nature and conduct. It is all right enough when the intention is to horrify, to repel and deter human beings from following in the same mistaken path. On the stage we see it represented with a truth to this evil side of nature, which is horribly startling, and which exemplifies to a surprising degree the creative power of man's imagination, and its unconscious faithfulness to truth; it is, in short, a kind of inherent clairvoyance, throwing into actual forms scenes held in the astral light.

But is all this Spiritualism? It is a mistake to confound the two. True Spiritualism is, or should be, the highest theosophy possible to man. While piercing the depths of the invisible world with the eye of an enlightened seer, and gauging the secrets of Nature with the wisdom of a god, the true Spiritualist, or Occultist, will understand and co-operate with Nature in her beneficent efforts for the good of mankind, and refuse to yield himself, a prey to those luring possibilities of a power which would end by degrading and demoralizing his whole nature.

Is the western world to drift back again into the diabolical practices of the greatest evil it is possible for man to sink into? Are weapons of malignity and destruction to be again placed in the hands of animal man, by which he can compass this greatest injury not only to his fellow man but to himself—by which he would gradually fall under the malefic influences which mysteriously hover about humanity, and which are drawn into overt action by homogenous wills? Not if the enlightened Spiritualist can prevent it by teachings and example.

This is a work lying ready cut out to the hand of the Spiritualist who works for the good of humanity, and the world daily grows more and more in need of it.—NIZIDA in Light, London.

HIS GHOSTLY VISITANTS.

The True Experience of a Chicagoan While Residing in Kingston, Jamaica.

A Chicagoan and his wife, while residing in the West Indies, had an experience which was peculiar and interesting, and which so far they have been unable to explain. The lady wrote the details in a letter to her mother, but as they were never published, and their accuracy can be vouched for, the facts are given to the world for the first time through the medium of *The Inter Ocean*. The gentleman referred to gives his story as follows:

While in Jamaica, in the West Indies, where I was located in business for three years, I had a very extraordinary experience which I leave to others to explain. About twelve months after arriving at Kingston, I rented a house standing in its own grounds, known as a "Penny," on the Up-Park Camp road, a beautiful location, within about three minutes' walk of the street-car track, and about two miles from the business part of the city. The house was—

BUILT IN TROPICAL STYLE;

It consisted of a one-story building standing on brick pillars about five feet from the ground. In the front was a broad enclosed piazza, back of which was a drawing-room, running completely across the building, and with the piazza taking about one-half of the structure. At the rear of the drawing-room the house was divided in the center by a partition wall, the right hand half being devoted to a dining room, and the left half subdivided equally into two sleeping-rooms about twelve feet square each. The doors leading to these rooms opened from the dining-room, and they were lighted by windows at least eight feet from the ground. There were but two doors to the building, one in front, in the center of the enclosed piazza, and the other at the rear in the dining-room.

At the time I took possession of the building I was engaged in work for the government which necessitated my sitting up until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning transcribing short-hand notes, and in order to prevent my wife being lonesome, and as far as possible, I did my writing mostly in the dining-room, having the table placed directly in front of the sleeping-room occupied by my wife and child.

THE DOOR OF THIS ROOM

was open and consequently the light from the lamp I used entered the sleeping apartment. The entrance from the dining-room to the drawing-room was an arch, with two-slat half-doors, to screen those dining from any visitors, and yet to permit of a free current of air through the jalousies front and back. While sitting at my table writing one night, a rustling sound at the arched entrance caused me to look up from my work, and I was somewhat surprised to see a man standing in the doorway.

My visitor was about six feet one inch high, well built and somewhat stout, and weighing, I should judge, about 225 pounds. He was dressed in a blue suit, the jacket, a loose one, being buttoned at the top, what I at once detected was a military brass button, and there were three other similar buttons on the jacket, which was otherwise unbuttoned. From the top buttonhole depended a heavy gold watch chain, the watch being in the left breast pocket of the jacket. On looking at his face I noticed he had a black moustache, black eyebrows, handsome black eyes, a broad forehead, and a raven black hair. The peculiarity about the face which attracted my attention was—

A BLOOD-RED SCAR

on the left cheek, extending from the eye diagonally to the neck. Although somewhat surprised, it at once occurred to me he was an officer of the government who had come to see me in relation to the work I was engaged in, although I knew or believed I had fastened the front door an hour previously, so I simply rose from my seat and said "What can I do for you?"

He made no answer, but while my eye was fastened on him he gradually faded away, so that I could see the door through him. Not the least alarmed, I took up the lamp, walked across the drawing-room to the front piazza and tried the door, and found it locked and bolted, top and bottom; all the windows were closed and fastened, and through the open jalousies I could look all over the grounds, as it was a bright moonlight night, and no one was to be seen.

I returned to my table and replaced the

lamp, upon which my wife, who had been awakened by my speaking, inquired what the matter was? I replied, "Nothing," and resumed my writing for an hour or two, after which I "turned in" and slept soundly, dismissing the occurrence entirely from my mind.

THE NEXT MORNING

I went to business as usual, and on returning home in the evening about 6 o'clock noticed my wife was somewhat agitated. On inquiring the cause she said: "Do you know, I had such a strange thing happen just before you came in. As you were a little late I walked from the front piazza into the garden, and in a few minutes saw a gentleman coming up the walk. He was a tall man, taller and stouter than you are, and he wore a blue suit with a jacket like yours. His watch-chain hung from the top button hole, and the other end of it was in his breast pocket. As he approached nearer to me I noticed he had black hair, black moustache and eyebrows, black eyes, and a big scar across his left cheek, and I said to him 'Who do you wish to see?' Now, don't laugh at me, but he was just in front of that lignum vitae tree, and when I spoke to him he faded so that I saw the tree through him, and in a few seconds he disappeared entirely. I did not know what to make of it, and called to the nurse, and said, 'Rebecca, there's some one for you at the gate.' She ran down to the gate, but no one was to be seen, and seeing the coachman belonging to the rector and the Rev. Mr. Killburn (whose houses were adjacent) standing at their gates, she asked them if any one had been to our gate, and they said no one had been up the road at all for half an hour. She came back to me trembling, and said I had

SEEN A 'DUPPY,' MEANING A GHOST."

I laughed and told my wife it was her fancy, and we entered the house together, took dinner, and the matter was not again referred to. That night, however, about the same time, 11:30 o'clock, I saw the same individual or apparition in precisely the same place, and having looked at him I rose from my seat and walked directly into the drawing-room, through the figure, and then, having looked around, this time without removing the light, returned and took my seat, and went on with my work. In a few minutes my attention was again attracted, and on looking up I saw my visitor standing there looking at me, but this time, he had company. Standing beside him was a lady, whose appearance was striking. She was a type of the English old lady. Her head scarcely reached her companion's shoulder; her features were spare and bore traces of beauty. She had blue eyes, a thin, aquiline nose, and pleasing face; her hair, which was gray, was in a cluster of small curls on each side of her face and dressed in the olden style. Her dress was of gray silk, and had a train.

AND SHE HAD A CUT

on the left side of her throat, at which she was pointing. I photographed them both mentally, in an instant, and for a few seconds gazed at both of them intently, because I had never seen any one in my life who bore the slightest resemblance to them. I again rose from my seat and walked through the door into the drawing-room and made a thorough search of that room and the enclosed piazza, but, as before, not a trace of any one was seen. The floors were all polished, and it would be impossible for any one to walk over it and not be heard; and having satisfied myself no one was in the house besides my own family, I again resumed my work.

On the third night—Sunday—I was asleep, when my wife aroused me and said: "Look who is standing at the door." The lamp was burning on the table in the dining-room, and there at the sleeping-room door stood our two visitors. I immediately jumped out of bed and walked through them into the dining-room, and then stood at the door to reassure my wife, remarking, "It's your fancy, dear." However, this state of things continued night after night, for three months, when my wife got in such a nervous condition that I was

COMPELLED TO CHANGE MY RESIDENCE.

During the time I was there we repeatedly heard footsteps on the gravel walk surrounding the house, and on going out in the bright moonlight and making a search, no one could be seen. We could see clear under the house and all over the grounds, and although we could "hear" footsteps pass and re-pass, no one could be seen, and on one occasion the door of a room which had been closed was thrown violently open.

Now comes the curious part of my story. About a month after my ghostly visitants commenced their nightly vigils, became a little curious to learn who they were when they inhabited that region in the flesh, and what they wanted around the house; hence, one day when down town, being in the store of an auctioneer, a native of the island, whose place of business was a sort of rendezvous for planters and gossips, I thought it a good time to make a few inquiries. His name was Barnett Stein, so in presence of several who were there I said to him: "Barney, did you ever know a man answering to this description?" and I proceeded to describe my visitor. Seeing all present looking at me very intently, and with a look of astonishment depicted on their faces, I inquired:

"WHAT ARE YOU ALL LOOKING AT?"

Barnett replied: "Know him; why you have accurately described Commissary-General Munns; but what do you know about him?"

"Well, do you know anything of a lady answering this description?" and I thereupon described the lady who accompanied the male.

At that Barney jumped to his feet, and said: "Why, that was his wife. About three years ago her husband took her to England, and while there she died; of what, no one knew. He came back here, and died at least a year before you came to Kingston. How did you know of them?"

"Only that they visit me every night at Jasmine Cottage, where I am living, and I am anxious to know who they are. She or her apparition has a cut in her throat, at which she points; which may, perhaps, account for her mysterious death." I replied.

"They used to live on that Penny," said Barney, "and you are the person to solve that mystery. When you see them next follow them, and see where they go."

"Thank you, I am not running down ghosts," I rejoined; "besides as they are both dead let them rest."

A gentleman, who claimed to have the second sight and to be a medium, asked permission to visit the house and interview the ghosts, and I at once extended a cordial invitation. He came up one evening and while sitting on the front piazza smoking a cigar with me, his ghostship

SUDDENLY STOOD IN FRONT OF US.

I said "there he is; now find out what he wants," whereupon my medium acquaintance said, "It is Munns for true," and fainted. By

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I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—Rev. M. J. Savage (Unitarian), Boston.

A grand paper! I am fully in sympathy with its objects and aims; it is a tremendous power for good.—Dr. Joseph Beale, President New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

Of over forty papers which come to my table the JOURNAL is the best.—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. York.

I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course.—R. Heber Newton, D. D.

As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work.—Lady Cathness, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 22, 1887.

The Foreign Mission Board—Sheol and Probation.

Rev. Newman Smyth has just preached a powerful sermon to his New Haven congregation on the late doings of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who have lately met at Springfield, Mass., and reaffirmed the Des Moines decision against sending out missionaries who do not believe in probation after death. A man, to be allowed to go out to convert the heathen, must send to sheol, or a holier place, all pagans who die without knowledge of Christ—must not grant that God has any mercy on ignorant men. Mr. Smyth vigorously charges the Board with being schismatic and tyrannical, and crushing the minority, and his bold words will have power to lessen the funds of the Board and thus end its miserable life. Its usefulness is ended, let it go and let all rejoice.

Rev. A. A. Miner, in his Boston Universalist pulpit, preaches on the Mission Board's evil position, affirms the immortal life of hope, and puts the Board behind the Catholics, who give the sinner a purgatory to repent in. He says "the lessons of sacred history" are against these bigots, and takes a fit New Testament text: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

Dr. Miner is a good temperance worker, a biblical Universalist, and his word on this missionary business is well and timely, but he, with a few others, keeps the progressive element in his denomination in strong check and pretty thoroughly control and limit their journals and publications. As the majority in this Mission Board stifle the minority, so do Dr. Miner and a close set of managers try to stifle the larger thought of many great-souled Universalists.

To illustrate this: There was a liberal Chautauque Assembly in Southern New York last autumn—a meeting mainly gotten up by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, a good soul with the Methodist scales just off his eyes, who sees "men as trees walking." is delighted by his new vision, but has not yet a clear sight or good perspective of this nineteenth century. Rev. Dr. Thomas, of this city, Rev. E. L. Rexford, from his Detroit Universalist pulpit, and others of like views, met to unite in spirit and to look at the problems of religion freely. The Universalist Covenant of this city, one of the organs controlled in the interest of this managing set, comes out against this Chautauque New Theology as heresy, warns the brethren to let it alone, and thus, without naming him, his Brother Rexford with a club as a warning that harder blows may come if he don't behave better. Probably he has grit enough not to be frightened, but to go on and gain strength and sympathy from the liberal and growing views of the laity.

This brings to mind very forcibly the fact that Mr. Townsend, while professing aiming to ask for the varied phases of modern thought a representation and hearing at his New Theology meeting, ignored Spiritualism; so far as we know or can judge, as it had no representative or statement at that gathering. When the good man gets his eyes opened a little better, or musters up more courage, he will see that he has tried

to perform the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted, and of course without brilliant success.

Rev. Brooke Hereford also preached a telling sermon in his Arlington Street Unitarian church in Boston on this Foreign Mission Board, and called eternal damnation "a dead doctrine, impossible for any one in this day to believe," and said: "Yet this is the time when one of our largest religious bodies props up the old belief by votes and declares it must be maintained as one of the foundations of the church!"

The fight of Don Quixote against the windmills, in Cervantes' famous story, was sanity and sagacity compared to this blind tilt of these reverend gentlemen.

The old knight was unhorsed and sorely battered, and they will fare worse, for besides his sore ills they will have their treasure chest knocked apart and made empty.

Mr. Hereford farther says:

Of course they plead the letter of the Bible for it. There has never been any great wrong of deed or thought from slavery to polygamy, that cannot find some strained letter of the Scripture. Oh! how much has that old blunder of taking every word of the Bible as divine, and all—from the crudest folklore of Genesis to the perfect wisdom of Jesus—equally binding to answer for!

This makes another step in the pulpit—the soul greater than any book.

A correspondent of the *Inter Ocean* states that Professor Ladd, of Yale College states in the Boston *Advertiser* that Dr. Alden, Secretary of the Board, said he must get men of the right stamp, disbelievers in probation after death, for missionaries, from the Presbyterians, as they had the orthodox men and his board had the money to employ them. Dr. Alden denies ever saying anything of the kind but Professor Ladd says he can prove it by the best testimony. Can there be any plous lying among those Christian servants of the Board?

Wendell Phillips used to say that "great rascals gave the abolitionists texts to preach from," and this Mission Board, revealing its own tyranny and wicked folly, gives texts that call out ringing words of rebuke and warning all over the land.

Parochial Schools Supported by the State.

If there is any political principle superlatively clear to Americans, it is that peculiarities in religion shall not be supported by the State. To this foreigners and some immigrants are partially blind, and some willfully blind. This is true of all the advocates of what are called "parochial schools" in this country. These schools are, as their name imports, parish schools, schools which are under the supervision of a church and conducted for the promotion of church ends. They are, therefore, not only distinctively religious and theological, but ecclesiastical, and all of a particular cast to suit the ecclesiastical body with which they are connected. These surely ought to be entirely supported by their adherents. This is the American principle. It is plain, common sense in the light of our civil institutions, and from the beginning of the nation it has acted on it.

In former times it was hardly ever questioned. It never has been questioned by any religious body but one, the Roman Catholic Church. The Mormon body has had no occasion to speak, because it has had its own way by controlling affairs where its votaries chiefly dwell. The Catholics want to have their own way; but as they are diffused all over the country they can succeed only by changing or overruling the deepest convictions of the majority of the people in all sections of the country. They have, therefore, to agitate in the pulpit and denominational press and in conventions, to resort to lobbying, to plead and scheme in caucuses and political committees, and ply personal motives in judicious privacy.

The September convention of the German-American bodies of the Catholic faith, which are multiplying throughout the country, and which propose to hold a common and delegated convention every year, plainly avowed its views and hopes in favor of German parochial schools supported by the State. It is by no means a new idea; but its increasing frequency of repetition, its organic source, a vast delegated lay body dominated by the priesthood and its advanced peculiarity, the demand for the exclusive use of German in this class of public schools—all these features are naturally calculated to compel attention and awaken thought, if nothing more. They explicitly avow that their object in German Catholic parochial schools is to make the State perpetuate the reign of the priests. Addressing the Pope, they say:

Relying on the principle proved by experience, to whom the school belongs to him belongs the future, we wish hearty success to the German Catholic priests in their respective efforts to preserve and foster the true religion and the German language by the foundation and preservation of parochial schools.

This is a virtual avowal of an intention and hope to induce the nation to adopt the Romish priesthood as the State church. It is a bold project; but as it is inspired by the "infallible" chief, they may justly think that their hope is well founded. Of course those who are Americans, pure and simple, will smile at such fantasies. The JOURNAL has no fear that they will ever be realized. As soon as any serious danger of this kind should become apparent North and South would rise en masse and make sure of the utter extinction of the deadly power so inimical to all the elements of freedom. But that might be at so late an hour as to cost immensely in blood and treasure and domestic and social disruption, as in the abolishment of slavery. It is well, therefore, to take time by the forelock and kill the hydra in the egg, instead of waiting for his maturity and his deliberate assault, with vast and appalling mischief, on the nation's life.

The aforesaid convention also variously attests its ecclesiastical spirit and conscious intent by its manifest, utter prostration before the priestly power, and by its adulation of their rights and prerogatives. They refuse to condemn one measure because that power has already approved; and another topic they refuse to consider because that power has not yet uttered its dictum on the subject. One of its accepted orators, Dr. Augustus Kaiser, of Michigan, contended for the independence of the church in the enjoyment of its ancient liberties, which means the recognition of the infinite superiority of the papal church to every State and its absolute domination over the individual conscience with civil and military power to enforce obedience. Hence he said:

Concentration was necessary for the government of the church in order to keep the true faith intact in its original purity. The pope employs force and severity, or mildness and persuasion as it will, and according to the requirements of circumstances. It was in the truly human accommodation to circumstances that the strength of the church lay.

No doubt. It has always made concessions where it was necessary; and has used coercion wherever it could. Hence the speaker enjoins strict obedience to the pope, and if necessary "compel by resistance the temporal authorities to make the required concessions." Such is the outlined programme for America when "circumstances" favor its enactment. It was fittingly just after this speech that the blessing of his holiness, the pope, was pronounced by proxy; and then for this supreme and holy dignitary three cheers were given by the assembled thousands.

The JOURNAL protests against all this, not because it is unsound or obsolete in theology or ecclesiology, but because it is utterly un-American, whether German-Catholic or not. Its progress would be fatal to all that is characteristic of American institutions. All true Americans of every extraction must count it a dangerous foe to their country, and ceaselessly and jealously watch it to checkmate its movements and thwart its nefarious plans.

A Medium on Materialization.

Mr. Geo. A. Fuller, editor of *Light on the Way*, is a medium and lecturer of good repute and wide experience. In the last issue of his excellent little paper he quotes and endorses a sensible editorial on materialization from *The Carrier Dove* and continues the subject as follows:

We have attended over three hundred materializing séances, and have received sufficient evidence to convince us that spirits do take upon themselves solid, tangible bodies upon rare occasions. At the same time we are also as thoroughly convinced that a very large per cent. of so-called materialization phenomena is the grossest and most palpable fraud ever perpetrated upon humanity, and in our opinion ought to be summarily dealt with. The ordinary public séance offers no evidence of the genuineness of the phenomena presented. The light, generally speaking, is such that one could hardly recognize his own hand held five inches from his nose. The "patent light" in vogue one year ago, was a greater annoyance than the ordinary light. The light shining through a small circular opening in the lantern was filtered through tissue paper of different tints. By means of a string reaching the inside of the cabinet the paper could be moved in the lantern and the "spirit" could have the light tinted as he might desire. The tints most trying to the eyes of the sitters seemed always to please the "spirit" best. When one got a little accustomed to a certain tint the "spirit-operator" would pull the string and the color of the light would be completely changed—and then the most startling manifestation would occur. We could fill volumes with our experiences in materialization—and yet we could sum up in one brief paragraph all that we have ever seen that has made a lasting impression upon us. It is not the quantity but the quality of the manifestation that gives it permanence.

This testimony of a conscientious, keen observer and candid, courageous editor, is in striking contrast with the spiritualistic flim-flam which such chronic perverters of truth as John Wetherbee inflict upon a long-suffering public.

Don't Like Her Ways.

The Eldership of the Church of God, don't like the style of that enthusiastic evangelist, Mrs. M. B. Woodworth, who has lately been preventing sinners from being consigned to hell, at Decatur, Ill. At the sessions held by the Eldership this month at Lanark, this State, resolutions were adopted touching her work. The members regard Sister Woodworth as an earnest, enthusiastic worker, and admit that souls have been truly converted under her labors, and thus far she has been doing good; but they claim many of her interpretations of the Scriptures are misleading and not in harmony with the doctrine of the "Church of God." Her manner of practicing the healing art is unscriptural and deceptive. Her act of allowing, if not encouraging, a poor deaf man to anoint her and kiss her feet in imitation of her Lord receiving divine honors, the Eldership regard as sacrilege, and wholly without excuse, and the hawking of pictures, books, etc., on the Sabbath-day, the sale of tobacco and other things, as having a tendency to secularize the sacred day; and therefore injurious to the cause of Christianity. On the whole, therefore, the work of Sister Woodworth as at present conducted is believed to be more detrimental than beneficial to the cause of Christianity, and the "Church of God" in Illinois can not endorse her work.

Russian laws provide imprisonment for those who seek to pervert members of the Greek church, and banishment to Siberia with deprivation of property and children, to those who leave that church. Notwithstanding these very severe laws, the enforcement of which is often held in abeyance, there has been a rapid increase of Protestantism in South Russia, into which the holy synod of Russia has been making an investigation. Measures have been taken by the ecclesiastical authorities to check the movement and to keep the police informed of possible inroads into the ranks of the faithful.

Intemperance.

The days when a vessel could, as John Pierpont well said, "carry out missionaries to the heathen in its cabin and rum to the missionaries in its hold," are not yet gone, but such strange things are exciting the righteous indignation of the best men in the churches, which is well. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury and the Bishop of London have issued a plain spoken letter to British merchants and others, in which they say:

The attention of the Church has been recently drawn to the widespread and still growing evil caused by the introduction of intoxicating liquors among the native races in the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, and in other countries to which British trade has access.

Part of the mischief is certainly due to other traders than the British, but British trade, as exceeding in volume that of many other countries put together, is mainly responsible.

This mischief cannot be measured by what we witness among our own countrymen. The intemperance is far greater; the evils consequent on intemperance are far worse. Uncivilized people are weaker to resist, and are utterly unable to control temptations of this kind. The accounts given of the numbers that perish from this cause, and of the misery and degradation of those who survive, are painful to the extreme.

And besides the grievous wrong thus inflicted on the native races, reproach has been brought on the name of Christ. The English missionary who preaches the Gospel and the English merchant who brings the fatal temptation, are inevitably associated in the minds of the heathen people, and by many not only associated but identified.

The Bible.

The *Independent* says: "The proper method of dealing with the Bible is to accept it in the aggregate as of divine authority, to attach this authority to each portion of the bible, to read and study the bible under this impression, and then devoutly regulate our lives by the rules which it supplies." In Exodus 13 chapter, 16 verse, the Israelites "borrowed of the Egyptians" "jewels of gold and silver and the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians" that they lent these precious commodities which were never returned, and the swindle had the divine approval—the bible being witness.

In 1 Samuel, 15 chapter, is the command of God to smite Amalek, and "slay man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep."

What folly to regulate life by such rules of deception and bloody cruelty! To believe some parts of the bible as of divine authority is to make God worse than Satan. Other parts of the book—or rather of the collection of books—are noble and inspiring, full of spiritual life and light. Let reason and conscience be free to accept or reject, in the bible as in other books. This method is gaining and will live and last; the old method is waning, and will die.

Future Probation Has no Standing.

So says the New York *Independent* in these words:

It is a fact that the dogma of future probation has no standing or recognition whatever in any missionary society, or other similar association in the world, or any theological seminary except that at Andover, or in any evangelical Church, denomination or sect in Christendom, and that even its most ardent defenders confess that it cannot be proved or supported from the Bible.

It would seem, from this *Independent* statement, that the evangelical churches and theological seminaries are ready to give the poor pagans hell. Far be it from us to encourage profanity; but this warm word has long been commonly used in orthodox pulpits of the straitest sort, and therefore must be proper and right. Its modern and softer substitute sheol smacks of heresy.

Dull Preachers in Old Times.

It would appear from this extract from an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, 1790, that the clergy were dull preachers in those days. Some of their successors have hardly woken up yet. Perhaps the raps and table tipplings may stir their blood.

While we applaud the successful efforts of the Senate and the House, we lament that the pulpit alone, that oracular bench consecrated to the most sublime pathetic and momentous eloquence, is sunk beneath a comparison. I could name some, and doubtless there are many others of our clergy, who are justly admired, but how many more are there of this most numerous of all the learned professions, who, by their monotony, rant, or muttering rapidity, excite disgust in every hearer who has any just conceptions, or any reverence for religion.

Mrs. Ada Foye at Albany, Wisconsin.

Lester H. Warren writes as follows from Albany, Wis., Oct. 11th: "Mrs. Ada Foye was with us last Sunday evening, and lectured to a large and appreciative audience. Following her short but very comprehensive lecture, she gave quite a large number of very fine tests, every one of which was responded to as correct. We were very sorry Mrs. Foye could not have stayed longer with us, as there are many here who would have liked very much to have had private sittings with her; and should we be fortunate enough to have her visit us again, we fear our hall would not hold the audience that would wish to attend."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. L. Meracken has gone to Douglasville Ga., where she will remain for the winter.

The *Independent* says that one-sixth of the churches in a leading denomination are vacant, that is, without ministers, and yet there are idle ministers wanting churches—a fact of serious import, especially as such vacancies "increase rather than diminish."

Mr. Edward S. Chadwick, a lawyer, of Beloit, Wis., formerly of Bloomington, Neb., and a graduate of Beloit college in 1867, has been adjudged insane and taken to the State hospital. He has shown signs of malady for several months, and lately became violent. His mind seems to run on religious topics, and he imagines himself various Bible characters.

A physician who lives near the sea corroborates the popular superstition about people dying with the outgoing tide.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Christian Union*, is engaged to speak in Plymouth church until the society find a successor to the late Henry Ward Beecher.

On the 5th, Inst. in Paris, France, Grégoire D. Home, son of D. D. Home, was united in marriage to Mademoiselle Elizabeth Lefevre. The young couple has the JOURNAL's congratulations and best wishes.

J. M. Allen has been lecturing recently in St. Louis. He was engaged in Terre Haute, Ind., for several weeks (after leaving Evansville), in which place he labored three months. His present address is 1260 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The bishop of London has declined to grant a general license to officiate in his diocese to Rev. S. D. Headlam, on the ground that the latter had displayed a tendency to "encourage young men and women to be frequent spectators of ballet-dancing."

"The Militia of Jesus Christ," a kind of Salvation army, dating from 1209, has been revived at Paris. Its pumps and rites resemble those of Freemasonry, and its gala costumes are daring. Its members promise to live blamelessly, to aid in all Christian work, and to keep from blaspheming.

On last Sunday morning W. M. Salter delivered an eloquent lecture on "Courage" before the Ethical Society in the Grand Opera House. Next Sunday morning he will speak upon a subject which will try his courage, namely, "What shall we do with the anarchists?"

The old family Bible that belonged to "Mary, the mother of Washington," is still in existence, and is kept in a branch of the Washington family in Virginia. It contains the family register, recording the birth of George Washington, Feb. 22, 1732. The binding has a cover of cloth woven by the hands of his mother.

George Helm, a grain merchant of Sidney, Ill., narrowly escaped death. He was in the grain bins in his elevator when a portion gave way and the grain poured in on him, covering him seven feet deep. Efforts to remove the grain were unsuccessful. The side of the elevator was then chopped away. It was twenty minutes before Mr. Helm was extricated. He was resuscitated in about thirty minutes.

The Chinese are very practical in their religious ideas. If a god whose business it is to bring rain overdoes it and causes a deluge, they take him out of the Joss house and set him down in the shower. If this fails to make him dry up, they go to the extremity of towing him behind a boat in the river, to convince him that too much of a good thing is as bad as too little.—*San Francisco Alta.*

The Knights of Labor of Erie, Pa., have begun the enforcement of the Sunday law. The act is that of 1794, and imposes a penalty of fine or imprisonment for all labors on Sunday not of necessity or for charity. The crusade has been taken up by the Lake Shore assembly. The names of over two hundred laborers who were unloading an Anchor line boat were taken, and the first batch of arrests were brought in Oct. 5. The company defends its employees upon the ground that the laborers were those of necessity.

The *Telegram* of Philadelphia, says: "A new sensational preacher has developed in Clark county, Ind., who is called 'Weeping Joe.' He indulges in queer antics. A few nights ago, finding his congregation had begun to dwindle, he announced something new for the next night. This, as he expected, drew a big congregation. When all were in he took off his coat and began at the pulpit, turning hand springs to the door. He then proceeded with his sermon."

George W. Cable is conducting the Union Bible class in Tremont Temple, Boston, and may remain at a salary of \$10,000 yearly. For a novel writer to conduct a Bible class at such a salary is a strange thing. He is a gifted man, of good personal character, but would not venture to discuss the question of the infallibility and divine origin of the Bible with any fair and competent person, said infallibility and origin being a pious romance, as a practiced story writer.

At the Young People's Progressive Society, on 22nd Street, a good audience met on Sunday night and heard, with deep interest, an address from G. B. Stebbins. After the address Mrs. Foye gave tests for an hour; not a mistake made in name, age or any other respect; all questions satisfactorily answered, and every one of the twenty or more spirits named rapidly recognized by some one present. She will give tests again at the same place next Sunday evening, the 23rd.

A New York church imported a pastor some weeks ago, whereupon the point was raised, says the *Daily Times*, that the proceeding was in conflict with the United States statute prohibiting the bringing of contract labor into the country. A hearing was had in the courts, a few days ago, touching the merits of the case, and to the great surprise of the congregation, the objection was sustained. It appeared in evidence that a contract had been made with the reverend gentleman to act as pastor of the church before he sailed, by which he was to receive a stipulated salary, and now the preacher must go. There is nothing in the finding of the court, perhaps, that the minister will except to unless it is that the profession has been put on a level by the judiciary with the heathen who are brought here to labor in our trenches, and an ecclesiastical court might be convened without delay. There is in the decision, however, a suggestion which the carping critic may take hold of, wherein preachers

are classed as "laborers," and try to give the more orthodox brethren some trouble in maintaining their position before the world. The "good book," for instance, has something to say against Sabbath labor, and if the decision is to be carried to a logical conclusion and literally applied, the preachers will either have to change their day of labor, or go out of the business. The Bible might be revised again and a remedy found for the trouble, but it would be expensive, and besides a tedious process.

The Ghost of Bennettism.

The American Secular Union—the old wrecked, demoralized and disreputable National Liberal League—has had another of its characteristic powwows in this city. Pursuing their usual policy of lying, the leaders caused to be published through reporters of the city press that the organization had 400 auxiliary societies and a membership of 100,000. To prove this to an intelligent reading public they marshalled their forces, which at the first meeting consisted of twenty-five persons called "delegates," mostly erratic individuals without education or ideas, but with an intense desire "to speak." Mr. Courtland Palmer, an intellectual weakling, referred to by the papers as a New York "millionaire," took special pains to inform the public through the reporters that the "Union" had for its object "a dissolution of the connection of Church and State," and that it was "not necessarily an association of free thinkers, and it has in view the promulgation of ideas that should meet with the approval of every right minded man irrespective of his religious views."

To confirm the truth and sincerity of these statements by its president, the "Union" proceeded to advertise the meetings in handbills and posters under the caption "Free thinkers," and without any reference whatever to State secularization, to announce lectures on "His Satanic Majesty," "Secular Education," "Aristocracy of Free Thought," etc., etc. The handbills particularly defined "Secularism" in language quoted from Ingersoll, thus:

Secularism has no mysteries, no mummeries, no no priests, no miracles and no persecutions. It is a protest against wasting this life for the sake of one we know not of. It proposes to let the gods take care of themselves, etc.

If the object of the "Union" is simply to complete the separation of Church and State, and if its desire is to secure the honest and consistent support of all fair-minded men, regardless of their religious belief, why does it make "Secularism" an anti-theological system of thought—atheistic as taught by Bradlaugh, and agnostic as taught by its founder, the more moderate thinker, Holyoke—its declared and most prominent object, while ignoring or scarcely mentioning State secularization, which of course, means only the restriction of the powers of the State to secular affairs, and leaving the people to accept or to reject "secularism" with every other form of sectarianism, theological or philosophical?

But why expect consistency or honesty in an organization with the character and record of the National Liberal League, or as it now calls itself, the American Secular Union? The latter name was adopted in order to escape the merited and damning disgrace brought upon the League by its infamous policy of agitation in favor of repealing the United States postal laws against the transmission through the mails of obscene pictures and publications. D. M. Bennett, in 1878, was arrested for selling and circulating indecent books. He immediately inaugurated a movement for the total repeal of all postal laws against obscenity, and with the aid of T. B. Wakeman, Courtland Palmer and others, was able to bring to Syracuse at the third annual meeting of the National Liberal League, a sufficient number of disciples and dupes to commit that organization to the "repeal" policy, which drove from it, at once, such men as Judge E. P. Horibut, Francis E. Abbott, B. F. Underwood, C. D. B. Mills and others who had organized the League under most promising auspices and were its officers and leading spirits. These men saw defects in the postal laws and were in favor of their reform; but they also saw the unutterable folly and suicidal result of the "repeal" policy; and when it was adopted they resigned their positions and withdrew from the organization.

For some years the free-lovers, social pirates and cranks of one sort and another, including wretches who were really interested in, and in sympathy with, the circulation of moral filth, had entire control of the League. The talk at their conventions was of the loosest, wildest and crudest sort. At one of the conventions held in this city Ingersoll tried to defeat the resolutions of repeal, and declared that he would do so or "crank it [the League] all to hell." But the "busts" had their notations, and it was Ingersoll himself who was "busted," so far as this effort was concerned, and the "repeal" position was reaffirmed, when Ingersoll resigned his position as vice-president and retired. He was hissed by free-love repealers, as he left the hall, and Mrs. Severance, of Milwaukee was immediately elected in his place. He was deservedly rebuffed for his pains, for had he been less of a demagogue he would have stood aloof from the rotten concern, when its policy was, and had been for years, "repeal," and when he professed to be in sympathy with the men whom the action of the League had forced to resign at Syracuse. The explanation probably is, that he was really in sympathy with the "repealers," but was too much of a coward to work with them without putting himself on record against their "repeal" policy. This view is confirmed by his subsequent course.

The League under the management of Wakeman, Palmer, Leland & Co., became so bankrupt, so utterly reduced numerically, financially and morally, so infested with the most ignorant and poverty-stricken cranks, that some changes had to be made, or the organization was sure to collapse utterly and irretrievably. Ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam, once an orthodox, and subsequently a sort of Unitarian preacher, who had deserted his wife and children and against whom charges were pending for adultery, conceived the brilliant idea of changing the name of the organization. In this he had the cooperation of a "secularist" named Charles Watts, who was once a subordinate of Bradlaugh on the *London Reformer*, a fellow who was kicked out of his position by Bradlaugh because of his cowardice and pusillanimity, and whose subsequent course proved him to be an adventurer, ready to affiliate with any faction that could give him a chance "to speak." Watts was elected "first" vice-president and Putnam, of unsavory reputation, secretary of the League, and its name was changed to the "American Secular Union." The intention had been to make ex-Rev. George Chaney president, but he had found "the mother of his soul," and was dropped by the Leaguists. Ingersoll was elected president, for his name was needed as a tail to fly the kite. This change was made, if we mistake not, three years ago. For some months, Ingersoll made no response to the notification of his election to the presidency. At length, when comment on the subject had subsided, and when he had been personally visited by officers of the League, he was persuaded to allow his name to stand as president. The League, although it had changed its name, had disavowed none of its positions, rescinded none of its "repeal" resolutions, but had decided simply to ignore the "issue" and for the reason only that the "repeal" policy had to be dropped, or the organization given up.

For a year Putnam and Watts worked together, but Putnam thought Watts received too much of the money raised, and the English brother secularist soon learned that he was not longer to share the profits of the new scheme. The last two years Putnam has run the machine and taken the cash. At the late convention he was elected president in accordance with the programme he had arranged. He is a fit representative of the concern. It is known by his associates and by the papers that support him, that his character is thoroughly corrupt, that he left the Unitarian pulpit only when he was forced to do so by his misconduct; that his wife obtained a divorce from him in the courts of Massachusetts on grounds of adultery; that before this he had deserted his wife and children, and become an enthusiastic admirer of free-love doctrines. These facts far from injuring him in the estimation of the members of the "Union" rather endeared him to them and added to his popularity.

Mr. Courtland Palmer, although as above intimated, is not a strong man, he is yet a man who possesses too many good qualities of head and heart to be in such company. His training with that crowd is ascribed to a mild, amiable crankiness entirely consistent with judgment and refinement of taste in regard to matters in general. It was this same crankiness that made him join Bennett and Wakeman in the course which destroyed forever the usefulness and influence of the National Liberal League. But with all his defects, he is too good a man to be associated with men like Putnam, and it is well that he resigned his position—to which he was elected, we believe, while he was in Europe—beyond the reach of immediate communication—to make way for his successor who intellectually and morally fairly represents those most prominently connected with the "Union."

The following from an article in the *Chicago Daily News* expresses the truth: The "National Liberal League had strong men" at its head when it was first organized in 1876, but two years later they withdrew, and their places have never been filled with men of marked intellectual ability or commanding influence; and the American Secular Union is not likely to be much of a factor in modifying public opinion. It does not fairly represent the movement for State secularization; it is merely an "anti-theological association, sustained by two or three individuals more from personal than from other considerations."

Hon. Joel Tiffany.

This profoundly wise man and interesting speaker has been substituted for Mrs. F. O. Hyzer who is unable to keep her engagement in this city owing to the serious illness of her husband. On next Sunday evening Judge Tiffany will begin a course of lectures at Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-Second St., on "The Philosophy of the Christy System." His discourse will be followed with tests of spirit presence through the mediumship of Mrs. Foye. Spiritualists should make a special effort to secure the attendance of their acquaintances among evangelical church members, as Mr. Tiffany is peculiarly fitted for the work of enlisting their interest. Services will begin promptly at 7:30 P. M.

Dr. Edmund Montgomery of Texas, well and favorably known in literary circles as an accomplished and forcible writer on scientific and metaphysical topics, spent some days in the city last week as the guest of Messrs. Hegeler and Underwood of *The Open Court*. On Tuesday evening the 11th inst., Mrs. C. K. Sherman gave an informal reception to the Doctor. A *JOURNAL* representative was present and noticed with pleasure the happy mingling of representative people of widely differing views.

G. H. Brooks has been lecturing at Belding and Grand Rapids, Mich.

Owing to sickness of her husband, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will be unable to fill her engagement with the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, as previously announced.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes: "I am having large audiences, very many of whom are strangers to the society, although they have not missed one of my lectures. This is what I like—get the enquirer to begin with philosophy instead of phenomena, and he is likely to become a level-headed Spiritualist of whom we may be proud."

The arrest of Miss Gaul in Baltimore for practicing mediumship, as related in another column, will be likely to result in much good for the cause, however unpleasant it may be for the defendant to be thus persecuted. If Miss Gaul is the worthy person our correspondent affirms, and we have no reason to doubt, the Spiritualists of Baltimore should rally to her side and see that she is ably defended.

The Association of Christian Spiritualists held a meeting Sunday evening, Oct. 16th, at their assembly rooms, Academy Hall, 523 W. Madison street. Every seat was occupied. Exercises were opened with congregational singing, followed with very entertaining addresses by Dr. Champlin, W. H. Blair, Mrs. Burlington (trance speaker), and C. W. Peters. At the close tests were given by Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, Mrs. Burlington, and Mr. Barnard, test and physical medium from Cincinnati. Next Sunday there will be inspirational speaking, tests, independent slate writing, and other spiritual manifestations.

Solon Lauer, a promising young writer and speaker, known to the *JOURNAL*'s readers by the pen name of Grapho, is now associated with our amiable little neighbor *Unity*. He was the working man on the *New Theology Herald*, a paper which grew out of Rev. Townsend's attempt to start a new religious sect under the mistaken notion that he was the discoverer of something new in the science of theology. *Unity* isn't very large, but it seems to possess very good absorbing qualities; and if its powers of assimilation only prove adequate it may yet grow strong enough to absorb the A. U. A.

On our first page is a sermon by Dr. Thomas, full of food for thought in the line of spiritual culture. Valuable discourses of this kind, from whatever source, we give our readers. The sermons of Reed Stewart have been read with much interest and more may be given on fit topics. Many valuable and interesting discourses by spiritual speakers are lost to all beyond their hearers for want of good reports, and it is a source of regret that such a lack makes it impossible for them to be published oftener in the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*. Fortunately we get, occasionally, good reports of such discourses, as well as the sermons of Thomas, Stewart and others, and gladly use them, for truth is the object, come from whence or whom it may.

Arrest of a Prominent Medium in Baltimore.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We have in our midst a Miss Maggie Gaul, a lady who is a test medium of ability rarely met with, and who has thereby become widely known in this community; hence she has not made herself popular with a class of narrow-minded bigots, or knowalls, whilst she has at the same time attracted the cupid of the detectives, who have fancied that they saw in her a chance to line their pockets; but no opportunity until now presented itself fairly before their vivid imagination. The history of the case is this. A lady lost \$80, and supposed it had been stolen by some of her help, and reported the case to the detectives and Marshal of Police. These worthies rendered her no assistance. She had heard of Miss Gaul, and of the remarkable communications she had given to others, and concluded to apply to her. After stating her case to Miss Gaul, she was informed by her that she had no gifts in that direction, and recommended her to apply to the detectives for help. The lady, however, expressed a desire to hear what Miss G. would say, and was granted a séance, during which a person was described, who might have taken the money. The lady, elated with that news, hastened to the detectives to tell them that she had received information which might assist them. They, by a system of questioning, extorted from her the fact that she received it from a spiritual medium, her name, etc.

Subsequently they notified the lady that they had important information for her. When she responded to their call, she found they had no information for her concerning the lost money, but that they had been working up a case against Miss Gaul, and wanted to use her as a witness, to which she objected, but was silenced by those worthies, and told she had to testify.

During the conversation the Marshal of Police expressed his surprise that a lady should think of going to a medium; that none went to them, save the low and ignorant! He said that he had been to see her for the purpose of entrapping her, but she pretended to be sick; he had too strong a mind for any such people to play upon. Of course we all know that a man with a mind clear as well as strong, would not express any such language. If the Darwinian theory be true, I should judge from the appendages set upon each side of his head, as well as other marks about him, that he really had inherited a "strong" mind.

The case was set for hearing yesterday at the station, when Miss Gaul waived an examination, and the case was removed to the criminal court, to be taken up at some future day.

The article of the code which detectives claim Miss Maggie Gaul has violated, runs thus: "Any person who shall engage in fortune-telling or any similar device, shall upon the first conviction thereof, be subject to a fine not less than \$25, and upon every subsequent conviction not less than \$50, nor more than \$100."

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 11.

On Friday evening, the 14th, a pleasant surprise greeted Mrs. Coverdale on her birthday, at Mrs. Perry's on Prairie Avenue. A cheerful visit and fitting testimonials of esteem in the shape of choice presents followed the unexpected meeting.

The liver and kidneys must be kept in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating these organs.

"Go West, Young Man."

Very special interest attaches to the advertisement in another column of the Memphis and Denver Railroad Land and Town Company of Wichita, Kansas. As our readers are aware Jay Gould is building a trunk line of the Missouri Pacific Railway west through Kansas and Colorado to Pueblo and Denver.

The Memphis and Denver Railroad Land and Town Company is an organization in close sympathy with the Railroad Company. It locates the railroad stations and owns the town sites on which they are located. Naturally, the Town Company fosters the rapid growth of its towns and young cities.

As will be seen by the advertisement, business lots and residence sites are offered in eighteen points in Kansas and Colorado. The average age of these towns is not over three months. Those who locate now will at once rank with the foremost business men of the country. No large capital needed. Energy and business capacity, and a little means, form the right combination. Farmers can get the choicest farms at \$250 per acre and up. Indeed, some government lands are yet to be had for the asking. There are many who will be glad to have this opportunity pointed out to them to locate with fine business prospects, large opportunities for usefulness, and a home where society is good, the climate is unexcelled, and where schools are unknown, and churches and schools will abound.

To the real estate investor the attractions are very great, for town property must necessarily rise rapidly in value. By making purchases that include lots in each of the towns, the investor guarantees himself an interest in all the best of the future cities sure to be developed.

The Memphis and Denver Town Company, it is hardly necessary to say, is responsible to the highest degree and in every particular.

Parties interested should write for full particulars, specifying the kind of business preferred etc., etc.

Winfield, Kansas, City Lot Sale.

The advertisement in another part of this paper of the Platter Land Co's opening sale, at Winfield, Cowley County, Kansas, appears for the last time in this week's issue. The sale occurs the last week in October. Parties who have contemplated going, and decide to go will never regret the trip. The great West can never be appreciated, nor the opportunities realized, till both are seen with one's own eyes.

The Colorado Midland Railway has issued a pamphlet with a description of the Pike's Peak Route, which is now open for business between Colorado Springs, Buena Vista, Leadville, Aspen, and Glenwood Springs. This route penetrates the heart of the Rockies and will attract many tourists.

Are You Going East?

The Limited Express of the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," which leaves Chicago at 3:10 p. m. every day, is in many respects the favorite train East, on account of its splendid equipment, admirable service and fast time, for which no extra charge is made. It carries superb Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars, running through without change to Toronto via the Canadian Pacific, to New York via the New York Central & Hudson River, and to Boston via the Boston & Albany railroads. Niagara Falls is passed early in the morning, and the train halts several minutes at Falls View, where the scene is unrivaled.

Delightful and Accessible.

The resorts of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility. In the latter regard the new short line of the Burlington Route, C. & N. W. R. R., plays an important part. Over it through trains are run to St. Paul and Minneapolis from either Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis; with the best equipment, including Sleepers and Dining Cars, that the inventive genius of the day has produced.

At St. Paul and Minneapolis direct connection is made with trains for all points in the Northwest, as well as Portland and Puget Sound points.

At all principal ticket offices will be found on sale, at low rates, during the tourist season, round-trip tickets, via this popular route, to Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all principal resorts in the Northwest. When ready to start, call on your nearest ticket agent, or address Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R. R., Chicago.

Christian Science.

A pamphlet giving a full and complete statement of the scope and nature of this new thought, sent post-paid on receipt of five cents by Theo. Gestefeld, Room 2, Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

FOR SIX CENTS

The *St. Louis Magazine*, the recognized leading literary and artistic Magazine. The Magazine is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is a high-grade literary, historical and humorous monthly of 50 pages. Terms only \$1.50 a year; specimen copy 6 cents, sent to any one address, St. Louis Magazine, 215 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

A LIME LOST

Can be replaced by an artificial one. Books sent free. Write to Dr. Lelloy 130 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 10 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY HINSON, Detroit, Mich.

NICKEL PLATING. Re-plating, Silver Trimmings, Lamp, Grates, etc. Nickel Plated, Silver Plating, Bronzing, Polishing, Lacquering, Gilding, etc. Write for Circular.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest Bargains in Tea, Baking Powder and PRIMA! For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. 312 N. York St., New York, N. Y.

In Looking

for a change of home, change of business, or investment, or getting money on mortgage, or good interest, look to New Country, Kansas. Cheap land good farms, and fine business opportunities. Sugar Cane prospects to make Kansas one vast sugar field. Write for full particulars.

SHEAFFER & BAUDABAUGH,

Real Estate Dealers,

New City, Kansas.

FORT SCOTT, KAN.

There will be a grand auction sale of Lots joining the city limits, beginning October 25th. Terms of sale one-third cash, balance one and two years, eight per cent. interest. Fort Scott has more natural advantages than any city West of the Mississippi. It is a railroad manufacturing and commerce center, is growing rapidly, a million dollars' worth of buildings are now going up. We have natural gas, coal, fire, brick and pottery clay, cement, slag, building and dimensioned lumber, and mineral wells, factories, foundries, mills, glass cement, and sugar works, wholesale houses, and a rich agricultural country. Good farms are worth from \$10 to \$50 per acre. Write to E. F. SCOTT & Co. for papers and information, and take the K. C. & Ft. Scott & R. R. from Kansas City.

3 MEN of good character wanted in your vicinity. Special instructions. Don't delay. See HERE! Artistic Souvenir Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

WORK FOR ALL. \$50 A WEEK and expenses paid. Quilt worth \$5 and particulars free. F. R. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

BLESSED BE DRUGGERY—A Sermon. 2c. mailed. Religious and other standard books. Catalogue free. or write to H. A. & R. M. M. & CO. Publishers, 115 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

ARKANSAS. MILD CLIMATE! GOOD LANDS! Variety of Productal. Low Prices! EAST

TERMS: Maps and Circulars FREE! THOS. EATON, LAND COM'R, Little Rock, Ark.

MEMORY

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by H. W. ARTHUR, JR., President, the National Association of Authors. W. W. ARTHUR, JR., President, the National Association of Authors. Dr. M. M. M., of the University of Pennsylvania, and three large classes at the University of Chicago. For prospectus and price list, send 10 cents to PROF. L. L. L., 22 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SCIENCE OF SOLAR BIOLOGY.

Exclusive 50 cents, with Date of Birth, for Definitive Character, Mental, Physical and Business Qualifications. Complete Adaptability, etc. etc. Send 15 cents for the Art of Never Forgetting. A quick and sure method. Address: Kester Publishing Co., 475 Broadway Ave., Boston Mass.

Mention this paper.

Unitarian Sermons

AND

Papers Sent Free.

Apply to MISS M. S. CARR,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Y. P. P. S.

The Semi-monthly social of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society will begin Friday evening, Oct. 21st, and will be conducted in series. Tickets will be issued for 75 cents including four dances. The recipient required to give his or her name & address. Members' tickets 50 cents. The Society is desirous to secure new members, and those wishing to join may give their name and address to the Secretary, as application, on any Sunday evening, or by addressing Mr. J. M. Anglin, 2827 State Street, for any information desired. The Young People are desirous to secure a library and the aid and assistance given them, in their behalf will be thankfully received.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S

COUGH KILLER

PREVENTS

CONSUMPTION

All Druggists, 50c, 25c, and 10c. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

A Sterling Organ

CHEAP!

Just as received from the factory, ornamented with the

only \$100 for

a \$330 Organ!

Seven Sets of Reeds and Coupler. Five octaves; two extra 2

octaves each, and four sets of 8 octaves each; sub-bass 1

octave and octave coupler.

STOPS—First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-first, Eighty-second, Eighty-third, Eighty-fourth, Eighty-fifth, Eighty-sixth, Eighty-seventh, Eighty-eighth, Eighty-ninth, Ninetieth, Ninety-first, Ninety-second, Ninety-third, Ninety-fourth, Ninety-fifth, Ninety-sixth, Ninety-seventh, Ninety-eighth, Ninety-ninth, One hundred, One hundred and one, One hundred and two, One hundred and three, One hundred and four, One hundred and five, One hundred and six, One hundred and seven, One hundred and eight, One hundred and nine, One hundred and ten, One hundred and eleven, One hundred and twelve, One hundred and thirteen, One hundred and fourteen, One hundred and fifteen, One hundred and sixteen, One hundred and seventeen, One hundred and eighteen, One hundred and nineteen, One hundred and twenty, One hundred and twenty-one, One hundred and twenty-two, One hundred and twenty-three, One hundred and twenty-four, One hundred and twenty-five, One hundred and twenty-six, One hundred and twenty-seven, One hundred 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Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

A Sudden Departure.

[Drowned, while bathing in the Mississippi river, a youth of fourteen years.]

No time for sad farewells, no last fond kiss,
No pressure of the hand, that speaks when lips
Have not, no message sweet to understand
When from our sight he passed, but not from
Love;

No thought of what might be in years to come,
Only the sudden call, and he went home!

Called in his early years of life and joy,
When earth gave much to hope for by and bye,
When those he loved the best should know full
How noble boyish aims, and manhood's power
Which tell the heart as on the earth we stay;
All vanished, as a dream, in one short day.

Called in the morning! If, with sad, and tears,
And dashed hopes, and blighted dreams, earth
No solace sweet, nor hope brought golden gleams
Of compensation for such sudden loss,
How would our human hearts, so rent and torn,
Learn to reach upward through the blinding
—STORM—

"Be still, sad heart, and know that I am God;"
Thus speaks a voice, and silent we obey.
We grope for light, more light, so dark the way,
And lo! a day shall come when no more tears
Will fall, when sighs shall breathe no more;
That will be when we reach the eternal shore;
—FRAN.

Argument Against Capital Punishment.

A Message purporting to come from Spirit Thos. Jefferson.

Mr. B. Franklin Clark, of Belvidere, N. J., writes that he with two friends has held sittings daily at 3 p. m. for several years for spirit communion. Among the messages received was the following purporting to be from spirit of Thomas Jefferson, which Mr. Clark requests published:

I have waited some minutes to get a hearing, upon the important topic of the day. In the first place I am free to say that my mind is not in sympathy with the idea of capital punishment. The fact that a man has the right to take the life of another is not found in the catalogue of crimes. We are sentient beings, destined to reach the vast limit of progressive existence. To rob a fellow being of all that remains to identify the present life, seems to me a great crime. I feel that God has placed us in the material life to work out our mental and spiritual state of being. We are to realize the relation we hold to the united world, each of which is in sympathy with the other. The law of attraction holds us together, and no one can break the chain by which we are darkly bound. To usher a human being into the "spiritual world" before he has reached the course in a natural condition seems an unpardonable offense not only to the individual that suffers but appears to be a wanton act to the creative power that placed the person in the physical plane where the spirit comes in close relation to things of earth. In fact, the education of the spirit is quite retarded by the exit from the earth-world. This idea should serve to change the law that holds the life of a brother or sister in the hands of the executioner. What a horrible scene in the annals of history than the slaughter of human kind!

The war path, should be this, be ever grown by the carpet that mother nature spreads upon the landscape. The voice speaks in loving tones, "Love ye one another." This command if strictly obeyed would drive all contention from our land. The noble hand of charity would span the globe and embrace in one the entire human family.

The towns of war will again echo the hill and valley. The selfishness of men will again soil the fair face of nature with the blood of nations. We be to the hand that sheds a brother's blood, whether upon the highway of life or in the deadly strife for greed of gain, when conquest is the aim. My mind is satisfied in one thing that God is the Father of all men. Thus we must leave all things in his hands, knowing that good will eventually overcome the evil.

Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J. Sept. 28, 1887.

Timely Suggestions.

As to sending out missionaries, *The Christian Register* commends the prudent committee of the American Board of Christian Missions. In the other gospels, it says, we find the first Christian missionary board. Jesus sent forth his twelve disciples, and again sent forth the seventy, to preach the gospel of the kingdom of God. His instructions to his missionaries are very definite. There were no churches then, to furnish missionary money. The disciples were instructed to carry "neither purse nor scrip nor shoes," but to trust themselves to the generosity of those whom they addressed. It is interesting to note that they were directly charged by Jesus to pay great attention to the physical condition of the people. "He sent them," says Luke, in his charge to the twelve, "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." And the same directions were given in the charge to the seventy. We look in vain in the charge of Jesus to his disciples for any indication of doctrine being which is now considered by the American Board to be of fundamental importance. We find no allusion to the fall of Adam or the terrible guilt which came upon the pagan world. In consequence of the disobedience of our first parents. We see nothing about federal headship or footship, no indication of the doctrine of the Trinity or the hypothetical union, no mention of the doctrine of belief which is now considered by the orthodox doctrine of the atonement. Indeed this charge to the disciples is almost utterly devoid of theology; and there is almost every reason to believe that the disciples were forth teaching simply the theology of the Sermon on the Mount. In fact in the very same chapter in which the charge to the seventy is recorded, we find a man coming to Jesus to ask what he should do to inherit eternal life—a question which was answered by Jesus in a way that put to the missionaries of the American Board.

The answer which Jesus drew from the very man who asked him was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do," said Jesus, "and thou shalt live."

The Changing Star.

When primitive man learned that with the lapping years the old withered and the very rock decayed, more slowly but as surely as himself he looked up to the stars as the very types of contrast to the change he shared, and fondly deemed them eternal. But now we have found changes there, and that probably the star clusters and the nebulae, even if clouds of suns and worlds are fixed only by comparison with our own brief years, and tried by the terms of their own long existence, are fleeting like ourselves. I have read somewhere a story about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour. To those who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while the sun is yet gathering force, and only their descendants live to midday; while the sun in its another race which sees the sun decline from the which saw him rise. Imagine the sun about to set and the whole nation of miles gathered under the shadow of some mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. If I remember right, he first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western, sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific observers had followed it, and established by induction from vast experience the great law of nature, that it moved only westward; and he showed that since it was now nearing the western horizon, science itself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, leaving the world a waste of spheres for whom it was created. What his hearers thought of this discourse I do not remember, but I have heard that the sun rose again the next morning.—Century.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Man—His Soul and Spirit.

BY IMPRESSION TO A. F. MEYERS.

Man is a dual existence—being conscious of an interior and exterior life—the inner being the soul or intelligent life-spark, and the exterior the spirit or sensuous envelope—the body itself constituting but the material agent through which the soul and spirit perfect themselves, or rather, through which man as an immortal life-entity, unfolds, develops and individualizes himself—the soul and spirit comprising the positive and negative conditions necessary to constitute a perfect or independent life-being. Man as a material being is a triune of soul, spirit and body, and like the material God of nature composed of intelligence, spirit and matter—a triune in unity. But as the spiritual God is impersonal, He is composed of pure intelligence—the interior life-condition of the universe, causation, and man His offspring, as a spiritual being, is composed of soul, spirit and body—the body being but a temporary life-condition, and animated through its connection with the spirit-body or sensuous envelope, and this again is made intelligently conscious by the soul, the only absolutely intelligent or absolutely conscious life-condition in connection with the whole. The soul is the real ego, but without its aural appendage, the spirit-body, it would lose its individuality by amalgamating with the universal intelligence in separation from the material body, and as this lends it individuality, it can never be disconnected from the same. The spirit-body is, therefore, an immortal entity, and not like the material body a temporary appendage—man being thus a life-entity composed of soul and body only, spiritually considered, and as such we deal with him. Outside of his spirit-body, man has no sensations whatever, and the soul lends him the consciousness to understand or explicate them. The so-called senses are but manifestations of the spirit through the agency of the body—hunger, thirst, pain and titillation having as much right to be accorded "senses" as feeling, tasting, hearing or smelling, for they all come in the category of feeling. Man virtually has but one sense, and that is feeling, only that it manifests itself in manifold ways, and all produced by the sensuousness of the spirit. Universal spirit is a similar state of existence to that of the spirit-body—both being sensuous in nature, and both produced or created through the action of pure intelligence on or through matter or a material agency—the action of life on an inert substance, causing an etherized or fluidic essence to emanate from the same and surround the material acted upon and taking on or becoming a compromise principle or condition between absolute intelligence or consciousness and absolute inanity or lifelessness—Inertia—thus being sensuous in nature. Universal spirit is a condition of sensuousness, and animates or actuates all conditions of matter which it surrounds, and when the same has become sufficiently developed for intelligence, or the intelligent life-principle to manifest itself, the material matter appendage becomes conscious of the sensuous spirit-element of the spirit-body which envelopes it. This begins to manifest itself in the so-called sensitive-plant, the oyster and other life-conditions not yet detached from mother earth, and as the same rises in the scale of material unfoldment, the sensuousness of the spirit becomes more varied, although only manifesting itself as feeling so-called in its primitive conditions of life, and even the radiations, mollusks and a portion of the articulate partaking of this sense only. Emotion or passion only begins to manifest itself when an arterial system is founded—emotion being sensuousness acting in conjunction with intelligence, and constitutes a higher grade of sensuousness, only not experienced through the material entity until the above-named is developed or as it is better said, throughout the system, although very little is manifested in the lower vertebrates, and only becomes fully developed in the mammals—man, however, converting the same into love as he frees himself from animalism. But to the contrary he develops passions—such being either extreme animalism or emotion acting in conjunction with animal sensuousness, and thus changing the nature of the spirit-body to a condition not in accord with universal spirit. Universal spirit is simply sensuous, and lays the foundation for sensation in matter—this being felt as the intelligent principle unfolds itself in connection with it. Man is sensuous and intelligent. The combination makes him emotional. If exercised negatively or for a sensuous effect it leads downward, and if the opposite, it elevates. Emotion acting for a positive effect leads up and adds to the soul-nature, thus bringing it in accord with God. If the opposite, it adds to the spirit-body, as the soul cannot partake of anything that is not strictly pure or not in accord with intelligence, and which of the two carry the most weight or are the most active in their nature, rules the other. If the spirit-body governs the soul, it is attracted to matter; if the reverse to intelligence. All sensuous actions add to the force of the spirit, and all intelligent or intellectual actions add to the force of the soul, and when the latter becomes superior in power to the former, it has reached true individualization. Intelligence being absolute consciousness, intelligence individualized becomes the same when freed from the influences of all impediment not strictly or purely intelligent. When the soul attains a superiority of motion over all its appendages, it becomes intelligent or intellectually conscious of existence, and such it is in accord with intelligence as a condition. So the man in the positive or soul-condition of life's mission.

Thawing out the Frozen.

Many persons have the idea that life is endangered only, if the patient be brought too suddenly from the cold into a warm place. They believe that, if one is frozen very carefully and slowly, that the warming up could never produce a lasting injury to the system. There is certainly no doubt that sudden warming is very dangerous, and that a great deal depends upon the right treatment of the frozen limb. Experience shows that, while some people have been frozen in such a manner that they are completely restored, others are less fortunate, and suffer frequently in after-years. But one must admit that intense cold alone, followed by a gradual warming, which proves so disastrous, suffices to cause severe suffering. In this respect, a great deal depends on the nature of the person. If very sudden transitions from heat to cold and from cold to heat be avoided, a healthy person can withstand intense cold without serious consequences, especially if he be mentally active, energetic and muscular, and has a sound constitution. If he pulse be regular and strong, a robust person can withstand the temperature at which alcohol and mercury freeze. Members of north-pole expeditions have experienced temperatures of fifty or more degrees below zero without suffering harm.

However, it happens not unfrequently that even moderately cold weather, when the thermometer is only a few degrees below the freezing point, causes severe ill, and sometimes even death. This is apt to happen to persons who are anemic, poorly fed, effeminate, or mentally depressed. Old men, children, anemic girls, drunks and people with a weak heart, are all liable to be frost bitten, and easily freeze to death if they succumb to sleep while exposed to intense cold. They fall into a sort of stupor, sit down to rest, soon fall asleep, and in most instances never awake. For long time they remain in a condition bordering on death; they breathe a little, and the heart makes feeble attempts to maintain the circulation of the blood.—From "Physiology of Freezing," by Dr. von Nussbaum, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

A Grandfather Returns.

An incident worthy of note happened a few years ago to two children. The girl is now living in my house and relates the following: "I was nine or ten years old at the time of the occurrence; my brother was four years younger. We were living in Adrian with father and mother. Our grandfather had lived with us, but went away to live with another of his children. He manifested great emotion on leaving the boy to whom he was much attached. One evening my brother and I were sitting on the steps at the door waiting for our father to come in the twilight, when we both saw our grandfather come down from his room and stand before us. He patted the head of my brother and looked so white that we were both frightened, and screamed for mother. Then grandfather went the way he came, and we were alone. Soon the father came, and the mother told him his father was dead. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have a letter that says he is but how did you know?' "This is only one of the many legends of spirit return.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Missing People Traced by Clairvoyance.

BY GEO. A. SHUFFELIT.

The first circumstance is the following. A young man about twenty years of age, left a steamer bound with the supposed intention of going home to the north of England. He took his luggage to the Great Western Railway Station, and then returned to the steamer to say good-bye to the captain and his shipmates, and see the steamer leave the dock with the evening tide. His father was the overlooker of the steamer, and went home from Cardiff a day or two later, and on his arrival was not a little surprised to find his son had not put in an appearance. Inquiries were at once made, and his luggage was found at the railway station, but not the least trace could be found of the young man. Detectives were employed for some days without effect, and the father and mother came from the North to try and find their lost son; but their efforts were futile, and they were in sore distress believing he had fallen into the dock and got drowned, after seeing the steamer away, it being dark when he left.

I was asked by a friend in whose house I had lived a few weeks, if I thought it was possible to discover the young man through the aid of clairvoyance, whether on the earth-plane or in the Spirit-world. I believed it was, and arranged to meet the young man's mother at the friend's house, and bring a clairvoyant with me. After a few minutes' sitting, the young man was described by the clairvoyant as being alive and well, and enjoying himself with some friends in a house not a hundred miles from Cardiff, and stated that if his mother would watch the train coming in from Newport in two or three days' time, she would meet him on the platform, and that he would come down by a train that would arrive just before a train would leave for the North. I accompanied the mother to her lodgings when she said she should sleep that night—which she had not done for more than a week—as she was sure her son was alive. She and her husband watched the trains as directed by the clairvoyant, and had the pleasure of seeing their son and only son, the younger of the two, get on a little surprised when he saw his father and mother standing opposite the carriage he had just jumped out of. I refrain from giving their names as I don't think they would like me doing so.

SECOND CASE.

A few weeks ago I went to Wordsworth street, Roath, to spend the Sunday evening with some friends, the clairvoyant, before mentioned, going with me. While there, I was asked by a lady if I had seen an advertisement in our local papers offering a reward to any one who would give information of the whereabouts of a young lady who was missing in Gloucestershire. I replied that I had not noticed it. She said she was much distressed about it, as the young lady was a very dear friend of hers, and her first cousin. This lady had sat at two or three sittings with us in this same house, and received some very wonderful clairvoyant proofs both natural and spiritual, and said if we would oblige her with a sitting she believed we should find her whereabouts. I accordingly sat in my usual way, and in a few minutes saw the outline of her normal state she saw a young lady walking along by the side of a hedge. She gave a detailed description of her, all of which agreed with the description of the missing young lady, except our medium said she had dark hair, but her cousin said she had light hair. I remarked that it might not be her cousin, but some other young lady, when the medium replied, "It is her relation, I can see the connecting link; and she is now walking across a field."

After a few seconds, she described some water, and said the young lady is looking at the water, and thinks she would be doing right to step into it, but not with any idea of committing suicide, but just as if she was dreaming. "There she has stepped in, and is sinking, and is now at the bottom." I desired the medium to watch her, as sometimes after a few days she would come to the surface again. I desired the sitters (five, I believe, in all) to remain very quiet, and in about three minutes the medium said, "I see her ascending, she is now at the surface, her head level with the water. I see some men and boys on the bank, and they are taking her out of the water." I asked if she saw anything particular about her. She replied, "No, only she has an abundance of dark hair, and she has no boots on." I asked if she saw the man who had been with her, and that her hair was dark. She replied, "Yes," then asked if she could tell me when she was being taken out of the water. She said, "In two or three days' time." She then looked towards the cousin, and said, "You will know all about it on Wednesday." On the following Wednesday I had a note sent me, stating Mrs. E.'s cousin was taken out of the Severn, on Tuesday evening. Subsequent enquiries proved that she had abundance of dark hair, and that it had turned dark since her cousin had seen her, and that she had no boots on when taken out of the water.

If necessary I can give you the name of all the parties present at both sittings, but not for publication.—A Cardiff Spiritualist, in *Medium and Day-break*.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, in Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the evening of the 6th inst., Mr. Mansfield, the celebrated clairvoyant of Grand Rapids, Mich., was given a reading by Mrs. B. Shepard, late at her home, number 93 West Brookline St., Boston. Some noted speakers and mediums were present, also many of Boston's firm Spiritualists.

The evening was spent pleasantly and instructively, music and short speeches filling the programme. Mrs. Lillie first addressed the company, giving the new arrival a warm and hearty welcome. She then turned to Mrs. Shepard, who gave a short sketch of Mr. Mansfield's life, and then turned to the medium, and well she could, for she knew him while he was undergoing development, and before he was known to the public, and she has been a laborer in many of the places that he has visited since his debut as a medium, especially at Camp Canadensis, N. Y., where he has given such excellent satisfaction for four successive seasons, both as regards department and mediumship, and where he is engaged for next season. Mrs. Lillie was followed by short speeches from Mrs. Maggie Butler, and others.

Mr. Mansfield in responding, expressed his gratitude for the kindness of all present and hoped he would not be detrimental to the rapidly-growing cause, during his sojourn in New England.

Next Mrs. Mansfield was addressed by Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, Miss Foster, Dr. B. Shepard, and others. Mr. Mansfield is in Boston for the purpose of studying in the Monroe College of Oratory, but will devote part of his time to the public as a medium.

The "Jerks" at a Revival.

The "falling exercise" became not so common, and the "jerks" succeeded. These, if possible, were harder to account for than the former, and it is impossible for me to fully describe them. The first I saw affected with them were very pious, exemplary persons. Their heads would jerk back suddenly, frequently causing them to give a cry, or make some other involuntary noise. After this, nearly all classes became subject to them. The intelligent and the ignorant, the strong and the weak, the weak and the effeminate persons were handled alike by them. Sometimes the head would fly every way so quickly that the features could not be recognized. I have seen their heads fly backward and forward so quickly that the hair of females would be made to crack like a carriage wheel. Some wicked persons have taken "jerks" while ridiculing them, and been powerfully operated on; others have taken them while trying to mimic them, and had the fit in good earnest. One thing that appeared almost if not entirely miraculous, was that among the hundreds I have seen get them, I never knew or heard of one being hurt or injured thereby, beyond a soreness caused by their efforts to avoid them.—*American Magazine for October*.

A Lamp Extinguished by Spirits.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There are two old people, very respectable, now living at Cambridge, Mass. They are bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, but they have lately witnessed a phenomenon that puzzles them. For some three months, every night just as the old man would get into bed, out would go the lamp! They changed the lamp and oil, but just the same, the lamp would go out. This may be regarded as a small thing, but above the presence of an invisible force, governed by intelligence, the same as the tiny raps in the presence of Kate Fox.

"Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

BY GEO. A. SHUFFELIT.

DRUNKENNESS, IGNORANCE AND TREASON.

When Dr. Burdard uttered this famous alliteration he spoke the solemn truth. It was not politics at the moment, perhaps; but these words contain the three most potent elements of danger to this country and its people. That we have so far survived the ravages of alcohol, the torments of European Catholic traps, and the assaults of political traitors, is a demonstration of the moral courage of the American people, of the stability of their system of government, and of the value of our common school education. No other nation on the face of God's earth could possibly have withstood the contamination. One of these elements has passed into history; with that we have nothing to do; the other two are alive and aggressive.

Whisky and its concomitants of crime and suffering, its moral desolation and destruction, are bad enough; but it is a grave question whether the horde of paupers and criminals of Europe, who are now flooding this country, do not threaten more serious disaster. They bring with them a religion, or rather a superstition, which, whenever it has gotten a foothold in the world, has proved a blight and a curse to the race.

A KENTUCKY GHOST.

A Girl Whose Spirit Haunted a Recreant Lover.

In the western part of this county, says a letter from Harrodsburg, Ky., is located an old village known by the name of Duncansville. In this village and vicinity live a plain and industrious people, who vie one with another in acts of kindness and hospitality. Among this good people lives a Rev. G. W. Tully, from whom no better nor more reliable gentleman can be found. Yesterday he was at this place, and gave our correspondent the details of a most marvelous story, which we shall proceed to give as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator.

A young man named John O. Hoover, of Duncansville, wooed and won the affections of Miss Beattie Bellard, a charming and agreeable lady, living in the vicinity. As he had worked for several years at a saw-mill and had mastered the business, he thought it best that he should go Westward and try his fortune in the lumber regions. So he determined to try St. Croix Falls, Wis. The day before he was to leave for one of the great cities, he was in the company of his affianced. It being Sunday, he solemnly day in the country—these two lovers traveled to the country churchyard. There, at the graves of their parents, they promised to be forever true to each other. In one year they were to be married, and they promised in the event one should die, the other was bound to live in a state of celibacy. On this holy day and upon the tombs of their departed parents they made this solemn vow.

"Now," said the young lady, "I am your wife, and if I should die before your return my spirit will ever attend you."

Hoover left next morning and soon reached his destination at the head of steamboat navigation on the St. Croix river. For ten months not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast. One night after midnight, he was sleeping for several hours in his room at the Peterson hotel, when he was awakened by a breeze passing over him as if made by a wing. On opening his eyes he beheld an object in the room. By the dim light of the moon he discerned the outlines of a woman. As she advanced with outstretched arms and an angelic smile on her face he thought he recognized his sweetheart. As she drew near, he saw that she was not his sweetheart, but a specter. He sprang from his bed, and quickly lighting a lamp, he searched in vain for her, but nothing. Sleep visited him no more that night. In a few days he received a letter informing him that his intended bride, after a short illness, had passed into the spirit land, having died on the very night he had seen her apparition.

After working hard for two years his business was so prosperous that he determined to visit the scenes of his childhood. While there he met a Miss Catharine Larder, of Missouri. She was as handsome as his old sweetheart, but not so large and fine-looking. Again Cupid got in his work, and they were soon engaged. On the morning of June 21, 1887, they were married and started immediately for the husband's home in Wisconsin.

In the course of June they arrived at St. Croix Falls, and Mr. Hoover conducted his young wife to his apartment in the Peterson house. The light had hardly been extinguished when a breeze was felt to pass over the bed, and as he turned to face his wife a cold hand touched his face, and a scream from his wife was heard. As the terrified man rose from his bed to light a lamp he beheld an apparition of his old sweetheart fade from view, and observed his wife lying beside the bed in a dead swoon.

A similar scene occurred every night for at least two weeks. They left the hotel and rented a house near the river, and set up housekeeping. Here the apparition appeared more frequently. It never failed to separate the pair at night, and constantly made its presence known to the wife during the day.

For nearly three weeks the spiritual manifestations continued, when the virgin bride would no longer remain with her haunted husband, but returned to her friends at Duncansville. The bright and beautiful young lady, so joyous and happy when married, was now a careworn and sad personage—a real object of pity. She told the story to my informant, and I have faithfully given it to your readers.

A Belgium paper has been gathering some figures and concludes that alcoholism is the principal and most dangerous cause of the moral and physical degeneracy of Belgium. The figures are furnished by the statistical tables are frightful. The annual expenditures for intoxicating drinks amounts to \$50,000,000, or about \$15 per head for each man, woman and child. Three gallons of brandy and sixty gallons of beer are annually consumed by each and every inhabitant of the kingdom, on the average—women and children included. Suicides have increased 80 per cent, criminals 111 per cent. There is one saloon for every forty-four inhabitants including women and children. Rev. Charles Parkhurst, now visiting in England writes of Wesley's house as follows: "Facing City road, London, is a plain brick house, with an iron fence in front, perhaps twelve feet in height. On the front door is a simple tablet, on which are these words, Wesley's house. This was Wesley's home for the last twelve years of his life. It was also the home of several of his preachers." In one of the rooms of this house he died. Here is his chair, bookcase, bureau, and side-table. "But the most interesting, and perhaps amusing, piece of furniture is the famous teapot used by Wesley."

Ben Butler said to a Kansas city reporter that anybody may become President, but it is not so easy to be acceptable as a department clerk. "When I was a young man," continued the general, "I was examined for appointment as a department clerk, and failed miserably, though I tried to bribe the young women who distributed the list of questions to give me easy ones. I remember one of the questions was: 'What States and Territories would you cross in going from New York to the Pacific coast?' I didn't know, so the answer I wrote was: 'None; I would go around by Cape Horn.'

Count Mikulicz, the chief manipulator of the great Chinese convection, is of slender figure, with a florid complexion and reddish side-whiskers which are always carefully trimmed to stand at right angles with the sides of his face. His nose is of a decidedly Hebrew pattern, and his eyes enlarge and contract at will, as their owner changes his mood. His nails are as long now as those of a mandarin of the red button. His hands and feet are small. He expresses utter indifference to the newspaper attacks made upon him.

The Sultan of Turkey, it is said, is desirous of personal interviews with Queen Victoria and Emperor William, and will soon visit London and Berlin.

The Brotherhood of Man.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing,
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother;
Therefore let us serve each other,
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living,
And to live and serve the best.

Life is more than what man fancies,
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every good hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of practice, less profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression—
In the church and in the state.
More of kindness, less of passion;
More of life and less of fashion,
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the dross of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial;
Calls on men to do and be.

But, forever and forever,
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to discover;
And in whatever we do,
Won by Truth's eternal beauty,
From our highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true.

F. A. HINCKLEY.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

"My son," inquired the minister, "can you repeat the ten commandments?" "No," but I can light a cigarette in the wind at the first trial."

For all the evils under the sun
There is a cure or there is none;
If there is one be sure to find it,
If there is none, why, never mind it.

An elderly minister at a social party, where the young people were dancing, being asked if he danced, replied, "No, I am not educated at that end."

There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no star so lovely as her smile, no music so melodious as her voice, no rose so fragrant as the memory of her love.

Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.

And to those, all those, who sorrow for the lost, or year long separation from those they love, this truth has a word of comfort. Clasp to your hearts the faith that Whittier sings:

Mrs. Helm of Boston has developed a marvelous gift for modeling. She is now under the best tuition to be obtained in this country. Mrs. Helm is a sister of Helen Dauray, the actress.

Mrs. H. M. Austin, superintendent of the Essex (Mass.) prison, jail, and almshouse work for the Women's Christian Temperance union, has made over seven thousand converts to the cause the present year.

Amelia's mamma was teaching the Sabbath-school lesson. "What does 'frankincense' mean?" she asked. The little girl thought a minute and answered, "Why, mamma, 'frank' means a piece of money, and I suppose the wise men gave it to Jesus in cents."

There are twenty-seven vessels engaged in missionary work in different parts of the world, under the auspices of sixteen societies; of these missionary vessels sixteen are running on the coasts or rivers of Africa, and six among the islands of the Pacific ocean.

Miss Anna H. Whitney of Lancaster, Mass., is one of the most successful breeders of St. Bernard dogs in America. She spent years in Switzerland studying the dog, and she is recognized as an authority. She is the proprietress of the Chesham kennel.

Carlotta Patti has been offered by the czar of Russia a professorship of vocal music in the Imperial conservatoire at St. Petersburg. She will, however, remain in Paris, having built a private theater at her house, 16 Rue Pierre Charran. Private representations of opera by members of Parisian society will be given there.

Gen. Longstreet is living quietly at Gainesville Ga., writing a book on the war. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. The general expects both sides to pitch into me, and I am taking time to be certain of all my statements."

Set the morning watch with care if you would be safe through the day; begin well if you would end well. Take care that the heart of the day is put right; look well to the point you want to sail to, then, whether you make much progress or little, it will be so far in the right direction. The morning hour is generally the Index of the day.—*Spurgeon*.

Col. Frederick D. Grant was with the union army during a considerable portion of the war of the rebellion, though he was too young to take a hand in the fighting. He accompanied his father through the Fort Henry and Fort Donelson campaign, the siege of Vicksburg, and the wilderness and Petersburg campaigns. The boy was often on the scene of actual conflict, and was once wounded.

Senator Evarts has surprised his friends and Washingtonians in general by the purchase of a tract of 300 acres of land twelve miles south of the national capital. This estate is on an estuary of the Potomac river, and is one of the finest of the lordly domains of the old Maryland families, of fifty to one hundred and fifty years ago. Directly opposite and above lie the former homes of Washington, at Mount Vernon, and of the Fairfaxes.

Chief among the "relies" of England must be reckoned Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Lord Eversley. At 94 years old he is still a sprightly and active man, fit body and in mind. He is as close a student of current politics as when he was speaker of the house, thirty odd years ago, and as keen a sportsman as ever, as may be inferred from the fact that he has just been purchasing a brace of brace-loading guns containing all the modern improvements wrought by men born since he passed the meridian of life.

At Washington one night lately a lady retired to rest with a heavy feeling in the region of her heart. After sleeping an hour or two she was suddenly awakened by the sound of her heart-beating like a hammer striking some metallic substance, while the pressure around her heart seemed to be increased. She awakened her husband, a light was struck, she thought she was dying. In about an hour, when the clock struck, it was discovered that the striking of the clock had been mistaken for the beating of her heart. Another lady had a cancer that, developing very rapidly, it was so sore that no one was allowed to touch it. After several days of bodily pain and mental anguish the sore proved to be a tickle, with the persevering insect still tugging away at it. So much for imagination.

"That life is ever lost of death,
And love can never lose its own."

So, O poor, bound soul, hungry and thirsty, but hindered, find courage! Whether the hindrance be one of external condition, of mental narrowness and ignorance, of inherited moral weakness of bondage to another life that keeps you down—all these things some day shall end. If you are discouraged, striving in vain to grasp a high ideal; if, like the sobbing waves, some undercurrent sweeps you back at what seems the very moment of achievement; if you long for a companionship to match the aspirations

ADVERTISEMENT.

A GIGANTIC MINING ENTERPRISE.

A River Turned Out of Bed.

Without doubt one of the greatest mining achievements of modern engineering is the construction of the Big Bend Tunnel on the Feather river situated in Butte Co., California. Feather river is formed by the North, Middle and South Forks, which rise in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Plumas Co., run southwestward, and unite in Butte Co. to form the main Feather.

The river, including the forks, is 750 miles long, and enters Sacramento river at Vernon in Sutter Co., about 20 miles above the city of Sacramento.

It is well known, among gold miners that the richest and most productive gold mines of California have been the beds of rivers, and the "Feather" stands pre-eminent as to richness wherever it has been possible to work it. In fact, old miners have known it for years under the name of "The Golden Feather."

Prof. Horace C. Burdick, late director of the United States Mint, in speaking of the gold producing river beds of California, says: "They are the natural sluices of thousands of square miles of auriferous ground, the wash from which has been distributed on the beds, bars, and benches, where, by a natural process of concentration, the gold was re-posit in such manner that it was easily accessible to the river miners." The bars, which at low water are dry, are exposed to the operation of the miners, and from many places in the bed of the river—where it was possible to turn the river out of its channel by means of dams and canals, or flumes—the miner soon found the ways of abstracting the precious metal from the sand and gravel in which it rested. The Big Bend of Feather river, however, whose gravel deposits have been estimated in value from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, has hitherto baffled the skill of man to rob it of its treasure. This vast amount of wealth has been guarded and preserved for ages by the minimum constant flow of one hundred thousand miners' inches of water rushing through a narrow canon from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep, which rendered it impossible to wip-dam or flume. Yet while nature has thus seemingly placed impregnable barriers against man's encroachments, she provided, at one point at least, a way whereby these obstacles could be overcome through the intervention of modern engineering skill.

There is a little stream running through Dark Canon, which empties into the West Branch of the Feather and from there into the main Feather. Dark Canon is several feet lower than the bed of the main Feather, at the point where Big Bend begins. A tunnel was commenced in Dark Canon, and a bore 12 x 16 feet drilled through a spur of Big Bend mountain a distance of 12,007 feet, or nearly two and one-third miles in length out to the mountain side of Feather River, at the upper end of the Bend. Just below where the upper end of the tunnel taps the river a dam was constructed which is to force the water through the tunnel into Dark Canon, out of which it will flow into the West Branch, and then into the main Feather again. This will leave about fourteen miles of the river bed exposed to sight during the season of low water, which is from seven to nine months in the year.

This stupendous undertaking required the services of one hundred men, working night and day, for about five years, and has recently been completed. At the head of the tunnel six gates of iron and steel, 4½ by 8 feet, will let the water in or keep it out. In times of high water the gates will be closed, and the river will run along its old bed, to be turned out of its course and through the tunnel at low water.

The past year, from those parts of the Feather accessible to mining operations, sufficient evidence that the most sanguine anticipations of the projectors of this grand enterprise will be fully realized. The famous old Cape Claim, below Big Bend, yielded \$280,000 in forty-two working days, and from 3,900 linear feet of half-worked river bed. In fact, the river-channel, both above and below the Bend, has proven itself immensely rich.

The President of the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company, and the largest stockholder therein, is Dr. R. V. Pierce, who is, perhaps, of all others most entitled to credit for the successful termination of this great undertaking. Being fully satisfied with the feasibility of the plan from its inception, he has with an unstinting hand supplied the funds for the prosecution of this enormously expensive work, and his confidence and liberality will soon meet its reward.

The Doctor has been, and now is, connected with very many other important matters. In the fall of 1877, he was elected to a seat in the New York State Senate, and in 1878, he was placed in nomination for Congress, and was elected by a decisive majority.

He is President of the Buffalo Loan, Trust and Safe Deposit Company, one of the foremost banking institutions in the city of Buffalo. But he is perhaps best known as President of the "World's Dispensary Medical Association and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute." This institution is situated on Main and Washington streets, Buffalo, N. Y., having a frontage on both streets. The design of the Invalids' Hotel is to furnish a home for those desiring private treatment of the most skilled class, especially to those suffering from chronic and surgical diseases. It is not a hospital, but a pleasant remedial home, furnished with every comfort, and the most approved sanitary, medical and surgical appliances, which study, experience, invention, and the most liberal expenditure of money can produce. There are eighteen skilled physicians and surgeons constantly at the Hotel, and a corps of efficient and trained nurses. The Doctor has concluded to erect his Invalids' Hotel. The Big Bend Tunnel Company is fortunate in having so progressive a man as Dr. Pierce as their President.

The money expended in the construction of the tunnel does not represent all the capital involved. More than a hundred claimants to mining grounds on the bars, banks and river bed had to be bought out in acquiring title to this vast extent of rich mining grounds. Boarding-houses have been constructed along the river, roads and tracks have been built; a substantial bridge erected across the West Branch of the river, and what was an unbroken wilderness, around the vicinity of the tunnel, when the Company commenced operations, is now a thriving village with good dwelling houses, a general store, a hotel, and a school-house. A post-office has also been established here, and a telephone line has been strung, sixteen miles distant.

Little and Lively.

The times change and we change with them. Hardly larger than mustard seeds but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts, Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" have caused the old style, large draught, cathartic pills to be abandoned by all sensible people. The little sugar-coated Pellets are a sure cure for constipation; for persons of sedentary habits they are invaluable. They are little and lively, pleasant and safe.

George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston, has in press a 16mo book of 187 pages, entitled "Science and Immortality." The work is a reproduction of the discussion by many eminent scientists on "What Science says about Immortality," which attracted such wide attention in the *Christian Register* of April 7. The contributions have been carefully revised by their authors, and the work has been enriched by additional contributions from Prof. A. Graham Bell; Gen. A. W. Greely, of the United States Signal Service; Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; and Prof. Edward C. Mearns, of Harvard University. In addition to the "Symposium," there are included biographical notes, giving a brief outline of the scientific career of the writers.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases. Dr. J. Simonson, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

"Strong and logical" says the *Chicago Evening Journal*, "a 'Prose from Poverty.' By G. E. Stebbins. Price 50 cents cloth, 25 cents paper. For sale at the office.

PROSPECTUS.

THE OPEN COURT:

Radical Liberal Journal.
Published in Chicago by The Open Court Publishing Co.
B. F. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of The Index), and
SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors.

THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of The Index, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedom of thought, untrammelled by authority of any alleged revelations or traditional beliefs; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great ethical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day; will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religion and exact justice for all. It will help substitute catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for theological dogmatism, and humanitarianism for sectarianism. It will emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life, and of making the well-being of the individual, and of society, the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominent will be given to the *Open Court* to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their fascination for many minds, which as Lewis says: "the unequalled failure of twenty centuries has not sufficed to destroy and the discussion of which is not without value, with so many to be wisely ignored."

The *Open Court*, while giving a fair hearing to representative views of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor, and not hesitating to keep the banner of truth and reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political cares of the hour, to submit all opinions to the crucial test of reason, and to recall men from their aberrations to sanity and the pathway of truth. It will aim to be liberal, in the broadest and best sense, and to merit the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers among the creeds of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer avail.

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those given:

James Parton,
Jed Jacob Holbrook,
Fred. May Holland,
Minot J. Savage,
Elizabeth C. Stanton,
Anna Garlin Spencer,
Wm. D. Howells,
Wm. J. Potter,
H. W. Hall,
Chas. D. Mills,
Allen Pringle,
Howard Conner,
W. D. Howells,
Edmund Montgomery.

Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, is the distinguished philologist and oriental scholar, Prof. Max Muller; and we have the statement of one of his personal friends, that Ernest Renan will probably encourage us by articles from his pen.

Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, whose names are not included in the above list, will be among the contributors to the columns of THE OPEN COURT, in which will also be printed occasionally, during the year, lectures given by Prof. Felix Adler before his Society for Ethical Culture.

THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, commencing in February.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Year. Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Make all remittances payable to B. F. UNDERWOOD, and address THE OPEN COURT, P. O. Drawer 7, Chicago, Ill.

THE WATSEKA WONDER!

A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of MARY LURANCE VENN, by Dr. R. V. Pierce. This well attested account of spirit possession created a widespread sensation, and has been the subject of much discussion. The story is so wonderful, and the facts are so clearly established, that it is no wonder that it has been so widely read. The book is now being reissued in a new and improved form, and is being sold at a very low price. It is a book that should be read by every one who is interested in the subject of spirit possession. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the world. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human mind. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human soul. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human body. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human life. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human death. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human resurrection. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human heaven. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human hell. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human eternity. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human infinity. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human omnipotence. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human omniscience. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human omnipresence. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human omnibenevolence. It is a book that will give you a new and interesting view of the human omniscience. 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(Continued from First Page.)

A Lover's Estimate of Emerson.

personality and place; and so have Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier. Montaigne, Cervantes and De Foe; ay, even David of Israel comes as a man in his wondrous burst of human trust. "Yes, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death," but Emerson, like some beautiful vision but dimly seen, I cannot touch; and when I say Emerson, it is but another name for truth, sweetness and light. I wonder if ever another feels the same!

When his soul went to spirit-life and they placed the form in the grave, I could not mourn; my Emerson was with me still. I could as well give light, air, or the law of gravity personally as to him, and as soon think of them yielding to death. As I read him I get only truth, life, strength, inspiration, even as they come to me in gazing into the starry blue or listening to the wind in the pine boughs.

I never realized this fact so clearly as since I began to ponder this essay, and never till now sought the why of it, and I seem to solve the problem by saying: "There is so little of the man in his thought!" He seems to me but a channel between the Over Soul and ourselves. Truth and wisdom flowing from the divine fountain through so clear, honest, manly, unselfish, truth-seeking brain, fed by such warm heart, must needs have so little of the human in it that I feel and know but the divine. The man puts no stamp upon God's truth. Through him I get nearer to God, and farthest from human imperfections and limitations, and am lost in the impersonality of beauty, truth and goodness.

Yet there is a distinct individuality of style and thought; something so purely Emersonian that I think I should recognize a page of his anywhere; yet for this individuality, the union is all the closer, for because of this truthfulness to self, trust in self, thoughts flow apparently unrestrained and with as little care for the expressions of yesterday, as is the song of birds. It is the "Father and I am one" condition of Jesus. This condition is, I believe, the purpose of "that power not ourselves" that in us "makes for righteousness." It is when rightly understood, the nirvana of the Hindu, not the annihilation or loss of self in the divine, but the perfection of self in the divine. Emerson seems to have nearly realized this condition.

It is this that makes his pages so valuable to me. They contain the revelation of these later years. Revelations because not wrought out on the anvil of reason. Revelations because not sought for in line of effect and cause, but revelations because they are soul-found in the realm of cause itself and announced to the world. Revelations are they that bring no letter of introduction from some ancient authority, and that wait till these credentials are examined before we admit them, but revelations that knock directly at the door of common sense and intuition, and are at once admitted as friends and royally entertained. They come and are received like sun and air, cloud and sunshine; like bud, blossom and fruit; like mist, rain and fountain, ever welcome.

"They always find us young
And always keep us so."

The wind through the tripod made music which the priestesses translated into words. The tripod is forgotten, the oracle remembered. God's inspiration through Emerson made truth for us. The truth alone is of value and will ever remain.

But I am aware that he does not so impress all. Lowell—youthful Lowell, he may think differently to-day—thought him an egotist. In his "Fable for Critics" he speaks of him thus:

"To refresh to old fashioned people like me
To teach such a premature Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
Who is willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson."

But that which Lowell calls egotism seems to me only a realization of Tennyson's road "to sovereign power." He says:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

This is another of the causes that makes me read Emerson and write of him as a lover, because he has these three, and through him I grow within myself, "self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control."

The egotist in projecting truth projects himself also, and forces upon us the recognition of his personality. He is like a hen cackling over the egg, calling attention more to herself than her work. But he who like Emerson has trust in himself and in truth, says his thought, and, like gravity, it works its way. One of his condensed expressions showing this confidence in the power of truth and right, one that has been a stay to me in my work for unpopular truths is, "The current knows its way!"

We are told how often and carefully he revised his pages; it was only a clearing out of the rocks and a deepening of the channel, and the thought flowed with clearer and greater power. It is now bankfull of clear water. There is neither bone nor gristle in the meat he asks us to dine upon.

It is now over twenty-three years since I became his lover. I was four years developing the love which time has only strengthened. A teacher whom I loved when I was twenty would often quote Emerson and Parker, and once in our rhetoric class quoted his "Rothom." This poem was really my introduction to him.

There is a volume of philosophy and a library of poems in these lines:

"If the eagles ask thee why
Thy charm is wanted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing
Beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why wert thou there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance supposed
The self-made Power that brought me there
brought you."

I entered the army in '62, and a lady friend used to quote often in her letters to me some of those lines from his prose that Lowell says, are

"Gold nails in temples to hang trophies on."

and they were powerful to inspire. Then I had a comrade, dear as a brother, whose grave is in the beautiful Shenandoah valley, a man of great experience, twenty-three years my senior, whose wisdom was shield and buckler to the bashful country boy; he would often quote Emerson to me as we lay in our blankets, in tent or by picket fire, and thus I learned, perhaps, to give to Emerson a value not his own. In '64 I was separated from all old comrades by transference into a different regiment, and for companionship I obtained "Conduct of Life," and a close and dear comrade was it on march and halt, in camp and on guard—everywhere. How much it has influenced my life I cannot tell. How much of it becomes me, I know not. Up to that time Pope's "Essay on Man" had been my pocket companion, now this, I would

read him to appreciative listeners till they, too, learned to love him and in this university of army life where selfishness was developed as in no other school, Emerson was Professor of Ethics, Philosophy and Theology, while Whittier wrote our hymns and gave me religious food and culture. To these two men more than all other writers do I owe whatever of good I have been able, or may yet be able, to do.

From that time till now there is no journey that they are not with me in pocket or satchel. Under all conditions of army and Western life, in school-room or as an itinerant lecturer, for fifteen years I have found in these two whatever I needed in sickness or in health, in joy or in sorrow. I have read their words on occasions of gladness, and at times of separation; read them to young friends blooming into life and to those calmly and peacefully gliding toward their spirit home. I have read them in the glad hours of social gatherings, and as I spoke words of consolation, strength and knowledge over the physical caseload to those who mourned the unclasp of the mortal hands and did not yet feel that of the immortal, I have found those two sources from which I could draw the help I needed. Is it strange, then, that I feel that if another Omar were to burn all the libraries of the world, were I able to secrete Whittier and Emerson I could rebuild from them both, civilization and religion?

Upon entering upon my Nebraska life in '66 I made his essays (First and Second Series) my chief library. One of his admirers advises those who would learn to love Emerson to begin with "Conduct of Life," but I, without hesitation, say "Essays First Series." But commence where you will you cannot fail to like him. Says Chadwick: "If you do not want to fall in love with beauty, truth and righteousness, let Emerson alone!" "Beauty, truth and righteousness," these are God manifest in the flesh, and Emerson is one of their chief prophets. In the First Series we have those essays beyond compare and for which I have no descriptive adjective: "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," "Over Soul," "Spiritual Laws," and "Love," any one of which ought to have made him a noted man in literature.

My range of reading is not large, but nowhere else do I find such suggestive sentences, such stimulus; yes, these are the words, suggestion of stimulus, in all mental and spiritual directions. A single line is often food for weeks. Many a time when I have long hunted for a key to some caverned recess in my own nature and found it not, lo! suddenly he in a sentence puts it into my head and reveals me to myself. Such was the case when I was alone and longing for companionship, the two lines, the first time I read the poem, "Give all to Love."

"When half gods go
The gods arrive;"

And again, once when pondering for a long while the problem of life, these words from "Compensation," were crucial, and from them I date a new era in my thinking on that subject: "The absolute balance of Give and Take." He is the great revealer of the soul's possibilities.

Of one of his essays Charles Bradlaugh says: "I ascribe to Self-Reliance my first step in the course which I have adopted." Prof. Tyndall in his address to the students of University College, London, says: "The reading of the works of two men, neither of them, indeed, imbued with the spirit of modern science, neither of them, indeed, friendly to that spirit, has placed me here to-day. These two are the English Carlyle and the American Emerson. I never could have gone through Analytical Geometry and Calculus had it not been for them. I never should have been a physical investigator but for them, and hence should not have been here. They told me what I ought to do that caused me to do it, and all my consequent intellectual action is to be traced to this purely moral source." What they say I only echo.

Often have I wished that I were a millionaire, that I might put this essay upon "Self-Reliance" in the hands of every child in our schools and furnish them by quantities to reading rooms and places of resort.

Could I make a volume to send out as a manual of ethics and religion and be a missionary for good, it should consist of the xxiii and xli Psalms, the Beatitudes, Derzhovin's "God," Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" and Emerson's "Self-Reliance." To my taste I should then have skimmed the cream from the whole of ethical and religious literature.

Where can be found more helpful words for the battle of life than the passage I am wont to quote to my young friends. It rouses all our energies and puts what Robert Collier calls "Clear Grit" into us. It reads:

"Insist on yourself. Never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can till that person has exhibited it. . . . Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance as brave and grand as that of the colossal chief of Phidias, or the trowel of the Egyptian, or the pen of Moses or Dante; but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all eloquent with its thousand cloven tongues, deign to repeat itself. . . . Abide in the simple nobility of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt produce the Foreworld again."

But what I say of these "Essays," I also say of all his works. I could not spare "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Nature," "Miscellaneous" or "Poems." What wondrous power in his "Divinity School Address," and "The Preacher." The former marks an epoch not only in Unitarian, but in religious thought, and combined they have the virtue of many courses of homiletics. May I grow to be somewhat of his ideal preacher.

But there is another reason why I love him; he is not a philosopher. Many a system may be built upon his thought as they have been upon the words of Jesus, and may be upon that of any intentional writer. Like Jesus he "announced" what was from his illumined mind, self-evident. He speaks from the intuitions and to the intuitions. I would as soon argue the beauties of the sunset with a blind man, or the melody of the spring birds with a deaf man, as to argue the truth of one of Emerson's announcements with one who did not recognize its truth as soon as read.

There is a kind of free masonry in souls; all initiated in the same mystical degree, see truth alike when presented to them. Truth that is reasoned out is scientific and philosophical and is food alone for the intellect and touches not the soul. Emerson feeds me spiritually by his announcements. His philosophy, such as it is, may all be found in "nature" and his "One's Soul," and the key note to which all his oratorics are attuned, are the words, "Soul is all!" Purely spiritualistic in

his thought, he makes Spiritualists in philosophy of his lovers. He accepts all affirmations of science, philosophy, art, mechanics, law, ethics and civilization, and they become fused in the alembic of his mind, and come out pure soul at last. It seems as if all the systems of metaphysics, philosophy and religion, and all civilization had been boiled down by him only to yield that old truth stated by Paul: "One God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all."

For this again I love him, because he is a religious prophet and stimulates my perception to see nothing that has not soul behind, around and in it. His basis—spirit—is the bed rock on which I stand to reason. He has faith in this spirit in man, believes in man, demands that this spiritual principle "be suffered to demonstrate itself to the end in all possible applications to the state of man, without the admixture of anything positive, dogmatic or personal. We have come to the spring of all power of beauty, of virtue, of art and poetry. ("Lecture on the Times") and after all searching he gives this consolation: "We learn that God is, that he is in me and all things are the shadow of him." (Circles.) "The world," he says in "nature," proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in the unconscious. . . . Of that ineffable essence which we call spirit, he that thinks the most will say the least. We can foresee God in the coarse, and as it were, distinct phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe himself, both language and thought desert us and we are helpless as fools and savages. That essence refuses to be recorded in propositions, but when man has worshipped him intellectually the noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God."

And again a sublime passage in the "Over Soul": "Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God. . . . When we have broken our God of tradition and ceased from our God of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence."

These lines express the optimism of the true believer, the true God-liver:

"Fear not, then, thou child of infirm,
There is no God dare harm a worm.
Laurel crowns cease to desert,
And power to him who power exerts:
Hast not thy share? On winged feet
Lo! it rushes thee to meet:
All that nature made thine own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will live the hills and swim the sea
And like thy shadow follow thee!"

*This word is used in its philosophical sense as distinguished from Materialists: One who believes in spirit alone, or in spirit and matter.

Woman and the Household.**A Remedy.**

DEAR SISTERS OF THE JOURNAL: I read Fidelia's experience in orthodox Sunday-schools, and a remedy for such disastrous calamities arose clearly in my mind, which I will record while the instance showing sadly the need of some heroic medicine is still fresh.

Almost every church has made great exertion to keep constantly on foot meetings of various kinds to give the young people a tendency toward their organization. They have socials, donkey parties, Dickens clubs, Browning clubs, Shakespeare clubs, historical clubs, and so on ad infinitum. Now, what I recommend is the organization of clubs for the study of their creeds! Can they not afford an evening a week to bring before the young (whom they are so anxious to bring into the fold blindfolded) the principles for which they are making all their mighty exertions? Let them bring into the light of to-day their dusty, unused creeds-books. Let our children weigh them, even by as much of science as is taught in our graded schools, and see if they will pronounce them sound. Even their scant knowledge of physiology, geology, chemistry, history, etc., will come to their rescue. They have no idea of the basic principles on which the churches work. Let us cry for an illumination of the creeds which are so carefully hidden away, and avoided in all discussion.

A gentleman of Toledo, O., a supporter of a Congregational church there, said to me: "Half our members do not believe our creed." "Then," I said, "why do you not revise your creeds up to something you can honestly subscribe to?"

"We are afraid to meddle with them—it would make such a division, and so much quarrelling," he replied.

He told the truth. But we are fearless people, and we believe in honesty. Light is always safe as we look at things. Do not be so shy of the queer old vows to which you would bind the brighter young souls of to-day. Where is the church brave enough to lead? Give us a club for the study of creeds—free to all.

Mrs. A. G. C.

An Unsound Sunday-School Lesson.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I noticed an article on children in the first October number of the JOURNAL, and I quite like the thought expressed therein upon that subject. I attended an orthodox Sunday-school where the subject of Jonah and the whale was discussed. I suggested the unreasonableness of a whale swallowing a man when its throat is so small it would be impossible. The minister at once exclaimed that he presumed God made a fish with a large throat on purpose to swallow Jonah! Nothing was impossible with God! No wonder children grow up and join the church when such mysteries are so easily explained. No exertion is required on their part to think, especially when they have so wise a minister to think for them. I think there should be Lyceums where children can be taught the necessity of a pure and noble life, and that a noble act on this side is recorded on the other. Teach children to do little acts of kindness to their mates; unselfishness is almost forgotten in the lessons they receive. Teach them to think for themselves. The churches are drifting into Spiritualism unaware. Their faith healing, laying on of hands, and praying to God for help, is magnetism all the same, and if they think it is help from God, he is a spirit, and one and the same thing. If it works in the church it will be the means of having a work carried on there that may lead them to investigate—those that are not too narrow-minded. "Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait." The time will come when churches, creeds and dogmas will have a slim foundation to rest upon. SARINA.

In Kansas, women can vote in city and town affairs, and hold municipal and town offices. In one town they have a female mayor. The Supreme court of Kansas has decided that when a woman marries she need not take her husband's name unless she chooses.

A Woman's Triumph in Paris.

The public examination of Miss Bradley at the Ecole de Medicine in Paris is thus described:

When Miss Bradley stepped into the arena, clad in the traditional garb, the general comment of the audience was:

"How like Fortino!" in the trial scene of the "Merchant of Venice."

It was known to Miss Bradley's college mates and other friends that her thesis would be on "Iodism," and that she had taken a year to write an elaborate book on the subject which will soon be republished in England from the original French. For an hour and a half she was questioned with great shrewdness and ability by four of the leading professors of the Ecole de Medicine, — Drs. Fournier, Gantier, Porchet, and Robin. Each of these gentlemen had previously received a copy of Miss Bradley's book, and they had brought their copies to the examining room, with multitudinous interrogation marks on the margins, showing that the new treatise had not only been very carefully read, but had excited much curiosity and attention. Miss Bradley had the great advantage of an unbacked theme, which she skillfully illustrated by a numerous array of unfamiliar facts.

Her triumph was of a very peculiar character. Her four examiners said to her, with admiring frankness: "You have been working a new field; we cannot agree with many of your conclusions; further investigation may lead either yourself or us to different views; but, meanwhile, you have presented to the college a thesis which does you uncommon honor, and for which we unanimously award you maximum mark of merit."

After the announcement of the award, Miss Bradley was entertained at dinner by Miss Augusta Klumpke, the first female physician who has ever been admitted to practice in the hospitals of Paris. Both these ladies are Americans—Miss Klumpke from San Francisco, and Miss Bradley from New York.

Pain is the sentinel that watches perpetually over our safety, and gives notice of the first approach of the diseases which are our worst enemies. Remove the sentinel, and the foe would surprise us before we were aware that he was near, and would be in full and fatal possession of the very citadel of our existence before we could make the least attempt to resist him. This war on the walls of our human habitation may often annoy us by waking us from our comfortable sleep and pleasant dreams, but he is a loyal servant and a faithful friend in rousing us to defend ourselves against the insidious ill that flesh is heir to.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that "marriage" is no longer an entirely one-sided bargain. It is tending toward the only true ideal of life-long companionship—a partnership on equal terms, with equal give and take on both sides. Women no longer feel bound to render that implicit obedience which was considered *de rigueur* in our great-grandmother's days, and men no longer universally demand it! Thanks to the woman's rights movement!

An Indian girl from the Hampton school is soon to enter the training school for nurses in New Haven. She is engaged to the son of a Sioux chief who is studying in the Medical College at Philadelphia, and when they both graduate they will be married and return to the Indians and give them the benefit of skilled treatment.

Ohio has advanced woman's rights by enabling both husband and wife to dispose of property as if unmarried, and by giving each party one-third life interest in the other's real estate.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

No. 1

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.

RECORDED BY DR. N. B. WOLFE,
Author of "Startling Facts!"—Mrs.
Helen Fairchild, Medium.

Spirits Flash in and out of the Ambient Air, and Maintain Materializations long enough to Walk in Good Light about the House, Talk, Drink Wine, Feast, Dance and Play Cards.

SPIRIT PLIMPTON WALKS THE STREETS OF CINCINNATI AND FALLS TO PIECES IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL—EGYPTIAN KINGS AND QUEENS IN ILLUMINATED COSTUMES! ETC.

"The day of freedom dawns upon the world,
The liberating Eras rise and shine;
And like a million cast into the sea—
Oppression rolls its brazen axle down
Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again!"

I was from home during August and September. In the beginning of October I returned, and soon after resumed sittings with Mrs. Fairchild, which had been interrupted by my absence from the city. I propose now to report as briefly as the matter will allow the results of these later sances, as I did of those held before I went away.

It is fair to say that the sances I now report were held in Mrs. Fairchild's parlors, and not in my own, as the former had been, and that I was as free to make conditions to suit myself there as if I had been in my own house.

But, let me say first that I always get the best spirit manifestations when I sit alone with the medium. I rarely consent to "join a circle of friends" to make up a sance, for the reason that I always try to avoid the inharmonious conditions of others, and feel more at peace with all "the world and the rest of mankind" when apart from others.

A great deal depends upon the condition of the siter, whether he gets good manifestations or not. Often the spirit wanted has not been educated how to respond, and therefore cannot manifest except by proxy. Spirits are more sensitive to influences than mortals. Domestic trouble, anxiety, grief or a dishonest purpose in consulting them often thwarts or prevents good manifestations. I try to possess entire equanimity of mind when I sit for spirit communications. Once I carried a vexed temper into the presence of the spirits. I was at cross purposes with all my surroundings and every body. I was soon told that my fretted mind could not understand the holiness of truth, nor appreciate its value and loveliness. I was dismissed with a gentle "good night," and "pleasant dreams" to reflect over my folly.

Physical conditions, too, influence spirit manifestations favorably or otherwise. I knew a person to enter a circle reeking with the smoke, grime, dust and foul emanations of several days' travel in a Pullman palace (7 car, who almost commanded the spirits to find his stolen overcoat and answer some trashy conceits that had found congenial lodgment in his sterile brain. Of course, such idiots get only what they deserve, and make willing witnesses to testify before a Seybert Commission that Spiritualism is a great fraud, as any man will, who suffers from a bad catarrh, get the odor of the disease from every thing he smells.

These remarks are intended to assist good meaning people to investigate Spiritualism in a proper way, and that they may understand how to aid their spirit friends to show their forms, faces and to speak.

Spirits require more dainty conditions to enable them to work well, than mortals.

The perfumes of plants please and give them power. The fragrant emanations of balsam trees delight them. They will communicate more freely in a light, well ventilated room, with a clean man, than in a hot, dark place with an unwashed one. The bath is a divine institution in the propagation of Spiritualism. The condition of men is but the reflex image of their minds. I will now record as best I can, phenomena which occurred in my recent sittings with Mrs. Fairchild.

The light in her parlors was sufficient to allow the head lines of a newspaper to be distinctly seen and read. In her back parlor stood the skeleton of a cabinet. It looked like, and would answer the purpose of, a "wooden clothes horse." Over this skeleton wood-work I hung curtains of black cotton velvet cloth. These reached up about seven feet from the floor, leaving two feet from the top to the ceiling an open space. The top of this enclosure was also open to light and air. This simple arrangement is called a cabinet, but wherefore, I know not, as it is at best but an enclosure—an open top tent. Among herdsman it would be called a "corral," and I think properly, for it is only a shelter fence to protect spirits from intrusive influences while they are at work.

This building of the "corral" (if you please) was all the preparation I made for the reception and accommodation of our spirit friends. I sat in the front parlor, ten feet away, with the medium. We had been there only two or three minutes when the spirit Plimpton flashed into our presence, not from the floor, not from the "corral," not from any place in the room where he could have been concealed, but from the air—the circumambient air! It seemed as if he materialized his form from our breath, and maintained his existence with all the functions of a living man for twenty minutes.

He brought a chair from the wall to the middle of the parlor, and sat in front of us. I took both his hands in mine and kissed him in his bearded mouth. He was as glad to see me as I was to see him. He spoke with a clear voice and said:

"Well, old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!"

I began to tell him the current newspaper news of the day, such as I thought would interest him, but had not proceeded far, when he again repeated the questions he had asked before. This caused me to look at his face closely, on which I saw a vacant or far-away expression, as if in a trance.

I remembered my friend had been a newspaper man, and tried to think his desire for news was his passion in the spirit as it had been in the natural world, but this surmise was dispelled, when I remembered that Josephine and other spirits had shown the same characteristics. When General Grant was given a dinner by his friends in Cincinnati, I sat opposite him; at the same table, for three hours. My purpose was not to eat, but study the "silent man"! He had this introspective, absent look in his face, and was unconscious of the excitement about him, until Judge Taft broke the spell and said: "General your time has come to speak." He rose to his feet, and without embarrassment or hesitation delivered a masterly, condensed review of every speech that had been made during the evening, in the strongest language possible to employ. After he closed he leaped again into his abeyant or far-away condition.

I said to Plimpton when he repeated his question, "You asked, and I answered those questions before? Have you lost your memory, or have I not been understood?"

"I suppose I have!" he said, "I am only surprised I have anything left in me, coming as I do! But old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!"

This confusion of mind is only temporary. This spirit soon collects his wits, and falls into coherent conversation. His mental powers flash with intelligence, and sparkle with brilliant declamation. I have heard Plimpton as a spirit speaker for half an hour with eloquence and logic unequalled by any efforts in his life or by any mortal lips I have ever heard.

Plimpton and I were in the habit of meeting in my house, several times a week, where after supper, we would adjourn to the office to discuss the news of the day over a game of cards and a lunch. Plimpton used tobacco—I did not, and hence had the clearest head. We both used naughty words when the game went against us. He could emphasize a little bit stronger, and was more classical than I.

When he gradually realized where and what he was, he spoke in a natural and rational manner. He alluded to our old time meetings at "146," and spoke of our contests with evident pleasure. In a spirit of mischief and badinage, he said:

"I thought you would like to forget the games we used to play, as the victories were generally on one side—the defeats on the other."

"That was because you were lucky, old boy!" he said with humor.

"Yes! yes!" I responded, "You always called it luck, I remember, but I hope you know better now!"

"Not a bit of it! It was all luck, when you won! Science when I won," retorted Plimpton.

"Which was not very often!" said I.

"Spare me, old boy!" cried Plimpton, "You was born under a lucky star! It will be with you to the end. When you come again fetch a deck and I'll teach you how to play progressive casino!"

In this manner Plimpton talked with us twenty minutes in a light sufficient to read by, with all his faculties alert and in free play. I handed him the card of a business firm in Cincinnati without comment. He held it close to his eyes to read, and then ensued the following colloquy:

Plimpton—What about this? What did you give me this for?

Wolfe—To read!

P.—Well, I have read it! It is the card of Downs & Alexander, but I am not interested in steam pipe and boiler coverings.

W.—I not only wanted to test your ability to read, but to satisfy my mind that your eyes were as accurately materialized as the rest of your body. The eye is a delicate structure, and its lenses and humors must all be accurately adjusted for the transmission of light to the sensorium. I notice you are still near-sighted.

P.—Only when I take on the elements.

Without giving any intimation of his intention to transit, he released my hands and flashed out of, as he had flashed into, my presence, leaving no visible trace of his visit. With this the sance closed.

On the following day I went again to Mrs. Fairchild's parlors. The conditions of the place were the same as I had left them the previous day. I had a table brought into the front parlor, and on it placed a lunch with a pack of cards. My object was to make the occasion a merry one, and as much like our meetings in the olden time as possible. I wanted also to study the effect of the arrangement on Plimpton.

The medium and I took a position about six feet from the table, under the gas-light, with one burner in a half flame. We were talking of ranches, cattle, etc., when in the "twinkling of an eye" Plimpton came out of the air, and stood beside the table. It was truly "sudden!" He wore an office jacket and a close fitting, black skull-cap. His gold spectacles glittered in the gas light. At the time he did not seem to notice our presence, but began inspecting the articles I had put on the table for lunch. He took up one after another, and after satisfying his judgment that all was right, looked toward us and said:

"Sit up, Doctor. Let us lunch!"

Just at the side of the table facing the cabinet north of me; Mrs. Fairchild to my left; Plimpton on my right at the end of the table. Plimpton took up the bottle of wine, and after inspecting the stamps and labels said, "It's Mumm's best brand; a fine wine!" He used the screw to remove the cap, break the wires and extract the cork. To do this he did, required both skill and strength. He next filled the glasses and handed one to Mrs. Fairchild and one to myself. We arose to our feet, and I said, "I'll drink to your health, Mr. Plimpton!"

He quickly responded, "Not to my health, old boy. Our health gives us no concern. It is always good; drink to something else! Haven't I made a point on you this time, old fellow?" and he laughed heartily over his conceit.

I admitted he had, and substituted the sentiment, "Light and progress to us all!"

To this toast we all tasted wine. Plimpton drank half the contents of his glass as naturally as I did. He then passed fruit, cakes and candy, one plate at a time, with due regard to intervals and the proprieties of table manners. After replenishing our glasses, and while I was looking him squarely in the face, my eyes seemed to grow dim, and before I could wipe them, Plimpton was lost to mortal ken. We had chatted so long, and our intercourse had been so personal and natural, I had forgotten he was a spirit, until he so unobtrusively disappeared. I only then realized what an extraordinary thing it was to drink wine and lunch with a spirit.

His evanishment, however, was only temporary. After sitting a few minutes in silent amazement, Plimpton came back to his old position. His advent was as rapid as the lightning's flash—the wink of an eye. He made no allusion to his sudden "taking off," or to his coming back. I don't think he was conscious of what had transpired, for he took up the cards and said:

"What game, old fellow? Do you say progressive casino?"

"Yes! that'll do. Deal!" I answered.

He then shuffled the cards nervously as I have seen him do a thousand times, and dealt to each one until the complement was given. On the table lay two tens and two aces. I held a knave, which goes for eleven. It was my first play, and of course I made a sweep thereby and secured the two aces, counting three in the game, which was too much for Plimpton. He exclaimed, "There's your old luck again," and threw up his hands. As he did this he leaned his head toward me and said in a deferential undertone,

"THE EMPEROR!"

Looking straight before me, at the other side of the table stood with bare head, in good light,

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!

I have seen him before in my parlors on Smith street with Josephine, his wife, escorted by a body guard of French soldiers. In a better light I now scanned the face and form of this remarkable man. I received his extended hand, and gave him a glass of wine. He said something, as he took the wine, which I did not understand. The word "France," I recognized. He tasted his wine, set down the glass, bowed and went out. How or why he went, I can no more explain, than how or why he came. But he left a fadeless memory. He stood in good light

three minutes. A small, slender, young looking man, with flowing brown hair, in an undress uniform. He was unlike any of the pictures made of him after he had grown obese. His features in profile will always be remembered, for they were as characteristic as Washington's or Lincoln's.

The Emperor had passed out but a minute or two, when a tall, handsome fellow in uniform stood in his place. He wore a chin beard and moustache. He, too, came out of the air. Plimpton leaned his head again toward me and whispered,

"NAPOLEON'S FIRST OFFICER!"

whatever that may mean. If signified something, for Plimpton seemed awed when he spoke. For myself, I stood firm in my boots, and I did not feel the earth quake! As a rule I don't admire "soldier fellows," any more than Gen. Grant admired "literary fellows." Our regards were made up of about "af an' af," admiration and its opposite! But there stood the man! I gave him a glass of wine, which he held above his head, and said something about Krance, as the Emperor had, which was lost to my understanding, if not to my ear. The delivery of this sentiment and toasting it with wine, seemed to be all the business the "first officer" had to transact, as he vanished the instant he put down his empty glass. I turned to speak to Plimpton, but he, too, had disappeared.

I wanted to ask Plimpton before he left what became of the wine he drank and the lunch he ate, whether they were digested and assimilated in his spiritual bread basket, the same as in ours, or how, as I did not discover any spoils on the carpet after they went away. I missed the opportunity then, but when he came again he told me that digestion and assimilation with them meant the reduction of substances to elemental conditions, in which state they were first enjoyed, and then diffused with unorganized matter. I don't know that this metaphysical explanation made me any wiser than I was before, but perhaps the reader understands it better than I do.

When Plimpton left the lunch table, he filled his pockets with candies and cake. He also took my pocket knife, an old four-bladed article I had carried for several years, but possessing no real commercial value. He went out so suddenly, he had no time to explain why he did this. But an opportunity soon occurred when he made the following curious statement:

"My intention was to carry the knife to your house, and place it near your plate, where you would find it next morning when you took your seat at the breakfast table. In doing this I wanted to surprise and show you the power I had to hold materialization. I failed in carrying out this intention. After I got sufficient power, as I supposed, I walked down Seventh street to Smith, carrying the knife with me. At the corner of Smith a number of the guild of St. Paul were standing in front of the church which had just let out, almost blocking the pavement. I tried to get around, but could not, so I made an effort to crowd through them; but as soon as I was surrounded by their atmosphere, their aura poisoned me until I melted away, and down went the knife on the pavement. An old gray-haired man picked it up, and I fear you will never get it again."

The above is Plimpton's story as near as I can tell it. It contains several points worthy of thoughtful consideration. But these the intelligent reader will recognize without my aid. The dead Hamlet walked through the streets of Wittenberg, at the hour of midnight! Why not Plimpton walk through the streets of Cincinnati, under the same eternal law of materialization, which is so much better understood now than then? Let us know why not!

As Napoleon, his first officer and Plimpton had banqueted, and passed from sight, the medium and I put the table aside, and took our position again in the middle of the front parlor, under the gas light. Here we sat about five minutes when a young woman came out of the "corral," and stepped quickly before us. She bowed, kissed her hand and looked pleased. She wore a dress of thin, dark material, long enough to cover her knees, short sleeves and low corsage. She may have worn tight, but her feet and shapely limbs looked naked to my eyes. Her dark hair hung in profusion down her back. Her eyes were large, brown and bright. She held in her tapering fingers a single strand of large, iridescent beads. Forming a cup of her left hand, she repeatedly dipped her beads in this cup, until in a few seconds the one strand received the accession of another.

She continued this kind of business six or eight minutes; the number of strands and volume of beads had then increased until she could not handle any more. She then hung them dazlingly around her neck, and went back almost to the cabinet. Here she posed a few seconds as if to begin a dance. Lifting her skirt slightly, she displayed a profusion of white petticoats, and then sprang forward with a graceful movement, describing a line of beauty with the curve of her left arm and hand, while her queenly head and neck undulated with swan-like grace.

Any systematic effort to describe the agile movement and grace of this lovely woman, must fall short of an accurate description. I have seen Celeste, Ellsler, Morisaca, Bella and other celebrated premiere Danseuses on the stage, but they did not impress me with the admiration and wonderment this woman did. Her exhibit was all new—motion, point and pose. At times her feet and body rotated (epinainte) so rapidly that it was impos-

ble to distinguish her form from a nebulae mass of throbbing light. Then again out of this delirium of motion, this palpitating phantasmagoria, the queenly form of a beautiful woman would come.

While this dance and transfiguration was taking place, "Skiwaukie" and "Black Hawk," two grand old Indian spirits, dressed in aboriginal toggery perambulated the room, curiously examining every thing they saw. "Ski" brought me a broken pipe, and asked me to fix it. "Hawk" opened and held the front door ajar, while both he and "Ski" peered out at the people passing along the sun-lighted pavement. These two Indians are powerful aids in materializing spirits, and belong to Mrs. Fairchild's "guild." "Ski" turned from the door, and danced a round dance with the prima donna, with a grace, finish and dignity of step that surprised me. They all enjoyed themselves, and said they "had a nice time," just as silly mortals do.

The manifestations closed abruptly when the medium said, "They have used all the power!" I wanted to ask, "What power?" but refrained.

On the morning of the 5th of October I stood alone under the gas light in the medium's front parlor. She was in the other end of the room giving her attention to a disordered music box. Quick as light, Solon Robinson came and stood beside me. He seemed to come out of my boot leg. I don't know where he came from, but he came all the same.

It is humiliating to be so ignorant! but "I am, I was born so!" quoth Topsy. The spirit wore a faded office gown and skull cap. His long white hair and beard, and slender form, gives this spirit strongly marked physical individuality. He took my arm and we walked slowly up and down the parlors half a dozen times, during which he said: "I am glad of the opportunity to talk to you again. The time is rapidly coming, when we will influence the actions of men, more than does blind faith which stabs and stifles their noblest aspirations. Men will live more free in the light of science, reason and common sense, than now! Superstition, the parent of bigotry, as ignorance is of intolerance, will fade away under the enlightening rays of truth."

Robinson speaks with thoughtful deliberation, and whatever he says seems to be solid convictions of his head and heart. His delivery is unlike that of Plimpton, who utters his thoughts with a quick, aggressive "torrent of living words," which pour forth like an explosive fiery flood of lava from the crater of an active volcano. Robinson held my arm when he began to sink to the floor, but lost his grip and melted into intangibility.

Soon after he passed away, my daughter Anna, a lovely spirit, came out of the enclosure to meet me. She advanced a half-dozen steps and stopped. I went to her, when she put her arms about my neck and kissed me again and again! She was glad to see me, and sent messages of love to her sister.

She was not strong enough to endure so much light, and returned to the cabinet, and faded upon its threshold. Next came from the corral, with noiseless step and womanly grace,

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

She walked to where we sat under the gas light in the front parlor; she was habited in lace, draping her queenly form from her head to the floor. She wore gems upon her shapely arm and neck. Gracefully she bowed, then aired herself with a promenade up and down the parlors several times. Her trail of lace swept over the carpet in folds of beauty and lovely undulations. The purpose of this fine dressing I do not understand. Spiritually, dress is regarded as a fine art with a mission akin to that of flowers. Love of the beautiful is an attribute of the divine economy, and embraces architecture, painting and statuary.

After this exhibition of dress, Josephine stood near me and spoke of her adored France. She said Napoleon and herself would yet raise her people from the degradation of bigotry and superstition, into the pure light of reason and liberty.

She then retired to the cloister, and as she went in, "Redrose," the dancing spirit, came out, and danced again as she had the previous day. The movements were different, but quite as bewildering. While she danced, Skiwanke brought me a glass of water, and a short time thereafter handed me a glass of sherry wine, which he says he made from the atmosphere. I sampled the wine, and found it to be "good stuff."

ILLUMINATED FIGURES.

The dividing doors between the front and back parlor were now closed by order of an independent voice in the cabinet. After shutting off the gas, and closing the door, the back parlor became pitch dark. The medium sat at one side of the cabinet, I at the other. A few minutes after the doors were closed, the room was made "light as a lily in bloom," by the appearance of a beautiful featured female, with an olive-tinted skin. She was clad in a luminous dress. I don't know how to describe this costume. Every thread emitted light, and seemed to be formed of sun rays. It throbbed with a—O, how bright! It covered the entire form of this dark beauty like a bridal veil, and hung in graceful folds reaching from the head to the floor. On the front of the dress, ornaments of indescribable witchery fairly scintillated with brilliancy. She wore a sort of gems on her brow, and her dark rounded arms were covered with ornaments.

(Continued from Page 2)

IMPOSTORS EXPOSED.

An Experienced Spiritualist and Expert Mesmerist Explains the Tricks of two Pseudo-Mediums, Showing that Some things are not What they Seem, and that the Trickster can Play Fast and Loose When Apparently Securely Bound.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Only with a desire to benefit the cause of Spiritualism do I present the following for the columns of the JOURNAL.

During the camp meeting season of 1887, I held developing circles at Onset, Lake Pleasant and Queen City Park daily, for nearly six weeks, and also gave a number of evening mesmerism entertainments.

Many who had never been previously influenced by mortals or spirits, by being mesmerized, soon became good mediums. I know of no other way of becoming developed so quickly for any phase of mediumship, and as nearly all can learn how to mesmerize, I often wonder that more do not.

Mesmerism, however, will not enable those not gifted by nature, to become mediums, as probably only about one to ten or a dozen are. Although not all can become developed sufficiently to obtain spiritual manifestations, any one can learn a few tricks, and palm themselves off on unsuspecting people as genuine mediums. It was my misfortune to meet two that I believe to have done so, at Onset. I will state a few facts and leave all free to draw their own conclusions.

By special invitation, I attended a private seance, held by C. H. Bridge, on Monday evening, Aug. 1st, 1887, at which there were present besides myself, two ladies and three gentlemen.

Mr. Bridge stated that he was about to favor us with a wonderful exhibition of spirit power—the passing of matter through matter. At his request I assisted in putting a guitar, tamborine, a tablet of writing paper on the leaves of which I was requested to see that there was no writing, and a lead pencil, into a large bag. A leather band was placed around the closed end, and secured by a padlock through holes in each end of the band. A two-cent stamp was placed over the key-hole and a private mark put on it a guarantee that it was not to be unlocked; and I was requested to retain the key. Thus secured, the bag and contents were placed in the cabinet.

Each wrist of Mr. Bridge was then securely tied to a staple, one on each side of him as he sat on a bench in front of his cabinet. A large curtain was then stretched in front of him, covering all except his head, and extending about one foot above it; and the room was then partially darkened. While he was supposed to be thoroughly secured and unable to use his hands, a drum was beat behind the curtain, and a bell thrown over onto the floor. After a few minutes of silence, the guitar slowly rose into view and was taken by an attendant. The tamborine was thrown over the curtain and a few moments later the empty bag, still locked and sealed.

A sheet of paper, purporting to have been written on, and taken from that tablet, was passed over for me, on which there was a message of one hundred and sixty-seven words, in a very fine hand and in straight lines. The name of a spirit friend who has often come to me at other seances, was signed thereto; but valueless as a test, as the name was spelled wrong. Five other messages of about equal length were passed over for the other people present, all of which were given to understand were written by the materialized hands of our friends in the darkened cabinet in about four to five minutes. If material hands are subject to material conditions, it is hard to believe that those six messages could have been written with any pencil in less than half an hour.

At subsequent seances, under similar conditions, where it was not known beforehand (as it was at this private seance) who were coming, the messages were written in a coarse hand and haphazard way across the page; and three which I received, with the name spelled wrong in each, contained only fifteen, eighteen and twenty-seven words.

After the bag-test, and writing (at the private seance) Mr. Bridge's wrists were found to be securely tied as before the manifestations commenced.

By persistent effort I have since learned where his trick-bench was made, and that the staples to which he was tied, can be instantly detached from the seat by giving each in turn, the proper pressure and twist; thus allowing him the free use of both hands during the time he is supposed to be tied secure. Mr. Bridge next announced that he would give us the tying-test. A piece of coat braid about twenty inches in length was produced, one end of which was tied securely around his left wrist. He then sat down in a chair in the cabinet, placed his hands behind him—one on each side of the back of the chair and requested that the other end of the braid be tied around the right wrist.

Under these circumstances it is next to impossible to tie other than a slip knot as the end is tied around that part of the braid between the wrist; and is the same as was used by a "fraud," that by request of the late Dr. H. F. Gardner I once exposed before the First Spiritualist Society in Boston.

After Mr. Bridge had been tied with the braid he requested one of the company to sit facing him, and to place one hand on his (Bridge's) head, the other on his left shoulder. The curtains were drawn together and the lights lowered. After a few minutes of silence the lights were turned up and the curtains drawn back. The tamborine was on the gentleman's head and the guitar was laying across his arms. The gentleman said that he felt no motion of Mr. Bridge.

Another member of the seance sat in the same way. There was fingering of the guitar strings and some other noise, and on turning up the lights the tamborine and guitar were found as before, and the man said that he discovered no motion. By a little practice any one can slip his hand, which is done mostly while the man is taking his seat in front of the "medium" and do the trick undetected. I was tied in that way by the man Mr. Bridge employed about the Pavilion (the old hall at Onset) where he subsequently gave public seances; and after being tied, I asked him to place his hands on my head and shoulder as the others do on Bridge's at his seances; and for want of darkness to close his eyes. I slipped the knot, placed a hat on his head and a guitar across his arms, put my hand back, slipped the knot to its place and asked him to open his eyes. Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, the author of "The Voices," happened to come in just then, and Bridge's hired man told him that I was tied as Mr. B. was, that I had not moved, and that some invisible power had put the guitar across his arms and a hat on his head; and that I was found by him to be tied secure.

After two or three had sat in front of Mr. Bridge at that private seance for the tying-

test without detecting much of any motion, he announced that he would sit for "etherization."

The room was entirely darkened as Mr. B. sat in his cabinet alone. After a few minutes of silence an illuminated form appeared, who in a muffled voice announced himself as "Hiram Abiff," the founder of the masonic order. Nearly a dozen old musty personages of the Hiram-Abiff age of the world, including Solomon's queen, put in an appearance, all of whom might have seemed more worthy of our respect had not Mrs. Abby Tyler exhibited the make-up of the same ancient worthies in their illuminated costumes at the Old-Pan cottage of W. W. Currier during the camp meeting at Onset this season. And besides, these were all of the same height of Mr. B.; and the tone of voice unmistakable, as his own.

A few days after the private seance it was announced that Mr. C. H. Bridge, of Boston, and Mr. Edwin Powell, of London, Eng., would hold a seance in the Pavilion on Sunday evening, Aug. 7th, on which occasion the most marvelous exhibition of spirit power ever witnessed on this continent, would take place.

Mr. Bridge was to be securely locked in a bag, and while in an unconscious trance be taken out bodily—matter to be passed through matter—the body or the bag to be disintegrated for this special occasion and replaced in its original condition.

For this most wonderful manifestation, that was to eclipse all previous occult phenomena, the admission was to be only half a dollar. As was to be expected quite a large audience gathered to see this astounding exhibition. Mr. Edwin Powell was in his glory that night, as he called for a committee of two ladies and three gentlemen—skeptics preferred. That mysterious bag used at the private seance was there, and carefully scrutinized by the committee. Mr. Bridge got into it and was locked in, as were the things at the private seance already described. The curtains were drawn together and the hall entirely darkened, and we were regaled by a few thumps on the drum, which I thought he could easily accomplish alone.

Mr. Powell stated to the audience that Mr. Bridge was now in a deep trance, preparatory for the greatest event of the nineteenth century. The organist was requested to play, the audience not to move or speak, or in any way to interfere.

After nearly ten minutes of almost breathless suspense the lights were turned up and the curtains drawn apart once more. Mr. Bridge was discovered seated in his chair, and at his feet the empty bag, which the committee were requested to thoroughly examine. The two ladies and two of the gentlemen pronounced it all right and above suspicion. The third committee-man then stated to the audience that when he locked the bag he put the clasp of the padlock through the upper hole in one end of the leather band, but instead of finding it there now, it was through the lower hole.

Mr. Powell sprang to the front at once, and in an imperative tone of voice asked if he did not find the stamp over the key-hole as he had at first placed it. The man replied that he did. Mr. Powell in a very forcible manner insisted that that fact proved that the lock had not been tampered with, and that Mr. Bridge had been taken out of the bag by direct spirit power.

But the clasp, by being found through another hole, not the one in which it had been placed, by the committee, proved most conclusively that the pad-lock was a trick-lock, such as is used by magicians, that can be opened without a key, and established the fact for all time, that instead of this manifestation for which the people paid to see being a wonderful exhibition of spirit power, it was one of the most detestable frauds ever witnessed at a spiritual camp meeting.

HOW BRIDGE GETS NAMES OF DECEASED RELATIVES.

At one of his public seances a lady friend of mine went into the cabinet while he was tied with the braid in the slip-knot way described. He asked her privately if there was any particular spirit that she wished to hear from. She said there was. He asked the name, which she gave. After she returned to her seat, a written message was handed out by Mr. Bridge, or a "spirit," to Mr. Powell for the lady, which Mr. P. read and asked her if she recognized the name. She said that she did. He asked if it was a relative. She replied that it was her brother's name. The announcement created quite a sensation. She let me read it, and in a whisper told me how he got the name, and said that as it was spelled wrong; Mr. Bridge undoubtedly wrote it himself. It commenced, "My dear friend," Bridge, not knowing at the time it was written what connection the "spirit" was to her. At my request she attended the next seance on the following evening, and got a second communication from that "spirit," this time commencing, "My dear sister," and with three letters wrong in the name.

To the audience, who did not know how he obtained the name, it seemed a wonderful test. A gentleman who sat near us, asked her in a whisper if she was not pleased to get so good a test. He seemed surprised at her reply, which was, "I did not get one."

Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, Powell and Bridge gave an entertainment at the Temple (the new hall at Onset). It having been announced that Mr. P. would read and answer twenty-five sealed letters; and Mr. B. sit for the etherization of spirit forms. Dr. J. V. Mansfield had read and answered one at the same place, at the close of a previous entertainment by other parties; and a large audience assembled to see twenty-five times as wonderful a display of psychic phenomena as Dr. Mansfield had done.

After a few remarks by Mr. Powell, he asked Mr. Bridge to distribute twenty-five pieces of paper and as many envelopes among the audience. He requested that short, plain questions be written on the papers, and one of each be sealed in an envelope. As he did not wish to see who wrote he would retire into the ante-room. Mr. Bridge distributed the papers and envelopes as requested, and after he had gathered them, instead of going onto the platform in plain view of the audience as he could have done, he went on through the back way.

As twenty-five envelopes and papers were passed out, and only twenty-four read, a very important question is, What became of the other? The only rational answer is that he probably gave it to Mr. Powell in the ante-room before depositing the others on a table at the front of the platform.

Some one in the audience had given Mr. Bridge a sealed envelope of a different color and size which was laid at the bottom of the pile, and which Mr. Powell could not read. I have seen the old, old trick of answering sealed letters by sleight-of-hand performers, till I knew it "like a book," and this was a fac simile of the same thing. It is almost identical with the pretended reading and answering of sealed letters by Nelson Holmes, at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, Md., some four or five years ago, which by special request of the President of the

Spiritualist Society of that city, I exposed at the close of the Sunday evening lecture by C. Fannie Allyn, for which I received a vote of thanks from the audience.

I feel quite positive that Mr. Powell got one of the envelopes from Mr. Bridge and learned its contents. Having done this, it is an easy matter to appear to read and answer all the others (except the one mentioned of a different size and color). After he came from the ante-room with the knowledge of one letter in his mind, he took one of the envelopes from the pile on the table, looked very wise for a few moments, and said that the spirit who had been addressed passed out in California; and that his name was Flowers, which fact he probably learned from that letter in the ante-room. After a few remarks he asked if the answer was recognized. Some one replied that it was correct.

Mrs. Hacker, who sat near me, remarked, "Wonderful, isn't it?" and was surprised as I answered "No."

After Mr. Mansfield had read a sealed letter, on that platform, only a few days before, he gave it to some one to open, who found that Mr. M. had read it correctly. Instead of handing the envelope to a third party to open, as Mr. Mansfield had, Mr. Powell said, "Allow me to open it to see if I have read it correctly." He tore off one end of the envelope, took out the piece of paper, read it to himself, and handed paper and envelope to Mr. Bridge.

Having learned what was written in that, he picked up another and pretended to answer that one, from, in all human probability, what he had read in the last one. And so on, to the one of different size and color, which he claimed to be unable to read, because, as he stated, he had not carried it, as he had the others, six hours in his pocket to magnetize them. Had he attempted to read it by the same process as the others, the writer would have noticed the deception at once.

That my supposition is correct, is evident from the fact that he gave all of the envelopes to Mr. Bridge to hold after he had read their contents. Whereas, human nature being about the same in all, there is probably nothing that he would have done sooner than to have let some disinterested person open at least one of those envelopes after he had read it, and thus forever established the fact that he had read a letter in a sealed envelope. And again, I subsequently offered him twenty-five dollars to answer one sealed letter, if on its being opened by a third party, it had been read correctly. His only answer was considerable abusive language before a number of people, and insinuation that I was not able to raise that much money.

I hereby pledge myself to put \$100 into the hands of the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to be paid to Mr. Powell whenever he shall have satisfactorily, to a disinterested party, answered or read as many sealed letters as he pretended to at Onset. One lady who had folded her paper in a peculiar way noticed that Mr. Powell took that from the envelope after he had apparently read a question for some one else; and that he took out quite a differently folded paper from the one she sealed up after answering her question. To give you all the interesting details would add too much to this already too lengthy article.

J. W. CADWELL.

Meriden, Conn., Sept. 7, 1887.

Religious Tendencies East and West.

Judge Tourgee, in one of his novels, in discussing the religious tendencies of the American people fifty or sixty years ago, advances the idea that the borderland which lies between an established civilization and a new one is always fertile in religious ideas. He calls attention to the fact that out of the relations between Egypt and Israel sprang Judaism, while the domination of the Roman, by weakening the popular faith in the Mosaic system opened the way for a broader and nobler ideal, and that out of this came the opportunity of Christianity. Speaking of the religious movements that brought into life so many modifications of creeds and so many sects he says: "Our American life was peculiarly fecund in such religious movements. Solitude is the nurse not only of inspiration, but also of self-delusion. The forest and the desert are especially the nurseries of prophets and pretenders. The rugged mountain range and the boisterous ocean shore have never been fertile in religious fantasies or productive of great natural leaders. The moor, the forest, the desert, and the shore of the inland sea may nourish religious contemplation until the saint becomes a seer and the seer a prophet, who deems himself divinely ordained to do the work of the Almighty."

At the time of which this was written, New England was the fortress of American faith. Her churches were sending out to the West and to the South, missionaries who gave tone to the religious convictions of the borderland between New England and the then almost unknown West. From New England came the men who founded churches and schools and colleges, and the form of observance and the customs carried by these men into the wilderness were not easily modified by circumstances, or by contact with stubborn peoples who came to the frontier. Mormonism, and nearly all the off-shoots from the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists had their origin in this middle district; this borderland between an established civilization and a new one, and commenting on this, Judge Tourgee says with the confidence of a man certain of his position: "The ocean, with its eternal symphony of terror, crushes out speculation, thrills the soul with awe until it shrinks within itself and clamors for external aid, and inclines the mind not to speculation and dissent, but to faith and superstition. He that dwells by the seashore is almost always a believer. He may be an enthusiast, but he is rarely a doubter, and never a promulgator of strange doctrines or new beliefs. Our western forests nourish prophets and messiahs by the score."

In this later day the rule seems to be reversed. The new departure men, or those leaders in the Congregational Church who either favor or look with tolerance on the Andover future probation hypothesis, live within the old fortress of faith—New England. Many of them reside within the circle of influence of the ocean—"with its eternal symphony of terror." Most of those who are most determined in their opposition to the Andover idea live in the West, within the circle of influence of that inland sea which years ago was supposed to nourish religious fantasies. Unless the Andover people are, as they claim to be, strong in faith and in no sense doubters, the theory of Judge Tourgee is wrong. If the ocean makes the strong believer and rarely makes the doubter, what is to be said of those who have precipitated the discussion over the Andover hypothesis, which bids fair to become one of the greatest religious controversies of the time.

It may be possible that the States like Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have become what New England was fifty or sixty years ago, and that New England in the matter of creed and

faith in taking the place of what was then the borderland between the old civilization and the new. Certain it is that the conservatives in the American Board come from the circle within the influence of the inland seas that gave birth to Mormonism and scores of new sects, and certain it is that in this day more departures from the old lines are made in the East than in the West.—Inter Ocean.

PRUDENS FUTURI.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Premising only that the following incidents are true, and have not heretofore been in print, let me first recite the substance of a conversation recently held with a gentleman well known in Chicago, and much farther afield, whom we will call, for purposes of non-identification, Mr. Si Loam.

"I am rather materialistic," began Mr. Loam, "and can explain to my own satisfaction whatever, seemingly abnormal, there may be in this experience. Sometime ago, while engaged in literary work, which has since met with a cordial reception on both sides the Atlantic, I found work aggravatingly suspended by the loss of some important data—drafts, lists and other subject-matter—which my assistant insisted had been placed upon my desk, but which had mysteriously disappeared. Immediate search failed to discover them, and after frequent fruitless endeavors the press of daily work put the matter temporarily aside, as no progress could be made in this particular, until a large amount of preparation had again been undertaken, or the missing papers found.

"Three weeks passed, and one night after a busy day occupied with routine and other issues, I went to bed to find myself presently unexpectedly wide-awake, and in a few minutes listening to a clock striking two. My thoughts were idle, my condition receptive, when a voice, distinct and clear, said to me, 'Si Si! You'll find those missing papers back of the nest of drawers on the left hand side of your writing table.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am much obliged to you, whoever you are, and in a few minutes was asleep again.'

"Remembering this matter on waking, I resolved to test the statement that morning, but did not chance to have convenient opportunity until 4 P. M., when, calling my secretary, we unwound the top of my writing-table, lifted it off, and I invited my assistant to reach down behind the nest of drawers; down went his arm beyond the elbow, and up, to his delight, came the missing manuscripts. The voice? Well, as real and material as any I have ever heard, and this was not the only time I had listened to it, always to find its assertions true.

"Oh! you want my theory? Here it is: Being a man of method, I make little allowance for, and permit no worry to disturb me, while I cannot afford to forget. Therefore I hold there is a latent convolution of the brain, or independent minor train of thought, which runs parallel with, distinct from and unnoticed by the active elements, positive and in constant daily use. Having instinctively delegated to it the search for the missing papers, much as one would say, 'Seek him' to a retriever, this automatic action continued until, the discovery made, the clock-work rumbled and whirled sufficiently loud to awaken me, and create the effect of audible speech. I believe we all possess this faculty in greater or less degree, and as already said, I have found it very useful." Such automatic action might explain why tasks conned or committed to memory over night are ordinarily better learned than if the same task were attempted in the morning.

A fatal accident at a suburban station on the C. B. & Q. R. R. the last summer was not expected by the lady thereby made a widow. Disturbed by a clouded dream which left only a sense of impending evil, she begged her husband, while at breakfast, not to go to town that day; but he ridiculed the idea, started, waited for one train to pass, and crossed immediately behind it, only to be cut down and mangled by a train unseen by him, going in a contrary direction. His wife waited expectant at the door, and seeing the crowd which had gathered at the depot, related her conviction of her husband's death, before the improvised stretcher emerged from among the people and began its melancholy journey toward her.

Reciting the above to a friend accidentally met in a Chicago street car, he told that three weeks before a vivid dream had led him to fear an accident to his mother, then far away. Misled by his fears he overlooked the possibility of injury to any other, only to find, a few hours later, that an almost equally dear mother by adoption, his mother-in-law, had found her deafness fatal, and was crushed by a C. & N. W. Ry. suburban train, when but a few steps from home. "I cannot say where," said this self-made, reliant, representative Chicago business man, with so far as his friends know, no breath of superstition about him, "but of this I am sure, our premonitions will certainly become clearer, we shall recognize the guiding hand, the element of chance will be largely subordinated and our lives will be more fully rounded out." All hail the time when no misdirected missile will go to the dead-letter office.

Said another Chicago friend, a physician who has also done good work in other than a professional field: "My little girl who died last spring was strangely dear to me; my life seemed wrapped up in hers. Not approving of all evangelical methods, and opposed in many essentials to Sunday school ethics, I had carefully reared her according to my own conception of what is right, and kept well away from her any thought of sombre wrappings, a dismal tomb and repulsive decay. She knew of death only as a change of condition, a falling asleep, when the useless body was laid away, its work being done. So, when I knew that she must die, she lay for the last thirty-six hours almost constantly in my arms, at her own dear request, not fearing, possibly little knowing, what the near future had in store. As the end drew nearer and was shadowed in her face, I rocked her gently to and fro, saying only, 'Go to sleep, dear, go to sleep and all will be well.' Soon she fell asleep, and I have firm faith that all is well with her." A pleasant attainment of that farther peak beyond which lies eternity.

You have recently published interesting matter connected with the impressions of patients while under the influence of ether. Permit the space, therefore, for the experience of a near relative while comatose from ether in childhood. Her recital is: "I lost all knowledge of my surroundings to speedily emerge into brilliant sunlight, changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, and walked elastic, rejoicing along the Primrose Way. I found myself suddenly confronted with an impalpable shadow, yet seemingly dense, and was filled with curiosity to face the mysteries beyond this black opaque. With this determination I stepped briskly forward to find facing me a gigantic, omnipotent-seeming eye, set in a circle of quiver-

ing fire, and I heard a voice saying: 'Back! Go back! There is death beyond. Your time has not yet come!' I turned, the eye disappearing; returned, it again appeared; I urged my wishes to meet only the same monition, and was still vainly seeking a passage through this veil, when called to earth by the quivering cry of my little one, whose separate life was just begun."

You have also given space to the alleged fatalities and evil influences that overlook or enveloped those who were active in the prosecution to the death of the fanatical lunatic, Charles J. Guiteau. His execution chanced in my own honeymoon, spent at Riverside, and on my return from town—his late office and my own happened to be in the same building—I was puzzled to find my young wife had shown her fealty to the tortured president, and her satisfaction at the law's supremacy; by constructing a quaint little dusky image, labelled Guiteau, which, with black cap duly drawn, hung by the neck and a cotton thread from a dwarf's fuchsia in our parlor-window. Accepting, under protest, this temporary addition to our household gods, the matter was dismissed from our thoughts, and the next morning dawned in due course, the Fourth of July, 1882. A gentleman from town accompanied us in a stroll that afternoon around the peninsula formed by the Desplaines River, and we had occasional evidence that picnickers and others were enjoying the beauties of the woods, making merry in orthodox fashion with crack of cracker and rifle, and pistol bang. No one celebrating was within several hundred feet of us, as we walked, three abreast, the wife in the middle, over the springy turf, when suddenly I heard the angry, spiteful hiss of a bullet beside my ear, and the "zip" of its blow, as it struck and fractured a garnet brooch on metal base, worn by my wife on plaits of hair at the nape of her neck, and the ball then fell to the ground. Our plausible explanations received no heed, the messenger, fortunately a "spont-ball," told its own tale too plainly in bent and broken brooch, and greasy, leaden traces on her finger-tips: our walk was ended, and the lady hurried home to remove that wicked little effigy, which had been, somehow, she knew not how, the *deus ex machina* of this experience.

I am strongly tempted to run a tilt against some contributors who resemble the "thirty monstrous giants" described by Don Quixote, but remembering that his good lance was shattered, himself and Rozinante overthrown upon his first assault, I am reminded in season that the title Religio-Philosophical is very eclectic, your individual work and that of a majority of contributors excellent, and the space accorded to one necessarily limited Chicago, Ill.

ALFRED BULL.

Judging the Heathen.

One of the most noticeable paintings in the art gallery of the Inter-State Exposition represents Queen Isabella agonizing over the question of banishing the Jews from Spain. The artist has depicted the greatest anxiety to do what duty required. This representation does not belie history. The worst of crimes on the largest of scale have been committed in the name of religion at the instigation of dogmatic theologians actuated perhaps by a sense of right as they understood it. The record of the medieval ages are mainly occupied in setting forth the wars and persecutions instigated by a solemn and overmastering determination to uphold and promote "the faith once delivered unto the saints" as understood by the theologians of that day. The desolating thirty years' German war was one of these bloody struggles. It is the honorable boast of the modern church that it has outgrown that method of pley. One of the most familiar and conspicuous evidences of this outgrowth for more than two generations was the eldest of our foreign missionary societies, the American Board.

According to the American Cyclopaedia, this organization is non-sectarian, but for two or three years its annual meetings have seemed to have for their main purpose the dispelling of this notion. The chief feature of the session of this year, at Springfield, Mass., last week, was theological debate and decision. The entire non-Christian world from the remotest age, thousands of years before Christ, to the present hour, was arraigned before the judgment seat of the tribunal, and on a purely ex-parte trial not only pronounced guilty but sentenced to close confinement in Hades forever, clothed with power to stand fire without being consumed thereby. In all that august tribunal was found no one to undertake the defence of the accused. Ordinary courts refuse to proceed with the trial unless the accused has the benefit of counsel, but ecclesiastics are not so squeamish. The nearest approach to defence was an earnest protest against the jurisdiction of the court. The learned doctors of the higher law connected with the Andover Theological Seminary and the theological department of the Yale College declared that the board had no business to sit in judgment upon those who had never so much as heard the name of Jesus; but a Chicago professor of theology, Dr. Boardman, insisted that the trial should go on and the sentence of lost and damned be pronounced. As usual, Chicago had its way.

So far as can be inferred from the published proceedings of the court all the delegates or jurors from this city sustained Dr. Boardman and helped swell the majority. If the poor heathen had been so fortunate as to have had Chicago on their side this result might have been different.

The heathen and their friends who walked the earth according to these lights may comfort themselves with the reflection that the right of appeal is not cut off. In the nature of things a stay of judgment is granted without even the asking until such time as a higher court has reviewed the case. In that superior court the right of defense is enjoyed and the standard of judgment is anything but doctrinal. In a series of supposititious cases the Judge himself, nearly two thousand years ago, these same theologians tell us laid down the rules by which each case will be tried in the final assize, and there is not the scintilla of a dogma in those rules. Heathen like Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and Plato, and Christians like Augustine and Calvin will be put on precisely the same doctrinal basis. It is quite possible that the American Board has wasted its time, that the court of last resort will not take the trouble to even examine the records of the tribunal below, content to remind whom it may concern of the divine advice, "Judge not that ye be not judged."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bushnell (Ill.) girl had worn color hose and concluded that mortification had commenced, and in fear sent in great haste for the doctor. He humored her whim but finally induced her to wash her feet. She got well immediately.

"Securely Bound."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The explanation of "Securely Bound" from the pen of its author, B. R. Anderson, and published in the JOURNAL of 8th Inst., is about such as would be expected of one of very limited observation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and certainly with strong prejudices against it. However, it is instructive to the public at large, and especially to all who have any interest in the matter to know on just what grounds the dissenters decide that fraud and trickery is the explanation of well attested Spiritual phenomena. A little light thrown on the methods of counterfeiting the manifestations cannot be otherwise than interesting; it may throw a safeguard about the inexperienced, and enable all to draw the line between the true and false, and cause the genuine to shine with greater lustre. A great deal is said about fraud in connection with the subject both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualists, no doubt often justly, but it is well to know how much ground there is for such allegations.

The fact is certainly well established that much that has been pronounced as fraudulent coming through the mediumship of some of the best known sensitives, has proved to be genuine on a more thorough and careful investigation of the subtle forces operating under proper test conditions; and again trickery, such as that narrated in the article referred to, does not explain away the phenomena in the least.

To my mind there is not a point of similarity given in the description cited which will bear comparison with manifestations which any careful investigator ought to be able to witness and that has been observed repeatedly. Any charlatans who would undertake to pass off for genuine, such miserable imitations as are often charged to the skeptical to be the methods of mediums, would undoubtedly soon be exposed and shown up. Without enlarging on this point it is simply enough to say that the explanation of the tying and the untangling rope trick does not explain away the phenomena as performed by spirits through mediumship, neither does the theory of "gutta percha hands" account for the real hands developed in the honest sance.

Many of the so-called methods are so absurd, that if practiced at all, it does not seem possible they would succeed, with the most intelligent observation, to say nothing of their utter failure with any careful investigation. My attention was recently called to a "trick slate," said to be "the method by which Slade and Heller obtained independent writing." It is interesting to note with what apparent earnestness advocates of the fraud theory hold that theirs is the only correct explanation. This piece of lügenluft consists of an ordinary school slate with a duplicate center, about the thickness of cardboard, made of some preparation of rubber, which has the appearance and qualities of slate, and fits snugly in the frame. The answer to a question, selected by a confederate, is first secretly written on the slate and then covered by the duplicate center, and then exhibited as though nothing had been written. The question is afterward openly written. It is now a simple matter to dispose of the duplicate after turning it over on a black table cover, or by placing a book or paper over it before withdrawing, or by covering with another slate, and turning over, leaving the duplicate on the under slate. It is possible some people who are not aware of this might be deceived, but surely it is a poor substitute for the simple conditions required, and fine tests given through genuine independent slate-writing mediumship.

A certain individual who claimed to be able to duplicate all the phenomena, including independent slate writing, to whom I was referred, a professional conjurer, offered to explain some of them, including the latter, for the nominal sum of three hundred dollars. I alluded to the above method, but he promptly stated it was nothing of that kind, but precisely the same as performed by all the professional mediums. When I told him that the conditions I required were the same as I had witnessed when I had received satisfactory communications, and his offer would be accepted, it is needless to say that he backed down at once; and so you will always find it.

The theory of stuffed gloves and telescopic tubes and such psychical phenomena that tell us of, does not explain away the undoubted evidences upon which we obtain a knowledge of a higher life, and which places beyond a doubt the fact that our devoted friends who have passed beyond the veil are ever with us and can and do communicate.

The better we understand the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism the less incredulous of it we will be when such adverse theories are upheld and promulgated by its enemies.

C. P. C.

October Magazines Received Late.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) An interesting sketch of Luke P. Poland opens this month's installment of good reading, and is followed by observations in Mesmerism forty years ago. In Some Notable Characters of the Day are short, interesting sketches of W. H. Smith, an English publisher; General Ferron, Joseph R. Hawley; Dr. Edward McGlynn, and Abram S. Hewitt. A lengthy resume of the Life and Labors of Prof. O. S. Fowler, is accompanied by a portrait. There are graphic articles in the department of child-culture, and the scientific and editorial departments are full of timely and suggestive items and notes.

THE CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICIAN. (Chicago.) The publishers announce that this quarterly is designed for the general reader and those who would know something about Metaphysical or Christian Healing, and its pages are open to record any idea or plan which tends to lessen the friction or increase the harmony of human being. In this issue are found such familiar names as Dr. Evans, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, Ursula N. Gesefeld and others active in the cause of Christian Healing.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) The opening article for October is Canon Law as a Factor in Christian Civilization; John Tunstall contributes "Secularism in Religion and Nicholas P. Gilman, Fifty years of Progress in England. Chapter II. of Critical Theology embraces Modern Biblical Criticism. Other articles are Science—Philosophy—Religion, and Literary Criticism.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Orange, N. J.) Contents: Editor's Greeting; Creation and Evolution; Words from a Well-wisher; Prof. Huxley investigating Spiritualism, and The American Akademie.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) Contents: Interpretation of the Timaeus of Plato; Orphism; Creation and Evolution; Lives of the Philosophers and Sophists; Swedenborg the Buddhist.

HOME KNOWLEDGE. (New York.) Contents: Facts and Fallacies about Spectacles; Adulterations of Food; The Concensus of late English monthlies; Practical Hints for Cooking Mutton; Physical Culture in the Home; Fashions; Editor's Table, etc.

MENTAL HEALING MONTHLY. (Boston.) Contents: Plato and Christian Science; Moral Influence of Mental Treatment; The Three Denials of Jesus; Miracles; Responsibility; Is Christian Science Practical? Etc.

THE PANSY. (Boston.) The short stories and poems will interest the little ones through October.

YOUTH. (Chicago.) The young readers will find many stories of interest and pleasure in this monthly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES OF CHOICE READING. Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents a number, or \$12.00 a year.

Ticknor & Co. have struck a popular vein in publishing semi-monthly some of the best novels in cheap form. The latest one out is *Aunt Serena*, by Blanche Willis Howard. Other numbers are *A Modern Instance*; *Tales of Three Cities*; *A Nameless Nobleman*; *Guenon*; *The Story of Margaret Kent* (and others to the number of twenty), which is the last number out.

New Books Received.

AUNT SERENA. By Blanche Willis Howard. Ticknor's Paper Series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT. A Philosophical, Legal, Ethical and Religious Romance, in four parts. Chicago: C. & B. Publishing Co.

THE FIRE OF GOD'S ANGER. By L. C. Baker. Philadelphia: Office of Words of Reconciliation.

THE REVELATION OF GOD. A Sermon by John W. Chadwick. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

ZOLLNER. An Open Letter to Professor George S. Fullerton, member and secretary of the Seibert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism. By C. C. Massey. Boston: Colby & Ritchie.

Have You Read Tokology?

DEAR EDITOR: Three years since, I procured Tokology. As I read I seemed to be receiving a message from heaven. I followed its teachings in two instances with the happiest results, and cannot say enough in its praise. I ask every young married woman, "Have you read Tokology?" If not, then get it at once; its value cannot be estimated in money.

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Sample pages free.
Postpaid \$2.00. Sanitary Pub. Co., Chicago.

We note with pleasure the following new publications by the enterprising publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston: A Bunch of Violets is the felicitous title of the new art book for this year, by Miss Irene E. Jerome, the third in the incomparably delightful series of these exquisitely made gift books. In A Bunch of Violets Miss Jerome has demonstrated the same delicate taste in her designs, which she has shown in all her previous works of art: The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips; this work is written in the most attractive manner, and cannot help being a source of profound interest to all who open its pages; and as a work of reference it is invaluable, as it is the only complete life of the great agitator and orator; a new edition of Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel, by Baroness von Marenholtz-Bulow, as translated by the late Mrs. Horace Mann, will be welcomed by educators and students; Human Life in Shakespeare, by the late Rev. Henry Giles is to be issued in a new edition. It consists of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute, Boston, and at the time they created a profound impression.

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I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—Rev. M. J. Savage (Unitarian), Boston.

A grand paper! I am fully in sympathy with its objects and aims; it is a tremendous power for good.—Dr. Joseph Beale, President New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

Of over forty papers which come to my table the JOURNAL is the best.—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. York.

I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course.—R. Heber Newton, D. D.

As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work.—Lady Cathness, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 29, 1887.

Inspired Hours.

Wonderful are the heights to which the human spirit attains in its best moods! glorious and beautiful the inspirations which come when the windows of the soul are opened to light from every side; even as the windows of the chamber of Daniel, the Hebrew seer, were open to the four quarters of the heavens. In such hours the whole spiritual being seems possessed and held in the noble service of some high theme or tender emotion or great thought, and the words there written or spoken are immortal—the world will never let them die.

"Curfew must not ring to-night," is one of the poems that thrill and melt the soul. Its author, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, tells how she read the story of Bessie, and of her lover doomed to die in the evening at the ringing of the curfew bell from the old English steeple, and saved by the heroism of the brave girl, and how the words, "Curfew must not ring to-night," came ever between her eyes and the figures on her slate, as she vainly tried to add them up in the school-house, until she desperately swept those figures from the slate and wrote, "England's sun was slowly setting," etc.; her flying pencil moving rapidly; her brain throbbing and on fire, until the whole poem was finished.

It went round the world in a few years, translated into many tongues and read by many peoples; coming from the illuminated soul its light shone far into other souls. "Mrs. Julie Ward Howe tells in the Century how her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' was written. Being in Washington, in 1861, she rode out with some military officers to a review of troops near the city, witnessed a skirmish between Union and Confederate soldiers, helped to sing the John Brown song on the way back, was touched by the cheers and the singing of the boys in blue, and said she had often wished to write some verses fitted for that tune. Reaching the city she says:

"I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stamp of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any light of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a long period.) On the occasion, now spoken of, I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

The poem was given to the Atlantic Monthly at the wish of its editor. Months after it came into wide notice, was sung in prisons and on battle fields, and years after she tells how:

A printed copy of the words and music was sent me from Connecticut by whom I never knew. But when I visited Robert College, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen well to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and found it worth the listening. The lines which were sent me were such as they the breath of that sacred time and of the feeling with which it was uttered.

Like the curfew poem this inspired and inspiring battle hymn went around the world. Both filled and uplifted all whom they reached, the one the story of love conquering pain and danger, the other "the breath of that heroic time" which is now dropping into the past, but which should never be forgotten, the high aspects of which should be held in due reverence as the clash and clamor of its hot conflict die away.

Such words may well lead us to higher reverence of the spirit in man that giveth him understanding. In such hours, too, the windows of heaven are open and the blessed immortals help and inspire us. We are spirits clad in earthly bodies; they are kindred spirits clad in celestial bodies; in our highest moods they are nearest to us, and sometimes possess our whole being, psychologize and hold us in some noble service, and light our souls and touch our lips with fire from heavenly altars.

Materialism—Unscientific Science.

Professor Ludwig Buchner holds a high place among German scientists, and, indeed, over the wide world. His book on "Kraft und Stoff—Force and Matter"—is his leading work, and is translated into divers languages. As its title indicates, its aim and idea is that force and matter away the universe, the force unintelligent and inseparable from matter, and the mind of man, in some unknown way, evolved from his body. There is no ruling and guiding intelligence, or Soul of Things; the great plan of the universe starts from some soulless force; Deity is a superfluity; immortality an idle dream; man's mind and personality dissolve at his death, and Spiritualism, or even clairvoyance, is an absurdity. In a late English translation of his book is the following:

There can be no scientific doubt that all alleged cases of actual clairvoyance or supernatural inspiration rest on fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance, that is perception beyond the natural reach of the senses, is, on physical grounds, an impossibility. All the twaddle about the intrusion of a higher spiritual world into ours, or of the existence of a departed spirit has been found to be unmitigated nonsense. No dead man has ever returned to earth. There are no table-turning or other spiritisms.

It would be difficult to find more brazen assumption, more impudent assertion, unsustained by proof and contradicted by plain facts, or more tyrannical dogmatism in the same space which this sentence fills. Is this science? To find a hundred cases of clairvoyance authenticated by the best and most competent testimony, would be easy; to find thousands of such cases not a herculean task. Science is truth, or facts verified and systematized; but here is a professed scientist who ignores facts and flouts at the best testimony in a most unscientific style and spirit. Had he said: "I am not satisfied with the evidence," that would have been fair and reasonable, but his impudent assumption is that none ever was or can be found, but that our illustrious company of persons, scientists of eminence among them, have been victims of fraud or illusion when they testified to the facts of clairvoyance and Spiritualism.

Nothing is more absurdly unscientific than to claim to know all about the physical possibilities of man's five senses, yet Buchner asserts clairvoyance impossible. Equally absurd and unscientific is his impertinent naming all talk of spirit manifestations as twaddle, and saying that there are no spirits. Of course there can be no spirits if his theory be true, and that theory he strives to uphold by sneering contempt of what others have learned, and in a spirit as dogmatic as ever was that in which pope or priest upheld his creed in the Dark Ages.

In some branches of physical science this German materialist has rendered signal and valuable service, but that is a weak reason for warranting for this shameful descent from the true scientific spirit.

Whether beneath the casock of the priest or the gown of the professor, whether in the service of old theological superstition or of materialism, dogmatism is ever the same, ever unreasonable and inimical to freedom and growth. From all its manifestations, and from its evil and belittling influences, we may well say, Good Lord, deliver us!

Witchcraft in Southern Indiana.

A belief in witchcraft prevailed to a great extent in Switzerland county, Ind., sixty years ago. It appears from the Yevay Revue, that many of the people residing in the neighborhood of East Enterprise were then possessed of a delusion that witches were a reality, and that a number of their neighbors were full-fledged witches, possessed of remarkable powers, even to the saddling and bridling a man, and with sharp spurs ride him all night over the worst roads a distorted mind could imagine. In the morning the poor man would be so tired and sore that he could hardly move. At other times the housewife would churn half a day and would not get a particle of butter. The only remedy, it was thought, was to take an old horse-shoe that had been worn on the left hind foot of a bald face horse and heat it hot and drop it into the churn, which was pretty certain to expel the terrible witch. One who tried the experiment said:

"When I dropped the red hot shoe into the churn I heard something run off the roof of the house, and I smelt hair, just as sure as you are born, and in five minutes I had a churn nearly full of butter. The next day I saw the woman that I believed had bewitched the butter, and her hair was crissed on one side in the very shape of a horse-shoe."

If the above remedy failed, the next thing to do was to draw a life-size picture of the supposed witch and nail it upon a tree and then run a silver bullet out of a silver dollar and shoot the image. This last act was considered a complete cure. One of the ardent believers in witches, a man in the prime of

life, possessed of fair sense in other matters, said on one occasion that he had been to visit the sick, and was returning, about ten o'clock through the fields, often climbing high fences. Finally as he got up on a high fence, with one leg thrown over the top rail, he saw standing on the other side one whom he knew to be a "witch." She said nothing, but put a spell on him that riveted him to the spot, and he said he was as speechless as Lot's wife when she was turned into salt. When daylight came the witch vanished, and he got over the fence and went home. He says the top rail was a very sharp one and he didn't get over the soreness for a month. Many of these deluded wretches would have hung the supposed witches, as their ignorant forefathers did in an early day, if they had been possessed of the power. Two of the men swapped wives for a month or so, and it was all laid at the doors of those terrible witches.

All should be thankful that the "witch superstition" no longer disturbs the peace and serenity of the people. A brighter day has dawned.

Dr. Wolfe's Experiments with Mrs. Fairchild.

On the first page appears a marvellous account of phenomena, from the pen of Dr. N. B. Wolfe. That there will be a variety of opinions expressed by the JOURNAL's readers is more than probable. The JOURNAL does not desire to make up the verdict for its readers, but leaves them to weigh this remarkable testimony for themselves; it only asks that the case be considered strictly on its merits, without undue bias for or against. In analyzing this account the JOURNAL asks that certain important points be overlooked.

(1) Spiritualists affirm the continuity of life beyond the grave and the ability of those once in mortal form to demonstrate objectively their continued existence and their presence, as well as their ability to utilize spiritual forces in manipulating matter; affirming thus and offering innumerable proofs in support that cannot be refuted, how can they as Spiritualists, in the present state of spiritual knowledge, draw the line which marks the limitations of the power of spirits in handling spiritual forces? (2) Dr. Wolfe is a man of vast and varied experience, self-reliant and courageous, a keen observer of everything that comes under his notice, free from all desire for notoriety, not a visionary nor a dreamer, but a hard-headed, practical man of the world. If he has not a judicial, he certainly has a critical mind, and a temperament that knowingly brooks no crookedness or deception in matters of either the natural or spiritual world. (3) It requires but little progress in psychical research to discover that some individuals possess marked qualities for stimulating the powers of the sensitive or medium, and adding spirits in emphasizing their demonstrations far beyond the ordinary exhibit; Dr. Wolfe is one of these. (4) Some years ago the JOURNAL, with the assistance of Stanton-Moses, Wm. Denton, Epea Sargent, D. D. Home, and others, formulated a series of thirteen hints to investigators of physical phenomena. These suggestions were approved before publication by a considerable number of representative Spiritualists and mediums, and time has proved their necessity and correctness. To-day a majority of the entire Spiritualist body, it may be safely said, approve and act upon them, in spite of the ridicule and determined opposition offered on their first publication through the columns of the Banner of Light, and by frauds and fanatics generally. Among those approving was Dr. Wolfe. One of these "hints" reads as follows: "To establish extraordinary facts, the proofs must be extraordinary, and this the medium, unless he is a simpleton or an impostor, will admit 'and act up to.' Another begins with this sentence: 'A medium known to be unscrupulous, mendacious or tricky, should be trusted only where the phenomenon is of such a character that it would be unreasonable even for the most unbending skeptic to deny its occurrence.' Another begins thus: 'Conditions, however, ought to be so stringent that nothing is left to depend on the assumed good character or respectability of the medium.' The JOURNAL has no reason to suppose that Dr. Wolfe has not in all his experiments acted in strict accordance with these rules; that he implicitly believes in the absolute correctness of his observations, and has recorded them accurately, as they appeared to him, the JOURNAL has no doubt.

(5) The medium, Mrs. Fairchild, is not a person of unspotted reputation, she is neither honest nor trustworthy and has been repeatedly detected in gross deceptions; but (6) neither her bad reputation nor previous exposures prove she is not a medium.

(7) Medial power inheres in the physical constitution and does not therefore depend, primarily, upon the mental or moral state of the medium for its strength, but may be indirectly increased or weakened by the influence which the morals of the medium have upon his physical condition. Mediumship, of itself, neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. Therefore it may be exhibited in force through the organism of an individual devoid of moral sense; especially is this true where the exhibit is of physical and objective phenomena. (8) Every séance must stand on its own merits, and each manifestation should be differentiated from every other and considered by itself.

Edith Simcox says: "A morality based on religion is always liable to relapse into Antinomian quietism; for it is felt that the Supreme Being cannot be injured by our frailty."

A Little Girl's Remarkable Mediumship.

Lizzie Plimly, eleven years of age, a resident of Oakland, Cal., has lately exhibited remarkable mediumistic powers. She was first magnetized by Mr. Frank Wilson, which prepared her for the influx of spirit influence which followed. She has commenced developing as a spirit artist. The Golden Gate speaks of her as follows:

"Lizzie seated herself alone at a table in the center of the room, and was immediately entranced by Minnie. With eyes closed she at once commenced her sketching, keeping up a constant talking, in mixed English and Indian jargon, with different persons present, concerning her work and other matters. Her talk was sensible and easily understood. In less than an hour she completed three rough landscapes, about fourteen by twenty inches in size, one of which she presented to the writer."

Now came a promised test in materialization, which, if given through any one but a child, most persons would hesitate to believe possible. The father of Minnie took control and directed that one corner of the room be vacated, with no person nearer than six or eight feet; he was about to give us a look of his daughter's hair. A pair of scissors was then placed in Lizzie's hands, while she kept up a constant chatter of what seemed to be Indian, with enough English to be understood. She went to the corner of the room, standing with her face to the wall; the light was lowered a little, and all were directed to remain quiet for a few moments. Soon the clipping of the scissors was heard, and with many exclamations of satisfaction, and nodding as though worked upon by a powerful influence, she turned and presented us with a handful of straight, black hair. (The medium's hair is light brown.) When first taken in the hand this hair was hot, as though just taken from an oven. We were assured that this manifestation had been given on several former occasions.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Francis B. Woodbury of Boston, has purchased lot 16, Massasoit Street, Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. Watson's bright letter on another page is full of the life and vigor which permeates every living thing kissed by California's glorious sun and fanned by the exhilarating breezes of that fairy land. The JOURNAL's readers would like to hear from her more frequently.

Cardinal Taschereau has asked the postmaster to dismiss the believers in Spiritualism employed in the Montreal office, and has been referred to the Postmaster-General. The JOURNAL awaits with some interest the action of Canada's Postmaster-General. The Cardinal is perfectly consistent in his request. The Catholics want the earth, and if the people on this continent don't look sharp they will have it. Romish aggressiveness is now the most marked feature in the theological field.

Prof. Wilder writes: "I am very sorry to spoil that poem, 'The Towers of Silence.' Hindu votaries never pray in them, but the vultures often prey there. In brief, the Parsees believe that a corpse defiles the earth, air, fire and water; and so never bury, cremate, or launch into the ocean. It is sacrilege to pollute a running stream; so the Towers of Silence are erected as their mortuaries, and the dead placed in them. When the vulture comes and pecks the corpse, it hits the eye first. Instantly it is chased away. If the left eye is pierced, well; if the right, the deceased individual is bemoaned but never saved."

A Russian paper states that "There are 205 communities of the Greek Church in Japan, with sixteen priests and one hundred and four native preachers, and that the number of Japanese converts to that religion is 12,500. The number of churches and prayer-houses is one hundred and forty-eight, and there are three children's schools with a total of one hundred and fifty pupils. There is also a school at which thirty-two girls attend. This building is capable of accommodating one hundred pupils, and was given by the Countess Pontifine. In 1886 the number of converts and children baptized amounted together to fourteen hundred and seventy. The number of preachers is stated to be too small and recruits are wanted."

The famous Andover dispute, while reaching out into the realms of speculative futurity and seeking to determine the after-condition of the heathen, has borne fruit much nearer home and the present time. A New Haven paper, inspired from a "private source," declares that the late Alpheus Hardy, a wealthy friend of the "American Board," revoked a considerable legacy in favor of that body when the news reached him that the Board had refused probation to deceased heathen at any price. Mr. Hardy was a pious man and a friend of the heathen; but the acrimonious bickering of the sectarians scared him, and he settled his money where he could be sure of results. Somebody in America is, accordingly richer, and the heathen, very likely, are not much poorer.—Herald.

Mrs. Mary V. Priest, who within the past year has come prominently into notice as one of the finest teachers of mental healing, and whose psychometric powers have been tested satisfactorily by a number of scientific experts, is in the city this week, closing up her home preparatory to a longer stay in Cleveland. Having been a Spiritualist for years, and a thorough student in the psychical field, as well as being a woman of more than ordinary ability, she must of necessity make a vastly better instructor in psychopathy than most who essay the task. Dr. Leon Priest, her husband, is treating patients in Cleveland with gratifying success, and Mrs. Priest will open her fall and winter course of instruction in that city early in November. The JOURNAL takes the liberty to say they may be addressed or consulted at 100 Huron street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Boston Evening Record is publishing a series of articles by one of its staff in which the damnable practices of a large number of pseudo mediums of that city are portrayed. Evidently the writer speaks from personal

observation, and the JOURNAL has no doubt but that he tells the truth. It has no doubt because corroborative testimony in abundance sustains his allegations. The JOURNAL hopes the work will be pushed with vigor. At present Cincinnati seems to offer the most attractive conditions for these pestiferous vermin; as they flee from Boston they head toward the Ohio river, for they scent afar off a better way and hasten to get into it. That unconscionable scoundrel, James A. Bliss, is now the self-constituted "pastor" of a "church" in Cincinnati. His proper place would be breaking stones behind the walls of a penitentiary.

"M. A. (Oxon)" in Light: "I have briefly adverted to the difficulty I personally find in differentiating between the unassisted efforts of a man's own creative faculty and the communications made through conscious or unconscious mediumship. It would be interesting to know what is the exact ground of decision in such a question. If we knew nothing of mediumship it would be open to one to contend that each individual was the efficient creator of his own ideas, subject to the qualification necessitated by the precedent work of other people with which he was acquainted. But we know that ideas are flashed into the mind *ab extra*; and we know, too, that the best works of the highest genius are not laboriously excogitated, but, though accompanied with consciousness as they emerge, are of a character to suggest a transcendental origin. It is not (I hope) impertinent to suggest that an increased knowledge on our part will tend to more diffidence in claiming for ourselves an exclusive proprietary right in our ideas."

Prof. Frederick Wright who has been writing interestingly of missionary work in Alaska, presented the creed of his Taku heathen guide, who had some brief contact with the missionaries: Whatever may be the thought of the strictness of Presbyterian doctrines in the abstract, our man "Jake," he says, "had caught the spirit of Christ from the men who brought the doctrines, as his creed, which we drew out of him by questions one Sunday morning, testifies. As translated to us by the other guide, who could speak broken English, Jake's creed was as follows:

1. God is the boss of us fellers and of every man, all.
 2. God loves us fellers and every man, all.
 3. I feel in my heart that I love God. I love my brother, my sister, every man, all.
 4. I wish every feller loved Jesus. Then they good; no bad, no fight.
- There are a great many worse creeds than Jake's.

Of the Seybert Commission, "M. A. (Oxon)" says: "I observe that the Seybert Commission's Preliminary Report is a godsend to provincial papers. It has the merit of being light and amusing, and it does not make any heavy demands on the reader's mind. It can in fact, be noticed by the easy process of skimming. The Leeds Mercury has been treating it in this way, and has included in its remarks some strictures on 'a well-known London medium,' which are, to say the least, loose and inaccurate. The bulk of evidence, quite as good as that on which other facts received and believed, is unknown to these writers. They are given a book, dealing with a subject of which they know nothing and against which they are probably prejudiced, and they receive their orders to cut it up. We are very familiar with the process. On the other side, the side of knowledge, it is not too much to say that the Seybert Commission's Report is unworthy of serious attention, and could be pulverized in detail with the same ease as Mr. C. C. Massey has dealt with it in respect of Zöllner."

A writer on "Death" says: "A commonly fatal disease has a certain numbing effect on the nerves, so that the dying suffer very little," writes Dr. T. L. Cuyler. Such has been my observation. "I had not thought," said a certain good man, "that it could be so easy to die." As life ebbs away usually sensibility to pain goes with it. So gently did a certain eminent chemist breathe his last that a teaspoonful of milk which he held in his hand was not even upset—the dead man held it still. Death is very often a slow fading out of the faculties, like the coming on of a tranquil twilight. The sense of hearing sometimes remains intensely acute, so that the dying overhear a whisper in the room. "She is sinking very fast," was whispered by an attendant in the dying chamber of a goodly woman. "No, no," was the quick response of her who had overheard the words, "No, I am not sinking, I am in the arms of my Savior. The sense of sight generally weakens in the process of dying. A medical friend said to his wife: 'Set that lamp up closer to me; the room seems to be growing dark.' Such were the sensations of Dr. Adam, the learned Principal of the Edinburgh High School, who fancied himself to be in his school room, and gently murmured: 'Boys, it is getting dark, you may go home.' Of deaths on the battlefield a large proportion must be without severe physical agony, for a gunshot wound is apt to numb the sensibilities. When a bullet pierces either the heart or the brain there can be no pain. Probably our glorious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, never knew what hurt him. Drowning is far from painful. Those who have been resuscitated tell us that their sensations were rather exhilarating."

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial.—John Morely.

I am glad when I see any one avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better.—Ben Johnson.

Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion.

There is now on exhibition in this city a panorama entitled Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion. This historical painting occupies the rotunda on the southeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Hubbard Court, and is a work of magnitude and beauty, comprising a faithful representation of what Jerusalem must have been on that day. The researches of centuries, verified by investigation, have been utilized in this great work. A vivid picture of the people who surged in and about Jerusalem on the eve of the feast is given; the objective picture being the crucifixion as the various records make it appear. Over the entire canvas hangs a mystic, semi-darkness, coinciding with the slain teacher's last moments, and is perceptible to one's feelings when beholding the wonderful piece of work.

The original paintings were by Bruno Piglielli of Munich, the architecture by Karl Froeh; the details of landscape have been done by F. W. Heide and August Lohr; the botanic by Franz Biberstein and Bernhard Schneider; the figures by Hermann Michalowski, Franz Rohrbach, and Th. Zukotynsky, and the animals by Richard Lorenz and Georg Peter. Mizpah, Emmaus, Damascus, the Mount of Olives, the vale of Jehosaphat, the brook of Kedron, Gethsemane, Calvary, Golgotha, the place of skulls, these familiar localities to the reader of the Scriptures are all seen; also the plains upon which the flocks were pastured, and the sandy tracts over which the caravans toiled. A massive high, white wall extends around the city, and rising above this are seen the tops of houses, palaces and temples. The circus and the palace and the Temple of Herod are conspicuous.

Beyond the Vale of Jehosaphat is a flat, barren tract, crowded with life: the shepherds driving their flocks, barbarians on the way to the city, and caravans coming in; the poor are domiciled in caves and under rocks, and here and there is a Christian family bewailing the death of their Savior; for they see the shadow of the cross by lifting their eyes to Calvary in the distance.

There is a vast amount of instruction to be had in the details of this extensive picture; the customs, manners, faces and dress of that time can all be studied. The figures stand out distinct, so while there are hundreds of figures there is no crowding.

Near the top of the central cross, upon which the Savior is stretched, is nailed a white slab, bearing the derisive inscription (in Latin, Greek and Hebrew). "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Jesus is nailed to the cross with a crown of thorns about his head, and in the swellings and depressions of the body we see the evidence of agony. Upon the cross to the left hangs Dysmas, the penitent thief; on the other side is Gestas, bound to the third cross; the muscles stand out in knots on his giant body and there is a look of implacable hate on his face.

Around the place of execution are gathered Roman soldiers clad in armor. Jesus also has friends around him: Mary, His Mother, and John, the beloved disciple; Mary Magdalen, Salome, Martha and others.

We have given space to the details of this picture thinking it is alike interesting to the non-believer of the inspirations of the Scriptures, and the greatest skeptic, as well as to the orthodox, from an historical point of view, and for its wonderful scenic effects.

The panorama is to be seen from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. daily, and none should neglect to see it. An attendant gives a short descriptive lecture every fifteen minutes, which freshens the memory and locates the different points of interest in the picture.

Congress of the A. A. W.

The Annual Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Woman meets this week in New York City by invitation of that noble band of women forming the society known as Sorosis. The sessions will be held in Masonic Temple, corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street. Among the prominent New York members of Sorosis and the A. A. W. are Mrs. H. M. Poole, Mrs. Mary A. Newton, Mrs. Sarah W. Van Horn and Jennie M. Lozier, M. D., all subscribers of the JOURNAL. Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, of Connecticut, who spends much of her time in New York, is chairman of the A. A. W. Publication Committee, and a director. A beautiful souvenir for this session of the A. A. W. edited and compiled by Mrs. R. L. and Mr. E. L. Clapp, has been published. It contains a great amount of useful information for all interested in the Association and Sorosis. The JOURNAL notices many names therein that have long graced its subscription list, and presumes that any person desiring a copy can be gratified by enclosing, say five cents in postage stamps, to pay postage, and addressing Mrs. R. L. Clapp, 100 East 17th St., New York City.

On last Saturday a fine bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled in Lincoln Park with appropriate ceremonies. Mayor Roche made the opening remarks and Hon. T. L. Withrow told the history of the statue which came through the legacy of \$40,000 for the purpose from Eli Bates, who began life in poverty and died a millionaire. Mr. Withrow then formally delivered the statue to the Park Commissioners in an able speech. Robert T. Lincoln's son, Abraham, then unveiled the statue of his grandfather, after which Hon. W. C. Goudy, on behalf of the Commissioners, accepted the trust in a feeling address. Leonard Swift delivered a long address which was mostly a history of his personal acquaintance with Lincoln. It was considered by most present as in bad taste and not such an address as the occasion called for.

Margaret Fox-Kane—A Seance.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. T. Merritt proposes to give a number of seances during the coming fall and winter, and the first one was held on Monday evening, October tenth, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 128 West 43rd street. Mrs. J. O. Goodwin was mistress of ceremonies and filled the office well. She first introduced Senor Aurelio Cernelos, of Madrid, who played a piece on the piano of his own composition. Mrs. Goodwin then sang "Dinora," after which she called for a subject for Senor Cernelos to extemporize musically upon. Mr. Joseph F. Snipes gave "A Dream and a Tempest," and the artist was particularly happy in his effort. Mrs. Fox-Kane was so much interested that she arose from her seat and went near the piano to witness the player. Senor Cernelos also imitated on the piano the playing of a music-box. This was done perfectly. Several other pieces were well rendered by him.

Mr. Merritt conducted Mrs. Fox-Kane to a table and raps were distinctly heard. She also wrote a number of messages, writing from right to left. The first message read thus:

"I am glad to see you all here to-night. It has not been a failure as you have sometimes thought. Josephine."

Another message read as follows:

"Your work will be accomplished in the end; that is, if you persevere. You have had obstacles, but let them not weaken your faith or cause you to abandon the work you have commenced. You will rejoice over the work at the end. Your Spirit Guides."

According to the raps which were given in response to a question the message was for Mr. Mellish.

Dr. Sexlinsky related his experience with Mrs. Fox-Kane. He said he was a skeptic but through her mediumship he had become a believer in Spiritualism. During his narration of the seance with Mrs. Fox-Kane raps were frequently heard.

After a song by Mrs. Goodwin, Senor Cernelos played "The Spanish Patrol," which he had written and dedicated to the wife of our President, and Mrs. Cleveland acknowledged the same in a note of thanks.

Mr. Wilson McDonald, in the course of his remarks, said that the person is unborn who will write the history of the Fox mediums. The names of those little girls will stand out in all time as among the most important in history. He had heard the raps in 1849, when sitting with them alongside of Andrew Jackson Davis, and he made up his mind then that the girls had nothing to do in the producing of the raps. He related his experience in bringing the Fox Sisters before the public in the city of St. Louis. During his remarks raps were frequently heard in the vicinity of Mrs. Fox-Kane. By request Mrs. Goodwin sang with good effect, "Coming Thro' the Rye."

The exercises were closed with Senor Cernelos playing on the piano, in a very artistic manner, "Rhapsodie Hungroise," by Liszt.

New York, Oct. 10. HERBERTUS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

San Francisco Items.

Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse.—Continuation of Mr. Morse's Classes.—Irving Bishop in San Francisco.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse assembled at their residence, 331 Turk St., on the evening of October 1st, the occasion being the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage, it being also the birthday of Mr. Morse. During the evening Mrs. R. A. Robinson, on behalf of the friends present and of Mrs. E. L. Watson, who was unable to attend, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Morse a very handsome plush photographic album, the finest obtainable in the city, with a stand attachment—the latter including some of California's choicest floral productions preserved between glass. The album contained the "counterfeit presentments" of some of the principal donors. In addition a large, hand-painted birthday card, with a beautiful design emblematic of the almost boundless power of love, was presented to Mr. Morse by Mrs. Robinson on behalf of the same donors. Mr. R. A. Robinson presented Mr. Morse with a cane made from the steamer Kearsarge, and mounted with silver and native abalone shells. Mr. W. E. Coleman made some extended, semi-poetical remarks, and Mrs. Julia Schlesinger read an original poem composed for the occasion. A poem by Mrs. E. L. Watson, written for the occasion, was read by Mr. Morse. Appropriate remarks in response were made by Mr. Morse in person and his humorous control, "The Strolling Player." Refreshments in profusion were served in the course of the evening, and the glad-some, jolly party went to their respective homes about midnight in the merriest of humor.

The second series of Mr. Morse's lectures to classes being about to finish, a third series has been announced to begin next week. Mr. W. Irving Bishop, mind reader, is giving nightly exhibitions of his peculiar powers, in San Francisco. He indulges in his usual tirade of virulent abuse of Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and replies thereto and comments thereupon have been made in the public press by several of the prominent mediums and spiritual workers, some of whom denounce him and his tactics in scathing terms.

San Francisco, Cal.

Tiffany—Foye.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Hon. Joel Tiffany, one of the oldest teachers of the spiritual philosophy, and Mrs. Foye, the well-known platform medium, appeared together under the auspices of the Young People's Progressive Society last Sunday evening. The Judge who will give a course of lectures during the winter on the "Philosophy of Christianity, or the Christly System," as he terms it, occupied the platform during the first part of the evening. The address was both interesting and instructive, and notwithstanding the fact that many came to witness Mrs. Foye's remarkable seance at the close, a more appreciative and attentive audience could not have been asked. Judge Tiffany is one of the deepest thinkers of the day, and the results of his long study and experience in topics closely connected with religious subjects, which are to be presented to the public during the following few months, should not be missed by a single honest investigator. Though the young people desire to have their meetings carried on decorously, the applause that greeted the Judge at the close of his address could not be quelled.

Mrs. Ada Foye was then introduced to the assembly, and many were the sorrowful looks, as she, in a scarcely audible voice, declared her intention of leaving for San Francisco on the morrow. The climate of Chicago has been too much for her and it is with regret that we are compelled to part from one who has just been such a great work

here. Her controls soon overcame her illness on the platform, and her voice became as clear as when she first appeared before the society in September. Some of the most remarkable tests were given, every one being correct.

The young people regret very much that Mrs. Foye, who has taken such a great interest in their organization, is compelled to leave them. Next Sunday evening Judge Tiffany will continue his course of lectures, and Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, a platform-test medium, of Cincinnati, will hold a seance. The admission to the meeting will be reduced to ten cents, to correspond with other meetings in the city. The services will begin at 7:30, at Avenue Hall, 150 22nd St.

CELLA.

The Christian Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The meeting of the Association of Christian Spiritualists at 523 West Madison street, last Sunday evening, was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. "One who was present remarked after the meeting that he felt as though he had been with the angels."

C. W. Peters spoke under inspiration; the meeting was also addressed by W. H. Blair, Col. Tucker, and Mrs. Burlington. A large number of tests were given by Mr. Barnes (physical medium), Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, Mrs. Cutter, C. W. Peters and others.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was reached in the independent slate writing, in open view of everybody present. The slate was held in the gas light before the audience by Col. Tucker and C. W. Peters (the medium). A handkerchief was thrown over the top slate. Col. Tucker remarked that he heard raps and writing on the slate. The handkerchief was removed and the following was the message written: "We are with you. God bless you all."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Chicago, Oct. 24.

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A Fine Piano For Senator Mahone.

[From the Baltimore American.]

A number of prominent musical people gathered in the warehouses of Wm. Knabe & Co., yesterday to examine a piano made by the firm for Senator "Billy" Mahone, of Virginia, for his Washington residence. The instrument was especially designed and built for that gentleman, and is truly a magnificent specimen of the highest musical as well as decorative art. It is a full Concert Grand, the same in size and general outline as the famous grand Messrs. Knabe & Co. furnished for the White House. The case is of rich and beautifully figured rosewood, decorated with inlaid work of white holly, ebony and intricate design, carried out in the most artistic manner. Each panel has a group of different musical instruments, the whole surrounded by borders of fine marquetry work in leaves and flowers, etc. The legs and lyre are richly carved and decorated with the body of the case, the whole producing a striking, and at the same time most refined esthetic effect. The tone is superb, striking the listener by its wonderful volume, depth and richness, combining with greatest power a most refined and mellow character and charming singing quality. The action and touch perfectly delightful to the performer by its ease and responsiveness.

Mason and Hamlin Pianos.

Mason and Hamlin bid fair to become as famous for their upright pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned cabinet organs. The distinguishing feature about the Mason & Hamlin Upright is an important improvement in the method of holding the strings of the piano, which originated in their own factory. The strings are secured by metallic fastenings, instead of by the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantage resulting are numerous and highly important. Among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone; far less liability of getting out of tune; greater reliability in trying climates; and greater solidity of construction and durability.

Autumn, Decay or Preparation, and Discouragements in Trying to do Good, are two excellent sermons preached by Rev. M. J. Savage October 7th and 14th, respectively, and published in the Unity pulpit, Boston, which is devoted to the sermons of Rev. Minot J. Savage. Single copies, five cents; subscription by the year \$1.50.

Peculiar Freaks of Insane Persons.

Keeper Maest of the Erie County Almshouse says that in his experience one of the peculiar freaks of insanity is the seeming reversal of natural tendencies. "For instance," he says, "we have in the male wards fine collections of potted plants and climbing vines which grow so luxuriantly that they curtain the windows. The men tend these carefully, pluck away the dead leaves, stir up the dirt in the pots, prune the vines, keep them carefully watered, and in diverse other ways manifest the tenderest watchfulness. Not so with the women. Every attempt to induce plants and vines as a feature of the female wards save in the cottage where the mildest cases are confined, has proved a flat failure. The women pull out the plants by the roots, tear down the vines, and manifest other destructive tendencies entirely at variance with the nature of the sex in general."—Ez.

Delightful and Accessible.

The records of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility. In the latter regard the new short line of the Burlington Route, C. & N. W. R. R. has an important part to play. Over it through trains are run St. Paul and Minneapolis from either Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, with the best equipment, including Sleepers and Dining Cars, that the inventive genius of the day has produced.

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Christian Science.

A pamphlet giving a full and complete statement of the scope and nature of this new thought, sent post-paid on receipt of five cents, by Theo. Gestefeld, Room 2 Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit Life from his home in Phoenix, N. Y., Sept. 27th, Joseph Meyer, in the 14th year of his age. For years he was a firm believer in the truth of modern Spiritualism. He never lowered his standard for popular favor, but faithfully maintained his principles through persecution. His friends are ever ready to aid in the cause of truth and progress. He has gone to his reward in the fullness of his ripened years, and surrounded him in the immortal life.

The funeral services were conducted by Miss Carrie Brown. A large number of friends accompanied the body to the graves in the words of a prayer as full of consolation that all hearts were touched. Surely such a beautiful faith, even in one so young and bereaved, will be a great blessing to the living of immortality giving assurance of the life beyond. A. C. Dwyer.

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Y. P. P. S.

The Semi-monthly socials of the Young People's Progressive Society will begin Friday evening, Oct. 7th, and will be conducted in series. Tickets will be issued for 75 cents including four dances. The recipient required to give his or her name and address. Members' tickets 10 cents. The Society is desirous to secure members, and those wishing to join may give their name and address to the Secretary, as application, on any Sunday evening, or by addressing Mr. Geo. Anglin, 2827 State Street, for any information desired. The Young People are desirous to secure a library and a the aid and assistance given them in their behalf will be thankfully received.

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A most improved machine which we show in this advertisement, ready, and by ordering 1,000 gross we have secured the exclusive sale of it in the United States and Canada. It is a NEW WINDER AND SETTER, which will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and perfect machine, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is guaranteed to be perfect, and will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and perfect machine, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is guaranteed to be perfect, and will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and perfect machine, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is guaranteed to be perfect, and will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and perfect machine, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is guaranteed to be perfect, and will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and perfect machine, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is guaranteed to be perfect, and will save the cost of 500,000 yards of thread, and is used with the New Patent Swiss Winding and Setting Machine, found in no other place. It is a most valuable addition to the stock of the mill, and is a most improved and

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

NIL Desperandum.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

When upon life's weary way,
Should the clouds obscure the day,
While the sun is hanging low,
And the tide is about to flow,
And the waves are dashing high,
With evil omens in the sky—
Never despair! but above,
God forever rules in love!

When upon the mighty deep,
And the waves awake from sleep,
Now in his rising high,
While the winds go howling by,
Drives the bark upon the strand,
And there seems no helping hand—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When comes sorrow's bitter draft,
And the dregs at last are quaffed,
And the soul with utmost dread
In by darkest phantom fed—
And the darkness over all,
Thick as midnight's blackest pall—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When the cyclone's angry roar,
Breaks in terror—black and sore,
And the clouds by fury whirled,
Rain spreading through the world—
Cities scattered far and wide—
Moaning heard on every side—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When the earthquake in its wrath,
Leaves destruction in its path—
Springing naught on land or sea,
Save but those who chance to flee,
And the skies are thick with gloom,
Dark and dreadful—black as doom—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

Even thus should hope serene,
Shed its light o'er darkest scene—
Better 'tis to hope and fail,
Than despair its curse entail—
Better 'tis to try again,
Yielding never—hope will reign—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

Manteno, Ills.

Those Who Die At Sea.

Burials at sea have been under consideration by the Funeral Directors' Association of America at their recently held annual meeting at Pittsburg. A strange condition of affairs was reported in regard to this disposition of the dead. It appeared from the yearly report of the President that the association did not desire that the remains of every person who died on shipboard should be brought to land, but the ocean steamship companies should have arrangements made so that friends who desire it could bring to land for interment the bodies of their dead. It was stated that, after thorough investigation, the opposition to carry dead bodies arose from the passengers and sailors, and not from the steamship companies.

The number of passengers annually carried by the Atlantic steamship companies is very large. For example, the number of immigrants who came to the United States in the year 1886 was 331,233, or at the rate of 27,595 steerage passengers a month, or 930 a day. The inquiry made by the funeral directors would, however, scarcely apply to these thousands. The saloon and intermediate (or second-class) passengers would be most interested. Now, the number of Americans who annually go ashore from Europe by these Atlantic steamship lines is very large and is constantly increasing. There are some dozen companies that run between the United States and Western European ports. There are, on an average, not far from two steamships daily leaving these shores for Europe. It is estimated that a very low average would be 300 passengers a steamer. This would give not more than 3,500 passengers a year on routes from America to Europe, or from 50,000 to 60,000 a summer of three or four months. These travelers are considered generally in comfortable circumstances. Many are wealthy and many well-to-do European-born citizens of America, who go across the Atlantic for the primary purpose of visiting once more the home of their childhood, and the spots where they first saw the light. Such persons would be considered of course, as comprising the classes referred to by the funeral directors.

It is always a matter of solicitude to those who have invalid friends crossing the Atlantic. It may be for health, that should disaster or death overtake them on the ocean, to have the remains of their friends brought to land for burial. There has been often much haste shown in the disposal of the dead on the ocean, although it is stated that a great change in usage has taken place in this respect. The custom is to keep the remains a few hours only at those cases are rare where bodies have been kept over night. The period between death and consignment to the deep is said to be nearer six hours than twelve. The movement made by the undertakers of the land for that disposition of the dead already referred to will strike many as quite in keeping with the spirit that marks the care of the dead in all modern civilized countries. In America particularly the tender solicitude for the remains of departed friends is one of the most beautiful of all our national characteristics. Our cemeteries are made fair and lovely places. The monuments are graceful, the landscape is beautiful, and everything is touched as if death were no longer a terrible thing. The superstitions of certain classes and countries in regard to the presence of the dead are gradually being moved. It may not be long before, under proper sanitary regulations, persons dying on the ocean may fall asleep assured that, should their friends desire it, their remains will rest beside their kith and their kin in the quiet graveyards on the sunny hill-side and beside the peaceful waters—*Inter Ocean.*

The Offerings of Golden Grain.

A VISION.
I was sitting by the kitchen fire one of those cloudy evenings, just before the time of sunset. A field was presented to my view, in the midst of which stood an elevated being clothed in white raiment.

Towards him came men and women of various ages and descriptions, bearing in their hands small quantities of very fine wheat with large golden ears; some had a larger quantity than others. They all came down at the feet of the elevated being, and he took of each what they had been able to accomplish.

From the other side of the field, I saw coming a little boy and girl. They were poorly dressed, they had an uncleaned-for appearance, and their little faces were pinched with want. They were so shy that they approached with great hesitation; and in the hands of one there were only four ears of wheat, and in the other six; but in fulness and beauty they exceeded any of the other offerings.

When the man dressed in white saw these little ones coming towards him, he recognized them encouragingly, and when they reached him put forth his hand, and took the ears of wheat direct from their hands, not requiring it to be laid down on the heap. Then he took them up in his arms and fondled them, and kissed them, and gave them to understand that he appreciated their labors. He then dismissed them, and I saw that they were attended by two spirits, who had inspired them with courage to labor.

The man in white then addressed the company who had brought their offerings, and said unto them, that these little, indigent children had done more than any of them. It is true that their offerings were small, but it represented their all, and he absorbed the whole of their efforts; whereas those who had given most had only given a part of what they were capable of presenting. These children's circumstances were of the poorest description, but the others—much better situated—had not labored in proportion to the opportunities which they possessed. They still retained much for their own country, and they had been themselves the recipients of everything—*A. J. in Medium and Daybreak.*

How I Became a Spiritualist.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

About five years ago, through the solicitations of a friend I attended, for the first time a Spiritualist lecture. I preferred staying at home, as I did not think it worth while to spend time to investigate anything so absurd as I thought Spiritualism to be. After the lecture I was handed a copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which I read with some interest, it being the first number I ever saw. Let me say right here that I have been a constant reader of it nearly ever since. Up to this time I had never read any spiritual literature, but after reading several numbers of the JOURNAL I read some of Hudson Tuttle's and Dr. Watson's works, which greatly interested me, and directed my thoughts in a different channel, as my thinking had been from a material standpoint prior to this.

I saw more beauty in the spiritual philosophy, than in anything I had ever read. I thought, if true, oh, how grand, how glorious! and I resolved to satisfy myself of the truth or falsity of it; but I must admit that I was afraid it would prove all a delusion. More than a year elapsed before I got anything satisfactory. During this time I have read a rather singular experience of a visiting friend in Pennsylvania. One night I retired, feeling very much depressed and lonesome. I slept in the upper story, being the sole occupant there. I blew out the light and proceeded to settle myself for the night, when my attention was riveted by a small white light next the ceiling, which gradually expanded until it was about two feet in diameter, when a beautiful female face, crowned with a wreath of flowers, appeared in the center, the circle of light surrounding it, and shedding over it a beautiful halo. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful, but it did not last long. By the time it reached its full size, the face began to fade and the light to diminish and finally faded out.

I was so astonished that I did not think of trying to recognize the face. The phenomenon was all over before I was gone. It was a strange experience for me, and I thought it all an illusion. I could not realize that it was anything real.

The next morning I received a letter informing me of the death of my eldest sister in Grand Rapids, Mich. After that I was more anxious than ever to get some proof of a continued conscious existence.

After a few weeks, while visiting friends who were Spiritualists, my wife and I were among several who sat for spiritual manifestations. During the seance, a lady, an entire stranger to us, said to me: "I see you in a dark, gloomy, dismal place, surrounded by a high wall, with no possible chance of escape that I can discern. This represents your mental condition: Now the scene changes, and I see a lady coming down a long incline towards you, bearing a light in her hand; she will light you out of this dismal place." She then gave a description of the lady with a light, and I could not have described my sister, who had gone to spirit life, as well as she did. But I thought it was only mind-reading, and let it go at that. I got no proof that satisfied me, until nearly a year afterwards when I met W. A. Mansfield, as a slate writing medium, and had a sitting with him. I took my own slates and had, as I thought, and still think, the best test conditions, being in a south parlor with three windows, and a bright sunlight. A room could hardly be more light. I held my own slates on the top of a table, he sitting partly across the table and taking hold of the slates with his thumb and fingers. Under these conditions I received a long message from this same sister, also one from my grandfather. At the close of the sitting I said to Mr. Mansfield, "I shall keep these." He said, pointing to the one from my grandfather, "He does not want you to keep this one." I said, "I want that one just as much as the other," and did keep it.

That night I stayed with friends whose daughter is or was a writing medium, and she was controlled, and the first thing she wrote was: "Old boy, you don't want to keep that message you got from me to-day." It was signed by my grandfather's name, the same as in the message. I said, "Why don't you want me to keep it?" The answer was, "I don't want my writing put out on exhibition," which is eminently characteristic of the man. I received many more communications from him through the same medium not worth while to mention at this time; but finally she went into a trance, and talked to me just as my sister might have done, and called me Bennie, just as she always did while here in earth-life, and spoke of one thing in regard to me, and of which I know no human being knew anything, and which I know no one present at this seance excepting myself and brother.

Since my first experience with Mr. Mansfield I have had the pleasure of witnessing some wonderful feats of spirit power through his mediumship. My wife and I had a sitting with him. We got a message on the slates at least eight feet from any human being. I consider him to be one of the very best test mediums, and I believe him to be strictly honest.

Greenwich, Kan.

Letter from Milton Allen.

The Two Sides of Spiritualism—The Seybert Commission—Catholicism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An article of yours some weeks ago on the Religious and Christian Side of Spiritualism was golden, almost every line of it. It is not often I can say this of anything I see in print; and now another article of yours on "The Seybert Fund—Justice to the Commission," meets my mind exactly. S. was a rich man. Who ever heard of his doing anything for the cause of Spiritualism? Many years ago he hired Henry Gordon by the year to give him seances. He established Gordon in a furnished house at a rental of \$1,200 a year; had an expensive altar erected on which were kept burning wax candles, a Catholic fashion. No one but the Virgin Mary, for the income of the \$50,000 will hardly pay a decent salary to a competent man to fill the chair, without any outside work. But as the Commission undertook to investigate Spiritualism, it would have shown more dignity and ability had it done it in a different way.

The Pennsylvania University in accepting the bequest, with its conditions, accepted a white elephant, I think; and it may be looked upon as a huge joke that the old man hired the University to build a monument to the Seybert family, who were poor, for the income of the \$50,000 will hardly pay a decent salary to a competent man to fill the chair, without any outside work. But as the Commission undertook to investigate Spiritualism, it would have shown more dignity and ability had it done it in a different way.

I am glad you republished from the Meadville paper the able "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission" by A. B. Richmond. Old readers of the JOURNAL or at least, old readers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, will at once recognize this name as one who conducted a discussion with S. B. Brittan, who was at the time editor of the *Telegraph*. This discussion was a very able one on both sides, and I am glad to know that A. B. Richmond is still in the field and now on the right side.

I give him the pleasure of attending an illustrated lecture on chemistry in the court house at Meadville, given by Mr. Richmond, and know him to be a man of scientific ability as well as of general culture. The Seybert Commission will do well to give respectful attention to his letter.

I agree with you, Mr. Editor, also on the danger to be apprehended to our free institutions from the Catholic Hierarchy. This system is a foreign one—own allegiance to a foreign potentate, and is essentially un-American. The opposition to the public school system of the last year is enough to prove it in the minds of all truly loyal American citizens. I am not at all unimpressed of what the Catholic people have done for the country; but there is a wide difference between the people and a religion. The latter may be, and too often is, the result of priestly speculation, and is always liable to be built upon false premises. At least such is undoubtedly the case in this instance.

It is a stupendous machine that works always in one direction—Rome.

I have no special regard for orthodox, so-called, but Protestant churches support the public schools, and are ostensibly, at least, favorable to free discussion. The Catholic church is not, and would squelch it if they could.

One has only to read history to learn this: Gibbon, Hallam, Guizot, Mosheim and Neander, are enough. My platform is: Church taxation; restricted foreign emigration, at least to the cutting off of all paupers, anarchists and criminals; no land monopoly, especially foreigners buying up and holding immense tracts until honest sellers improve the country, and then thereby put money in their pockets. Philadelphia, Pa.

Warned by her Mother's Spirit.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Ghosts seldom appear without reason—that is, really authentic ghosts—and the appearance of this class of specters is usually unexpected and terrifying, and their appearance so convincing that some of the most callous skeptics must at once be converted by them to the undoubted existence of a spirit world about us. The following story was told a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* by the person to whom it occurred. She is a young widow, who lives at 55 Hicks street, Brooklyn. She is one of those persons who, unconsciously are medium, and who discover by chance their mediumship.

Three years ago Mrs. Holmes married, and up to her husband's death, which occurred last spring, she lived very happily with him. They had two children, but neither he nor she had any property or other means of livelihood except his salary. He was book-keeper in a large wholesale house in New York City. One night last March Mr. Holmes did not return from his business but sent a telegram saying that he had been sent on a special business journey to Philadelphia, and was unable to return before going for the lack of time. Mrs. H. retired herself, and slept soundly until after midnight. During her sleep she had a terrible dream. She dreamed that she was at home, as usual, when there came a rap at her door, and the servant brought her a telegram saying her husband was dead, and also a dozen or twenty unpaid bills; that the servant said, "The husband, the banker, was all waiting for payment at the door. She was in great distress, when suddenly she saw a woman with a heavy black crape veil come from a recess of the room. It turned out to be her mother, who died two years ago. "Go look in Tom's old shoes," said the shade, "and you will find a roll of bank-notes." Then the shade disappeared as it had come. So in her dream she went to the old shoes and found the money as she had been told, and paid the bills. Then she awoke, weeping over the supposed death of her husband.

The dream had such a strong effect on her that she arose to try and overcome the effect, and was about to light the gas, when she felt a hand laid gently on her arm and heard her name uttered in the same voice she had heard in her dream—a voice that called up memories and awe, for she knew it came from one of the dead—it was her mother's. She was too terrified to speak or scream, and the ghost, for such it was, repeated her name—"Gertrude," and continued: "Do not fear me, I have come, my darling, from a place where all is bliss to warn you; and now you must not fear your mother. Do not light the gas, for you can not see me if you do. Look at me and see if you do not remember my face." There was no doubt about it, Mrs. Holmes did remember her mother's face, and the old lady was dressed exactly as in the dream, and as she usually dressed during the last years of her life. As Mrs. Holmes looked at her she could not repress a sob, and the one word, a word that carried in it a wonder of feeling, burst from her lips—"Mother!"

"Yes, my child," answered the shade, "I still love and guard you and your children, and now strengthen your heart, for God is about to visit you with a terrible calamity. You will need all your faith and fortitude. Tom, your good, kind husband, is to be taken from you. He went on his trip to-night to earn extra money enough to buy you the new silk dress you have needed so long, and will make you a present of it for Easter, but you will have to make it up with crapes, trimmings, for on May 1st he died. Now, the chief object of my visit is to warn you to be sure to persuade Tom to have his life insured as quickly after his return as possible."

Mrs. Holmes was greatly overcome with all this, and the spirit tried to comfort her, and remained more than an hour talking and advising her, and then disappeared. When Mrs. Holmes returned she did not form the dream, but she told her brother George both about the dream and the ghost. The effect of the experience almost ruined her health. George advised Tom to insure his life as a means of providing for his family in case of death, and both brothers effected a life insurance soon after, a most fortunate thing, for, true to the letter of Mrs. Holmes' warning, her husband caught a severe cold one night in the latter part of May in crossing the ferry, and pneumonia set in, and he died. But his death was made happier by the consciousness that his family was provided for. Mrs. Holmes received \$8,000 from the insurance company, which George Holmes had invested for her, so that for half of it she will receive a life annuity, and from the rest a good rate of interest. On this the children will be brought up and educated in a proper manner, and all will be above want, while the ghost of her mother hovered over Mrs. Holmes and her little children would have been destitute. It is worthy of remark that the black silk dress which her husband gave her Easter Sunday was made up with crapes trimmings. Mrs. Holmes had discovered that she is a medium. She is studying Spiritualism, and seems to have great natural power. The correspondent has seen her husband and mother materialized, and her husband talked with both. She says her husband comes to her often in the spiritual form; that they are still man and wife, though death parts them.

Mr. Edison the Inventor.

We have more than once referred to the remarkable methods by which the great American inventor works out his ideas, or shall we, perhaps, say the dream, of which he is the medium. He is verily possessed by the idea of the hour, and elaborates it or formulates it without allowing any other matter to intrude upon his mind. We are told that he has been known to remain in his workshop without regular meals or orderly rest, snatching so much food as would support life, sleeping in a corner when tired nature refused any further strain, till the work in his mind was done. He is one of the most remarkable cases of the kind now to be differentiated from the medium. Where is the boundary? There is in the *Times* a very interesting account of his latest discovery, which is likely to prove of great importance. It is further interesting to us as showing the rapid strides that science is making in the study of the hidden forces of nature, and as indicating the manner in which all the truest knowledge makes against materialism. We may use the word, but is there among our profounder scientists any one who can properly be called a Materialist? And, since we are asking questions, may we inquire what is the exact distinction between matter and spirit, and whether, perchance, there is any such thing as matter in the vulgar acceptance of that misused word?—*Light.*

Reality in Dreamland.

Twenty years ago a bachelor in Oakland, Cal., dreamed of visiting a family consisting of parents and a little girl, who were unknown to him in waking hours.

From that time forth he continued to dream of them for a score of years. He saw the children grow from childhood to womanhood. He was present at the closing exercises when they graduated. In fact, he shared all the pleasures and griefs of the family.

His friends said this dreamland family seemed so real that he often remarked that he felt certain he would know them in reality at some future time.

Two months ago he saw in a dream the husband die, and from that time he ceased to dream of them for the first time in a period of twenty years. About six weeks ago he was astonished at receiving a letter from New York City, the writer being a widow of a cousin of his, with whom he had never had any intercourse since his boyhood. She told him that the widow wrote that she wished to make San Francisco her future home. After exchanging a few letters it was arranged for him to meet her and her two daughters at the Oakland wharf upon the arrival of an Eastern train on a certain day. On their arrival he imagined his surprise to see his dream friends. They were exactly so when he related his strange series of dreams to which they figured. He told them of incidents connected with their past lives which he could not have known under ordinary circumstances. He described their former home, even to the furniture and the household ornaments, which was correct in every particular. The sequel is that he recently married the widow, and is living happily in this city.—*The Chronicle.*

Wm. Foote writes: The kind of information the JOURNAL supplies us with, makes it an indispensable thing at our house. Although unable to endorse all its intelligent correspondents may advance. I am far from being prepared to say of the JOURNAL, "Mea, mea, tibi uparum."

A society, in Detroit, of men sworn not to wear numbers nearly one thousand persons, it is said.

Jottings from Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This has been a big week for Kansas City. President Cleveland and wife arrived Wednesday evening, and were received with much enthusiasm and great display. The illuminations and decorations abundantly displayed all over the city were for the most part very fine. Thursday the 13th, the President "laid the corner-stone" to the large brick building of the Young Men's Christian Association on 9th street, while an immense crowd of excited citizens packed the air like sardines in a box for a radius of several hundred feet, on all sides, and many stood there in anxious expectancy for an hour and a half before the distinguished guests arrived. But everybody seemed happy and jovial, which was a tonic to the weary.

Dr. E. G. Granville, a member of the Kansas City Lecture club, under whose auspices I am engaged, was a conspicuous character in the programme as he is in all public doings, especially with the Grand Army of the Republic. He is one of the most competent and popular men of that organization, and always acquires himself with credit and honor. In his fitting speech at the laying of the corner-stone, the President said: "Twenty years ago there was but one organization of this kind able to own a building like this. Now there are over a hundred scattered over this broad land in the cities and large towns, where young men find attractions to occupy spare time in intellectual and religious pursuits, which exert a refining and moralizing influence on the community at large." Several hundred (I judge) students from the United States Indian Schools were conspicuous in all the parades, and attracted much attention.

"The Priests of Pallas" made the most interesting display on the streets, and was the most attractive and beautiful of anything I ever saw on parade. I am informed that this alone cost the snug little sum of \$32,000!

My host, Mr. A. E. Baggs, was one of the committee chosen to visit the capitol and invite the President to visit Kansas City, and one to receive and welcome him Wednesday evening. Spiritualists who honor themselves, are respected and treated as well as other people in most civilized societies. The cringing cowards who sneak as if ashamed of their faith or their associations and dare not openly attend Spiritual meetings or speak the truth aloud, and shrink in the darkness to enjoy a circle while openly spurning the medium through whom an hour ago they sought comfort and light, and toady to great names and put on pious airs for effect, deserve the contempt of the world and generally get it. Intelligent people of all faiths and parties respect manliness and honesty, even if deficient in those qualities themselves, and only narrow bigots and stupid weaklings attempt to disparage a man for his independent avowal of faith, whether it be Spiritualism, Christianity or infidelity.

I am happy to believe that the Spiritualists of Kansas City, with whom I have been associated publicly or privately, are not ashamed of their convictions nor afraid to avow and defend them.

Our singers, under the training of Prof. Moffitt, enthused with their own devotion to the cause, have improved the time during the reception and came to the good work with zeal and improved qualifications and I am very grateful for the great help they give to the meetings. They now propose to inaugurate a "Song service" to commence a half hour before the lecture and thus add a new impetus to the cause. For this purpose some new books are desirable to vary the exercises, and I am wondering why some one is not moved to design and bring forth a new edition of hymns and music, adapted to our larger needs to supplement the *Spiritual Harp*, which has done excellent service these twenty years past, and get out a singing book at a cost of 75 cts to \$1.25 per copy, mostly original pieces and new music. Who will join me in such an undertaking? James G. Clark, Mrs. O. F. Hyzer, J. J. Morse, Helen J. T. Brigham, Mrs. R. S. Little, Mrs. H. S. Lake, who have all been very kind and made to fresh inspirational words? A few choice selections might be added to the original pieces. A Grattan Smith and wife of Palmyra, Ohio, whose music has charmed so many, might render valuable aid.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Kouts Station Disaster.

Inhumanity of the People—Noble Exception, Geo. Miller has no Religion to Speak of, but a Brave and Generous Nature. He is aided in his Human Work by Wife and Daughters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I little thought when I bade you a good bye a week ago that I was within a few hours of the most dreadful experience of my life. I got caught in that Kouts collision and came near being burned up. Ten people were killed within twenty feet of me. I escaped with a cut over the right eye and my hair somewhat singed.

The people in Kouts have a new kind of religion hardly worthy of commendation. I observed by the papers that they held services over the remains of the dead whom they could do no good to. Now mind how they treated the wounded and living. After the accident we were taken up to Kouts—about one and a half miles distant, in a car and about one o'clock Tuesday morning arrived there—gladness of us—body and suffering, myself without any books or hat, and several of the ladies without any wraps and with torn clothing and bleeding heads. The principal hotel refused to take any of us in, the proprietor alleging that he did not wish his house "dirty up." There was a small hotel kept by a German named George Miller, an old soldier by the way, who fought four years to save the Union. This man opened his house and took us all in and from that time until morning he, his wife and his daughters worked unceasingly to extend aid and comfort to the suffering and to administer to our every want. His chairs, floor, and beds were all occupied. The accident was immediately known all through the town and many tramped off to see the "show" of the burning cars, but from the time we arrived at Miller's until morning, not one single person of the town came to render us assistance but a doctor, who came to see who was expected to make something out of the transaction. Now as to Miller. I am sorry to say that this man, according to Anderson, is on his way to hell. I asked the great mammoth-hearted humanitarian singer if he belonged to the church. He said, "No; I have too much to do to stop to pray. I am too busy to be religious." I found also that he had been shot through the body while in the army, and lay eight months in prison, but he has always refused the attorneys when they have tried to get him to apply for a pension. He said I want no pension "while I am alive."

I suppose it is my innate depravity that causes me to feel that it is a shame that such men should go to hell, but if I was "reconciled to God's ways" I probably would see the propriety of saving the good people of Kouts who go to church, and of taking George Miller through all eternity.

C. H. MURRAY.

P. S. The slip that I enclose (of Max Muller) shows that such sacrifices as George Miller's are no good; that they do not count in the end. The Kouts man that preached the funeral sermon, will be in glory when Miller lies howling in a lake of flame forever.

MAX MULLER ON THE HINDOO SACRED BOOKS.

In a recent address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, Prof. Max Muller, the eminent Oriental scholar, so far upon the prime distinction between the Bible and the Hindoo sacred books. He remarked that, in the discharge of his duties for a number of years as a professor in the University of Oxford, he had probably given as much time as any man living to the study of these sacred books of the East. The one disposition of these sacred books, he declared, the one refrain running through all, is salvation by works. The Professor, who is quite far from being an exponent of evangelical theology continued:

"They all say that salvation must be purchased, must be bought with a price, and that the sole purchase money must be our own works and deservings. Our own Holy Bible, our sacred book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed enjoined upon us in that sacred book of the East far more strongly than in any other sacred book of the East, but they are only the outward fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good report in these sacred books, but let us teach Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans that there is only one sacred book of the East that can be their mainspring in that awful hour when they pass all alone into the unseen world. It is the sacred book which contains that faithful say-

ing, worthy to be received by all men, women and children, and not merely by us Christians—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save us sinners."

With the steady growth of rational religion and a code of ethics based on science, the barbarous features of orthodox theology will fade out of sight; men will cease to need a scape goat and will realize that each must be his own savior.

J. L. Potter writes:—If you think such letters as Jesse Shepard's please or interest the Spiritual public, I think that you will one day find that we are not a set of hypocrites, or that all the intelligence in our ranks is going over to some defect church, either Unitarian or Catholic. I will wait until we get another *Psychical-Seybert-Remort*, then I may see if they do. Until then I remain yours for Spiritualism against the world—churches, Shepards, Seybert Commission and all.

As a Spiritualist, and a medium whose reputation spans two continents, Mr. Shepard's views should be of interest; whether they are pleasing or otherwise is not of so much importance. The JOURNAL is open to the free expression of opinions on all matters within its scope.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Mr. John Jacob Astor pays her chief cook \$7,000 per annum.

Indian games are a failure at some of the Pacific coast agricultural fairs.

San Diego's richest Chinaman is dead. His name was Sow Kee, and his estate is worth \$500,000.

The wood-chopper's ax is said to be rapidly tripping New Hampshire of some of its most beautiful scenery.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is credited with having declined an offer of \$30,000 for 100 lectures to be delivered in this country.

Mrs. Grant is not, as recently reported, trying to sell her house in New York. She expects to pass the remainder of her days in that city.

The mountain of tin discovered near Custer City D. T., is said to be the most extensive body of tin found in the Black hills.

An official list just published shows there are thirty-five widows of revolutionary soldiers still drawing pensions from the government.

Two young women of Connecticut are making a donkey trip in the hills of the western part of the State to sketch the beauties of that region.

Henry Wilson, once Vice-President of the United States, was a shoemaker by trade, and the cobblers of Natick are about to erect a monument to his memory.

The government of the State of Yucatan, Mexico, is making experiments on a new species of silk, produced by a wild silk worm, which is closely allied to the domestic silkworm.

Pinafore-Mikado Gilbert's latest bon mot addressed to a literary circle is this: "It is easy enough for Bishops to be good on salaries of £5,000 a year, but we have to be good for nothing—and some of us are."

The first free school in Iowa was in Dubuque, in a log building on the north part of what is now Jackson park, and some of the pupils are yet residents of that city. That was in the winter of 1832-3.

It is no longer considered elegant to eat grapes with one's fingers. Ultra fashionables would as soon think of gnawing a nut-shell bone. A grape holder is now manufactured in heavy embossed silver and lined with gold.

An 8-year-old girl in Marlboro, Conn., is well supplied with living ancestors, having, besides her father and mother, two grandmothers, two grandfathers, two great-grandmothers, two great-grandfathers, and one great-great-grandmother who is almost a centenarian.

The statement comes from Little Rock, Ark., that there is a colored baby in that city who, when three days old, caused a sensation in the household by calling out for somebody to "pull off the quilt." The next day it turned to the person attending and remarked: "Say, where's mamma?"

Senator Riddleberger lives in a large, square wooden house at Woodstock, Va., and his domestic life is a happy one. His wife and seven children shake his home lively and interesting. Riddleberger recently remarked to a visitor at Woodstock: "There is the jail where I stay sometimes. You see how conveniently it is placed?"

Hiram Smith, of Waverly, Mich., has had his share of accidents. He put out one eye, fell into a well 50 feet deep, fell 40 feet out of a tree, fell into a cistern and was nearly drowned, and, a short time ago, while engaged in blasting stumps, he was blown ten feet into the air, fracturing one of his legs.

A Hartford man has invented an apparatus for timing horses. A clock with three hands—minutes, second and quarter second—is started by the official order. When the winning horse touches the wire the clock is stopped by

Extraordinary Phenomena.

(Continued from First Page.)

She spoke no word, and only once or twice gave motion of her head or body in response to something I said.

After standing alone four or five minutes, a tall man with a similar complexion, came from the cabinet and stood beside her. He wore tight fitting clothes, like a harlequin, but over these a mantle of luminous warp and woof. His under suit was dark but inlaid with bright patterns of gold. She laid her head upon his breast, and looked up to his face. She seemed happy in her love.

While looking and wondering at these strange visitors, two more arrived and joined the group. My eyes had never rested on so strange a quartette. The light emanating from their clothes, bewildered me. O, how impotent are words to describe this heavenly host. For the first time I was overpowered with thoughts and desired to see no more. They were representatives of old Egypt, the Pharaohs and Pharaohs, and part of the band controlling the manifestations I have just recorded.

146 Smith Street, Cincinnati, O.

Jottings From Sunny Brae, Cal.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Since you are sending so much solid matter forth to the world from week to week, will it be entirely unfitting for me to occupy a little corner of your valuable space with things less weighty—such as a glimpse of Sunny Brae at Autumn-tide and a few stray thoughts that fit through my half-slumbering brain?

How has the summer sped. The whole rose-period, which in California, fairly opens on All-fools-day and wanes (never quite closes) the last of May—was only peeped at from a sick room, and seemed from that standpoint, a veritable portion of the heavenly world let down to persuade us to be good and happy. Roses, not by the meager dean, but by the tens of thousands, budded, bloomed, faded and fell in perfumed, many-colored showers; birds built downy nests in embowering trees and vines, furnishing an amusing study; such wonderful house-keeping as went on under the sheltering leaves! What ceaseless fluttering of feathered mates, as they flashed in and out on important missions for the general welfare; such patient "sittings," as they listened for the peck of pink bills at pearly casements of tiny prisons where embryo songs and sorrows waited their appointed time! And finally such sweet cooings and pushings as sent the fledglings forth to pick up an independent living! Verily these winged mates could teach us something!

Then came my slow convalescence—the vacation days that shone prospectively with sweet promise of rest and recreation, when arrived, brought new cares, and instead of a trip to the mountains or down to the shores of the grand Pacific, there ensued an anxious watch, shared by faithful friends, on the bounds of that other sea which stretches between our shadowy earth and the great, real, eternal world. Until, at length, we saw the silken sail of an enfranchised soul unfurl to the fragrant winds that waft our weary ones to havens of perpetual peace! And just as the summer fruits flashed ripe, we said "farewell" to a human life, the noble fruitage of which holds germs of infinite import. I was much impressed by M. A. (Oxona) paper published in the JOURNAL about that time, entitled "A Vision of Death," for it confirmed experiences of my own, and struck the keynote to many beautiful facts in our philosophy. So one of my great thoughts—depth can speak lightly of death. Knowing, as I do, that it signifies change—not annihilation—still the change is to my mind so stupendous, and the continuation of life under such altered circumstances implies so much, that I am amazed that Spiritualists frequently appear to regard it with less awe than do other people. And I would say to "Hornet" who, in the JOURNAL of Sept. 10th, pushes his stings of criticism vigorously to the right spot—that if in our enthusiasm, we sometimes make extravagant claims for Spiritualism, certain it is that modern psychological research (outside of the Societies organized for that purpose) has brought to light a sufficient number of well authenticated facts to disprove the old deceptions concerning the after life; and every glimpse of the real truth vouchsafed us has a tendency to dignify death and deepen our wonder at the complexity and persistence of the spiritual forces employed in the evolution of a conscious soul.

Doubtless there is that "pretentious gush," inconsiderate fanaticism and unaccountable fraud drifting along on the tide of spiritual power that is sweeping steadily forward to the final demolition of credal horrors, but these disfigurements lie atop, are soonest noted and are only temporary while the thoughtful observer is impressed with the fact that the fundamental affirmations of Spiritualism are constantly cropping out in the common experiences of mankind, and from the oldest to the newest form of religious faith the Spirit-world has impinged upon earth's atmosphere—the rays of light emitted are sometimes distorted by ignorance; discolored by creeds, and, more rarely, rightly interpreted by true insight.

Spiritualists themselves belong to all these classes of transmitting media, but nevertheless, somewhat deserving the name of knowledge concerning the nature and after-life of the soul, has been evolved. How many scenes have transpired in the solemn watches of the sick-room, where death finally wrought his wondrous spell, which, if given to the world, would help mourning, doubting hearts to bear their heavy burdens! I am a "natural born" skeptic; am always doubting my senses where my own mediumship is concerned, but at last I have seen death assume the form of transcendent life—Heaven reflected in a dying face, and know that death does not mean farewell!

Who is it that talks of Spiritualism being absorbed by, and the Spiritualist going back to, the churches? It is as though you said the sun is being absorbed by the earth, and the earth is going back to the moon! The fact is, theological dogmas are being overgrown by spiritual truths, and the churches are coming up to Spiritualism! If the Catholic church is glad to employ an openly avowed medium-singer, is the songster going back to Catholicism, or is Catholicism coming up to the fact of spirit-mediumship. If pulpits like that of Heber Newton in New York and Minot J. Savage in Boston, preach pure Spiritualism in a style surpassing that of inspired lecturers, are Spiritualists "going back" when they attend those churches? Are we not, my dear grumblers, all going forward together?

And meanwhile, let us not criticize too severely the "but-eyed" mediums, the trance "gush," the "unseemly" inspirational speakers, who have fought for thirty years the bravest battles in the interest of free-

thought, spirit-return, and eternal progress as against the blood-curdling horrors of a thoroughly entrenched ecclesiasticism! Who traveled the country from end to end, through storm and shine, braving ridicule, slander, persecution, for the sake of their few astounding facts, up-held by a superhuman power? Who finally won the public to a respectful hearing, drew eager multitudes on long journeys to listen to the "gush" you scoff at in high sounding periods? Why, my friends, they were the young, untainted mediums—Nellie Temple, Laura De Force, Emma Jay, O. P. Kellogg, Lyman C. Howe, Hudson Tuttle, and others of similar powers! Perhaps they were sometimes unscientific, judged by accepted standards—were not familiar with "the best authors," and knew nothing of the schools—nevertheless, they gave to the hungry of heart what the libraries and college-bred clergymen had failed to supply, i. e., spiritual truth, demonstrated facts big with hope! Yes, I insist that they gave what none but a psychic, medium or sensitive can give to longing, grieving human souls! Book-knowledge compared to insight, is as moonbeams to sunlight; the one illumines dimly, the other fruitfully. Mind, I don't disparage books, but remember, whatever they teach was first contained in the all-productive soul! Education is good, but let us be reverent learners, not "finished scholars." One writer seems to think that the churches contain only "cultivated" people, and yet I venture to say that the average spiritualistic circle, mediums' meeting or conference would compare favorably in personnel or speeches, with any ordinary prayer-meeting, bible-class or "experience-meeting" in the world! Who are these dreadful Spiritualists that cannot appreciate music rendered in the dark, (for what purpose, except for phenomenal effect) and are mad after physical phenomena? Nine-tenths of them are old time church-members, just emerging from the dark superstitions; no wonder they are a little bewildered! On the whole, Spiritualists are like other people—good, bad, cultivated and illiterate, undergoing, with the rest of the world, evolutionary processes which the All-Wise knows how to manage without too many catastrophes.

Then again we are told that we should be less aggressive, less iconoclastic—try and conciliate the Christians. "Christianity has done a great work," etc., etc. Yes, certainly! Speak respectfully of the garden of Eden episode; encourage total depravity, and don't be too hard on hell, otherwise some good "Christian woman" will mildly denounce you as "ribald and profane!" The fact is, science, Spiritualism and common sense are rapidly civilizing churchianity, and it is ridiculous to talk about the necessity of corking up our new wine of Spiritualism in the old bottles of orthodoxy in order to make it respectable. Rather is it true that the priests, after trying in vain to explode Spiritualism, are now tying their little credal row-boats fast to our winged ship, whose sails are set for the Kingdom of all Truth!

But says another, "What have Spiritualists done? Where are the churches, schools, and asylums they have built?" I answer all over the land! Not that they have built sectarian schools—there are too many such already, nor grand edifices to be open one day in seven, dedicated to their particular faith, and I hope they never will; but wherever the interests of a liberal education are needing nurture, Spiritualists are quite as active, as any class of people, in furnishing capital and young blood. All asylums should be secular, and philanthropy need not assume any sectarian garb to the extent that it does it ceases to be philanthropic. Every true Spiritualist's home is a church, a place of prayer, of reverent listening to divine injunctions, of earnest seeking after truth, of self-sacrifice and pure love. The man Jesus was not learned, his Sermon on the Mount was transcendental "gush" measured by your pedantic, practical, "level-headed" business rules! He never even suggested the building of a church; he scorned your common standards of "propriety," and would be refused standing-room in any church bearing his name to-day; but his humanity; the truths he taught, tower and shine, the sweet inheritance of all mankind!

No, Spiritualism will not be "absorbed by the churches"; it is permeating all forms of religion; it is illuminating the darkness of unbelief; it is flowing like a silver stream through the arid wastes of materialism, and lo! green blades of humanitarian effort push up; it is wreathing white blossoms of hope around the saddest lives; it is laying a healing touch on griefs as old as time; it embraces every truth; its plummet line drops to the profoundest depth of harmony, and its wings of prayer spread above the loftiest summits of human thought!

"There, dear JOURNAL, you see how unreliable I am—I promised you a picture and have only given somebody a scolding! Will you pardon me and let me try again?" Sunny Brae, Cal., Oct. 6th, 1887.

Woman and the Household.

The Three Poets.

Youth, the proud poet, chanting joyous measures,
Crossed the fair meadows from his mother's door,
Behind him childhood, butterflies and blossoms,
And manhood's beaten highway still before.

And whosoever he might wander,
And whosoever he sat it seemed a throne,
So long for him the happy world had waited
It smiled anew to claim him as its own.

Then Love, the dreamer poet, followed after,
And all the radiance of the starry spheres,
All tender glances of twilight, and of moonlight,
All wondrous mysteries of sun and tears;
The secrets hidden in the rose's bosom,
The passion thrilling through the wild bird's lay,
He sang of sweetly, as he sang in Eden,
For Eden's gladness glorified his way,
And Love had wings and Youth was overtaken,
Ah! then, for both 'twas blessedness to be,
Food Youth in exultation, Love captured,
Sang to each other hymns of ecstasy.

Death, kingly poet, met the twin together,
And while his anthem rolled its swelling tide
Across the nations, Youth and Love to bear it,
With broken harp-strings and hushed voices,
Died.
But no earth's wall-papers sounded up to heaven,
The master poet spoke, not bitterly,
"Children of this, ye blame me in your blindness,
For these were not immortal but for me."
LOUISE V. BOTD.

The Servant Girls.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

L. E. M. asks, "How could any one love the general class of servant?" The same question might be asked as to any class of human society. I would answer that, from the view of personal love or friendship, which governs us in the natural condition of the human mind, it is utterly impossible to either love the All-Love, because He is Good, or to love His children because they have the divine

possibilities of becoming forms and expressions of the All-Good, from the fact of their divine parentage. Personal worship of a personal God is only a more refined expression of our own selfishness, because He does or will give us happiness or a high place in heaven; whereas if we love goodness, truth and purity for their own sake, without any care or regard as to whether we shall find our work place in the hell states or in the heavenly states hereafter, then our love will be the love of the All-Good expressed through us; and in this state we will clearly see the divine possibilities of the All-Good in every human soul, however deeply covered it may be by the environments of heredity. We will also be in a condition to comprehend why Jehovah created evil, not only as an absolute necessity for human existence, but also as the crowning glory of all His creations.

This state of the soul can only come by and through evolutionary growth, from right action under the law of duty in all the outward relations of life. The real evolutionary power which does all the work which we will, or consent to have done, is God the only life within every soul. Now, when we, in our natural state, force ourselves to do by our servants as we would like to be done by if in their place long enough, and with persistent patience, the God in us and the same God in them will co-operate to bring both into harmony with Himself; and the stronger and longer the battle the greater will be the victory for both parties, and the more complete, and perfect the consequent happiness forever.

Miss Goody Twoshoes, who has never been tempted, nor had to do anything but sing songs of praise, can never make a strong human soul; such souls must either be the double refined quinquessence of selfishness or the creators of jumping-jacks without any power of human choice.

The Iron Rule lived can alone bring the human soul into the Golden Rule of the All-Love.

Your rollicking correspondent, Retta asks, "Has K. ever tested the plan?" "Would she roll up her sleeves to help and gossip with Biddy?" Well, the issue is made and the questions fairly put, so while E. is not a she, but a he, he must "fess or hide away in silent oblivion."

As a bachelor, a married man and widower, I have had some "experience" in house-keeping, besides, like Sam in Uncle Tom's Cabin, my "observation" is large.

When a small boy, away back in the early forties, I learned how to cook, so that when the old folks took a tramp, I was independent of the "hired gail." Now I rather suspect this idea is really the solution of this vexatious question, which Retta intends to spring upon the world after the Woman's suffrage movement brings women on the top of the heap. How is it, sister? Won't you unbosom your great secret now?

I presume I enjoyed my early house-keeping experiences more from the fact of having a younger brother to wash the dishes while I put in the science. I invented several new dishes or mixtures, and used eggs, butter and sugar with a lavish hand; six eggs was my allowance for puddings or potatoes, and I never found many things that eggs did not improve.

We sold our surplus eggs and butter and bought sweet things, and hunting and fishing materials. We made fun out of our work, and had lots more after it was done. I believe boys should learn how to cook, sew and darn, so that they can "go it alone" if their sweethearts "kick" them, as they call it in Virginia.

Now, as to the "Biddy question." If she did not know how to scrub, I would show her how to do it well and how to do it with the least expenditure of force. I would do it in the same spirit that a mother would teach her child how to walk, and while I was doing this I would enter into the conversation with her upon topics adapted to her plane of life, and with it, mix in a little stronger food, and thus by word and deed, let the God in me act with the God in Biddy to overcome the environments of her heredity and education. There is no human soul so darkly and densely environed, that it cannot be redeemed by the all-conquering power of God as love incarnated within man. Neither orthodox nor Spiritualist ten-foot-pole religion can use this power. It is the Christ of all the ages of the past, as dreams, as myths and as men; and is to be in the 20th century the real fulfilling Christ of all prophecy. All that have been are only shadows of the divine reality which alone can come, in coming, and is to come, by and through the hearts and lives of divinely purified and noble womanhood.

And the practical solution of the "Servant Girl" question to each woman who solves it, will bring this Christ to their own souls: in other words, this effort will bring the God within them out into their own selfish environments, and thus let the will of the Father be done in their outer or earth life, as it must be in the heaven within them.

But as preparatory work, I fully endorse the suggestions made by Abrams, in her interesting communication on this subject.

When I was a bachelor boarding at a western hotel, the waiter was a bright, pretty Biddy, and she had learned to make every step and motion accomplish the utmost possible. She had learned that which few women ever learn. She made her head save her feet and hands from useless expenditure of force, and yet did her work well. I have never known any other woman who brought this science of doing so near to perfection, and I will add that I have seen but few men who did. I must now bid farewell to the woman's column.

The Children.

SISTER FIDELIA: The account of the way in which your children were inveigled into the church, aroused my sympathy for you, and strengthened my interest in the cause referred to, although my first thought was, why did you encourage your children in that direction? but upon second thought, I questioned myself. Why did I ask my boy to join the Y. M. C. Association. Fearing he would seek association in a beer saloon, I chose rather that he should cramp his intellect than damage his manhood; but more fortunate than you I lived to see him develop manhood and escape both evils. Many instances such as you have brought to light have come under my observation.

Lured by her wiles our children are led
Then on orthodox food they are fed,
Now having swallowed and digested the whole,
The old woman church can throw off her veil.

My attention was recently attracted to a half-grown girl (belonging to a large family of children) talking to an elderly man on the street. Coming in contact with them as he passed on, I took the liberty of asking who the old gentleman was. "Our minister of the Baptist church," was her reply. It was not strange that I called to mind the fact that her parents, who were advanced

Spiritualists before she was born, had often remarked that it would be just as inconsistent for them to go back to the orthodox church as it would be possible for them to unlearn what they had learned; but they regretted very much the need of association for their children. Now this is a crying demand, and if we don't educate our children up to our own standard, what can we expect but that they will degenerate.

On going to see a sick child of Protestant parents I noticed lying beside the bed a motto of a cross with the words, "Our Only Hope." Now I ask intelligent Spiritualists if they are willing to have their children's minds deluded by these pagan ideas? Children are, as a rule, more intuitively rational than their teachers.

An intimate friend of mine when catechizing her little girl in her doctrinal belief, was surprised at being interrupted with, "Mamma, do you say that Jesus is God?"

"Yes."

"And God is the father of everybody?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Jesus would be the father of himself, and the father of his own mamma." The child's sanity was questioned; the plea enlargement of the brain. Had that mother's religious education not been neglected, she might have been able to explain to her child that this doctrine, like that of vicarious atonement and other inconsistencies had their origin in Paganism.

We often hear the remark: "Spiritualists have not that to stimulate them to action that church people have, who think their soul's salvation depends upon their efforts." Don't let us deceive ourselves. I think that we will find that our salvation greatly depends upon our efforts in using our means to redeem a world from ignorance.

Money is power, and ignorance is power, and as long as they go hand in hand uninterruptedly, what can we expect, but that our work of enlightenment will be retarded. It is the humble opinion of the writer that many departed spirits would be willing to enter the mundane sphere, go through with their former experiences with the same means to better the condition of their fellow man intellectually as well as physically.

We do not say that there can never be amends made for lost opportunities, but how much better to pass over with our work faithfully done, than to take the chances of being able to impress another with the importance of doing that which we left undone.

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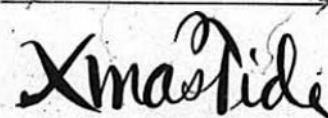
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